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THE

ARTIST;

A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS,

RELATIVE TO

PAINTING, POETRY, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE,
THE DRAMA,
DISCOVERIES OF SCIENCE,

AND VARIOUS OTHER SUBJECTS.

EDITED BY PRINCE HOARE.

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IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

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THE project of the following papers was first adopted in the society of Painters, from which circumstance the publication assumed the name of *The Artist.* It appeared to be likely, that in the present interesting state of Painting and Sculpture, every portion of instruction and authentic information which could be offered concerning them to the Public, might be at once acceptable and useful. While those Arts have afforded the most general as well as most ample field for criticism, it has happened that, from the constant application of professional men, very few opinions have, in this country, been published by them. The difficulty, therefore, of obtaining any regular treatises on the subject, from those who necessarily best understood it, gave reason to wish for some more

easy channel, through which artists might be induced openly to communicate their sentiments on their respective studies, and the public might be gradually familiarized with the principles of the arts.

In the farther arrangement of the scheme, it was conceived that, by reason of the very limited circle to which an active concern for Painting and Sculpture is confined, it would be expedient to add Essays on any of the other Liberal Arts, and also occasional papers on scientific and philosophical Subjects, all on the same general condition, viz. that each writer should take his subject from that Art or Science with which he was best acquainted. This accordingly became the plan of the work; subjoining also to the Essays brief notices relative to the principal object of the Publication, with some few letters from correspondents, and such other papers or remarks as occasion required.

The Artist has advanced one step beyond all preceding publications of a similar form, by immediately affixing

either the full, or initial signature of the writer to each Essay, and thus rendering him responsible for the sentiments delivered by him. The reasons for this method of proceeding are mentioned in No. 2. The advantages of such a measure, if generally adopted, would be of no trifling importance to Society.

Whatever in these papers regards the actual state of the Arts in England has been related with fidelity, as far as lay in the power of the writers. For the accounts of Galleries and other works, information has been requested and obtained from their possessors, that no means of authentic communication might be neglected.

September 10, 1807.

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THE

ARTIST.

No. I. *Saturday, March* 14, 1807.

Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ.

IT is the custom of a neighbouring nation, at the close of any new theatrical performance, if the piece have proved tolerably successful, to bring the author forward on the stage, for the purpose of introducing him to the sight of the audience. A situation more embarrassing, more alarming to an ingenuous mind, is difficult to be imagined; and the characteristic reserve of the tempers of Englishmen has wholly prevented the custom from travelling hither, amidst the numerous innovating fashions of that country. How, at such a moment, must the young

adventurer's bosom palpitate with feelings too vast and too undefined for utterance, and his mind teem with sentiments, to which he is conscious all modes of expression would be inadequate! Yet the distress he is thus compelled to endure is not entirely uncompensated by advantages. It is probable that a benevolent sentiment is generated in the breast of the spectator of the drama, by his knowledge that the author is present during the representation, and by the expectation of personal acquaintance with him, in case of the favorable result of his attempt to amuse the public.

To make amends for the want of that ingratiating quality which such an expectation may be supposed to possess, and in order to accommodate relief to the tremors of the author, the theatrical usage of England has adopted the regular appearance of the *Prologue*, in which an opportunity, ad libitum, is given to him to disclose his alarms, his doubts, his wishes, his fears, and conscientiously to rid him

" of that perilous stuff
" Which weighs upon the heart."

Fully equal to the embarrassment felt by the French author when he enters on the scene, lighted by a thousand

lamps, and watched by a thousand eyes, is that of the English Artist, while he approaches the presence of his countrymen in a garb and character to which he is unaccustomed. His courage, indeed, rises with reflection, his cheek glows with hope, but he dares not expand his thoughts in the freedom of utterance, without some such previous explanation of his designs as may gain him the confidence of the reader, and may entitle him to the cheering assurance that if, at any time, in his zeal for Arts which fascinate their votaries, he start forward beyond the lines of even-*ordered* justice, he may fall back, in hope, on the candour of his patron and judge.

This Paper, therefore, as Prologue to the present drama, is intended to contain rather the confessions of the writer than any matter of amusement or instruction to the reader. For this purpose it shall offer a fair, honest account of the views which instigate the Artist to aspire at wielding that most perilous of all weapons, the Pen.

In the first place, he professes that, having set that formidable instrument in all lights, viewed it round, and duly considered its various powers, he does by no means take it in his hand for the sake of any of its noxious qualities; neither with the intent of anatomizing helpless

foibles, dissecting the unmatured germs of talent and pricking the heart in the blossom, nor of flaying tender nerves, poisoning innocent minds, nor any other of those "foul, base, and unnatural" purposes to which it is sometimes disgracefully consigned.

This declaration is, he trusts, sufficient to satisfy the reader in all points of conscience. Next, as to his real motives of action:

It is universally agreed that nothing is more advantageous to the progress of any branch of general knowledge, particularly in the early state of its establishment, than that all information respecting it should be derived to the public from authentic sources. Nor is any error of a more subtle or dangerous tendency than that which consists in the zeal of unskilful persons, who fondly assume the arduous office of guides, and endeavour, like voyagers in unknown seas, to illustrate the surface of science, where they have never sounded the depths.

Not only, by these means, the mind of the student is filled with useless materials, and the task of *un*learning is added to that of learning, but this greater misfortune follows, that the mind, fatigued with researches which are finally proved fruitless, refuses to lend its powers to a

second attempt, which must be attended with equal, if not greater, difficulty. The *professional* labourer, it is true, finds the necessity of ameliorating his notions, but there is no sufficient motive to rouse an uninterested reader to shake off the vapour of ignorance or delusion, in which he has once been enveloped.

Were it the case that new Arts were to be invented, or old ones retrieved from utter darkness and oblivion, the well-stored mind of an unprofessional guide might yet amply merit the gratitude of future generations. The genius of BACON claims incense from every Muse in every age. His comprehensive mind surveyed the intellectual wants of his country, and proposed the methods of its supplies.

Unfortunately, all writers are not of so exalted a class. With many, the pleasure of writing, the display of an easy style and classic learning, and the laudable aim at a little distinction among their peers, are the most frequent motives for publication. In the progress of the Arts, the *dilettante*, or mere observer of other men's improvements, cannot be supposed to address himself to professional students, because he has no right to expect attention from them; but he addresses persons nearly of the same description with himself, and if he be (as he probably is) a

man of learning and ingenuity, he will not fail to be read by them with eagerness. Yet, although he contribute much to their amusement, he adds little to their information. He spreads his gatherings on a soil, where the seed of all that he has reaped has been already sown; where, wanting the renovating vigour of fresh experiment, the produce is a mere sparkling germ, void of nourishment, and, if the same process of culture be too often repeated, it becomes at length wholly destitute of taste and flavour; as the offspring of families of the same blood, intermixing frequently with each other, is said gradually to decline into imbecility.

A favorite traveller, now in this country, has discovered that nothing is more useful than to adopt for the subject of your work a topic of which you have no previous knowledge. This, it is readily granted, may be very useful to *yourself*, since every page you write must be so much gleaned from the wisdom of others; but an assertion, that it can be of use to any one else, would have a kind of paradoxical brilliancy, which might recommend the author to attend the Œdipean Sphinx herself in her next travels.

The most numerous class of writers who have chosen their subject on this ground, descended originally from the race of

THE DABBLERS, an ancient and specious family, who came over into this country in the train of William the Norman, although some pretend that their pedigree may be traced to the time of Julius Cæsar, and even to Cæsar himself, he being, as they assert, the first great *Dabbler*, who meddled in the affairs of Britain. This latter testimony, however, is questionable, because it can be proved from history that Cæsar, after his first landing on our coast, finding himself ignorant of the subjects he proposed to discuss among us, very modestly retired, and left the field to the native professors of the island; a circumstance which demonstrates that he was not the father of the race here mentioned.

During the early period of their settlement, they sedulously thrust themselves into churches and halls, to which their principal discoveries were for a long time confined; but after the more modern improvements of social habits, they were to be found in every house and library in the land.

The *Dabblers* were of a warlike disposition, and, still retaining somewhat of the spirit of invasion which their ancestors derived from their leader, they occasionally formed themselves into corps of light-armed troops, and made incursions on the fortified castles of constitutional

doctrine; but, though they were very troublesome assailants, they have generally been repulsed by the skill and excellent discipline of the garrisons.

Their defeat was not so certain, when they invaded the haunts of those Muses who are without public shelter. The Dabblers imagined they had an unquestionable right to the favours of those ladies, and their addresses were importunate, in proportion as they conceived that their advances could not be contested. The Muses of Painting, of Music, and of the Drama, have particularly been the constant objects of their pretensions, and, singular to relate, they were introduced into the house of the *former* by a Professor of very respectable talents*, from whose writings Sir J. Reynolds is said to have imbibed the first delight in his art. The *Connoisseurs* however soon shut the door on their Introductor, turned the key, took possession of the premises, and leisurely began to ransack and expose the treasures of Painting. Essay followed Essay,

——" Each Dabbler had his brother,
" And one smooth sheet reflected just the other."

It must be fairly acknowledged that these Amateurs

* Richardson.

were very far from any inimical intentions towards the Professors, in the division of the booty. " There are many writers on our Art," says Reynolds, in his fifth Discourse, " who, not being of the profession, and *consequently not knowing what can, or what cannot be done*, have been very liberal of absurd praises in their descriptions of favourite works. They always find in them what they are resolved to find, and praise them for excellences which can hardly exist together."

" Pliny," he continues, " though we are under great obligations to him for the information he has given us in relation to the works of the ancient Artists, is very frequently wrong when he speaks of them, which he does very often in the style of many of our modern Connoisseurs."

If Pliny, the elegant, cultivated, and diligent Pliny, stood thus in the estimation of this mild and amiable Painter, in what light could he have regarded Algarotti, Webb, Winckelmann, illustrious blunderers!

Although the race of The Dabblers be now extinct, the *Artist* has by no means thence reason to regard the ground he approaches as unoccupied. There are many elegant

writers in the present day, possessed of every requisite for discoursing on the Arts, except a practical acquaintance with them. Among these he might name some, no less judicious than liberal in their intentions regarding the Arts, and some in terms of still higher respect, the ardent stimulators of patronage towards them. While he contemplates with pleasure their amiable endeavours to forward the progress of Public Taste, he is animated with the desire of contributing the mite of that portion of knowledge, which practice and immediate study have placed in his possession, and proposes to attend the enterprises of benevolence with the humble, but wholesome, counsel of experience.

It is the design of The Artist to seek professional information on the subject of the liberal Arts in the most distinguished sources of his country, and to present their recondite stores in a familiar garb to his readers. With these offerings he proposes to connect accounts of the modern improvements in science, and such observations on them as experience and equally appropriate study can best supply.

With this view, he regards every adept of Art or Science

under the general description of an ARTIST, or the *active student* of Nature and Science; for the practice which renders Science useful to life, what is it but Art?

But, although his title thus embrace every branch of refined learning, he is fully conscious that, in several parts of his character, he shall be found destitute of many acquirements which combine to form the *writer*, and his Essays in these departments will therefore be regarded by the candid reader as the *sentiments* rather than the *writings* of their respective authors. In his *graphic* part, if he is less able to polish his sentences than the Greek Painters and Sculptors are believed to have been, who composed treatises on their art, he contemplates with pleasing hope, under the auspices of modern Institutions, the prospect of his country extending to him those resources of instruction, which she affords to the student of many an Art and Science; and he feels a confidence, that as her name inspires him with the ambition, her acknowledged power will furnish him with the means, of rivalling the proudest models of Grecian art. In the mean time, howsoever rude his phrase, his opinions, being drawn from primary sources, may not be thought undeserving of at-

tention; as the labourer, who digs in the caverns of the mine, may furnish remarks, which bear an intimate relation to the subject of inquiry, yet escape the research of the erudite philosopher, who sits and spins amusive theories on the edge of the descent.

P. H.

It is the intention of *The Artist*, that every paper contributed by professional men, shall be written on subjects of that Art or Science, in which each of the writers has respectively demonstrated his claim to public attention, or on such topics as are collateral with, or dependent on it.

Each paper will be marked with a signature of the writer; and the names of all the professional contributors, which are not given in the course of the Essays, will be given at the close of the first period of this publication.

PRESENT STATE OF THE ARTS IN ENGLAND.

THE Lectures, read at the Royal Academy of Arts, by Mr. Opie, the professor in painting, were closed on Monday evening.

Mr. Opie's Lectures contained a system of clear and useful instructions to the students of painting, illustrated by observations on the progress of the arts in England, and a comparative examination of the merits of various schools and masters, particularly of Raffaelle, copies of whose cartoons (by Sir J. Thornhill) form the principal ornament of the Great Room of the Academy, in which the Lectures are delivered. The opportunity of immediate reference to those works increased the effect of an impressive eloquence.

After shewing the real principles of Painting, Mr. Opie, in his concluding Lecture, treated with raillery the various *empiric* methods devised to produce the effects of art, without the aid of genius, labour or science.

The regulations of the Academy allowing the admission of visitors to the Lectures, the audiences were very numerous.

The Gallery of the British Institution has been opened with a second collection of the works of our native artists, and of others established in Great Britain. The result is highly creditable to the experiment of this species of patronage: as far as such an assemblage of works of art can furnish a general idea of our school, the view it presents must be truly satisfactory, both to its patrons and to the public, and is the most grateful return that can be made to the active and liberal zeal which directs the conduct of the Institution.

The models for a monument designed to be erected to the memory of our illustrious NELSON, are, among others, distinguished by various merits, and form an interesting part of the exhibition. They have been prepared for the inspection of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, in consequence of their desire, communicated to the Royal Academy, and it is understood that one of the models is to be selected for the purpose of being executed in marble, and placed in St. Paul's Cathedral.

There are in the gallery two *pictures* also, representing the same hero in the fatal moment of victory; but these are the spontaneous offerings of an individual artist. They do not arise from any order of the Government.

Query, Would it be in any manner inconsistent with the dignity of the nation, if, in addition to the monument proposed to be erected in St. Paul's, an Historical Picture, also in remembrance of the signal glory of Lord Nelson, were to be painted by an equal commission from the Government, and in consequence of sketches equally presented to public inspection; the picture to be afterwards placed in such a distinguished situation as should be judged most appropriate to the purposes of public advantage?

If consistent with the dignity of the state, would not such a commission call forth the talents of our painters, and tend to the honour of the country and the arts?

No. II. *On Originality in Painting; Imitators; and Collectors*, will be published on Saturday, the 21st instant.

THE

ARTIST.

No. II. *Saturday, March* 21, 1807.

———*Desilies imitator in arctum.*

THE silent improvement of the mind may distinctly be seen in the progressive works of any great painter, whose life has been long.

His first step of art is a dry imitation of the most obvious part of nature, without sufficient knowledge, and without power of selection.

The second stage is full of acquirement, which, to the young and elated student, becomes delightful from its novelty, and makes him look down on the simplicity of nature as scarcely adequate to his purpose, because, in

comparison with his own conceptions, it appears to him insipid.

The third and last state is a mature investigation of nature, regulated by the principles of science.

The first of these stages is of no value; every one can arrive at it, who is willing to make the attempt. It is of no greater difficulty than walking or dancing, and may be acquired by all in a certain degree; but to walk or dance with eminent grace or dignity must be the peculiar endowment of the individual, and extends beyond all rules or lessons.

The case is the same in painting: it is the display of superiority alone which gives it rank, and entitles it to respect; although the ignorant pay nearly an equal degree of homage to every attempt, idle or ingenious, because they are not sensible of the difference, wide as it is, between that which it is the lot of so very few to attain, and that which is within the reach of all, who take the trouble but to try.

A true criterion of talent is alone to be formed from the novelty, the originality, which is to be found in any work of art. As this is one of the constitutional marks of a powerful mind, which views nature from its own sensa-

tion or feeling, and an indispensable requisite in every work of genius, originality becomes the very test of merit. Something must be disclosed in the painter's attempt, not only of an estimable quality, but of such a kind as the world has never before seen; and this essence, be its sphere ever so confined, will yet, according to its value and quantity, ascertain its degree of genius.

Therefore, it is not enough to do again that which has already been done, be it ever so grand or sublime; for, notwithstanding every ingenious endeavour to hide the debt by common-place alterations, the work will still want that novelty by which it is to captivate, and which is to give it all its intrinsic value; and, for that reason, it will never pass as the offspring of an elevated or strong mind, although it may denote one of much ingenuity.

IMITATION is one of the means, by which genius often makes its first advances towards excellence; but it should ever be regarded as the means only, and not as the end. In every species of copying from the work of man, you put your mind in a state of subjection and servitude; you are but making a copy from a copy; it is giving up your own observation and study of nature into the hands of another.

Fame and immortality can never be reached by him who is contented to depend on imitation only for their attainment. Whilst you follow, it is well known, you must be behind. If you contend for fame through the channel of imitation, you must remember that, in order to possess yourself of that eminence, which has long been the distinction of another, you must not be content with borrowing or drawing your nourishment from him alone; for while he thus continues to claim superiority, he precludes you from the glory at which you aim. You must surpass him in his own particular excellence: you must, by superior atchievement, obscure his name and annihilate his importance to the world. To accomplish this end, you must far outdo those excellencies which you seemed to imitate, by giving to them new and unexpected beauties, and, by these means, you will make that, which you began with considering as your example and your pattern, end in being your footstool only.

It was in this manner that the genius of Raffaelle triumphed over Massaccio, and over Pietro Perugino his own master; and a yet stronger example may be seen in the instance of Shakespeare, whose renown so totally obliterated all traces of his predecessors, from whom he is said to have

copied, that, had not their names been rescued from oblivion by the untired researches of the laborious antiquary, we should not now have known that they had ever existed.

The imitator of another, if fame be his object, must remember that he wages war against the elected sovereign of the province which he attempts to win, and that, in his endeavours after a station of immortality, he makes pretensions to a throne already filled, and which can hold but one. If indeed he prove finally successful, and raise his point of art to higher excellence than can be found in the productions which he imitates, his predecessor will then appear to have merely furnished him with hints of which he alone has been able to make the full use, and the prize of fame will be solely his own. The world will cease to find a value in that which they once admired, when they see it presented to them in so much more perfect a state, and of consequence all former examples will be rendered useless, become neglected, lost, and soon forgotten in the attractive splendour of his superior excellence.

But if, on the contrary, the imitator fail to surpass the object of his rivalship, the fate of being neglected will be

his; for the world is not solicitous to see that done in an inferior degree, which it has already seen executed with success; nor must he, in that case, presume to flatter himself that he has added a single atom to the fund of human knowledge or improvement. It is from this cause that the least portion of originality, although, as has been said, displaying itself in the lowest department of art, is more estimable in the eye of genius than the most successful imitation of the highest excellence.

The originality of genius produces a variety, which is one of the greatest sources of our entertainment and pleasure, and is soothing to the inherent impatience of our nature.

Variety is a beauty requisite in every work of art, and can only be wrong, when carried to a degree of excess or affectation, or when persisted in to the prejudice of higher requisites.

There is, indeed, an originality of so high a class, that too few are the minds able to comprehend its excellence: I mean that which shows itself in the highest department of art, which we term the grand style.

Of this style it may be asserted, that, although it appeal to us with great and commanding powers, though it

convey a sentiment the most awful and impressive, yet it speaks a language so little cultivated or even rudely known, that none but minds the most highly enlightened can be made fully sensible of its essence.

Miserable would be the state of that artist, who, endowed by nature with powers so rare and suited to so great a task, after intense application, and perhaps the sacrifice of health to labour, should find in the end, that he was to tell his tale in a country in which his language had not been learned, and to a people who would not endure to hear that his work was neither the subject of vulgar criticism, nor a mere toy which they are entitled to praise or condemn according to their ignorance or caprice; that it is not so much done for their pleasure as designed for their improvement, by opening the mind to receive impressions of the highest order, and aiding it to nourish the highest virtues.

In this style must be classed, in a greater or less degree, all those works of art which are intended to move the mind with terror and with pity, subjects which we but too commonly find rejected with disgust. This refinement upon delicacy itself, this extreme tenderness of sensibility, which is unable, even in picture, to survey an

object of terror, has been one of the greatest hindrances to the advancement of modern art in England, notwithstanding that scenes of this description, when executed by foreign masters, are received with open arms into collections the most select, and viewed with unbounded admiration.

Surely, an evil star has presided over the fate of British arts, condemned for inability to do that which they have been prohibited from attempting, and driven to the necessity of wasting their strength on trivial subjects, unworthy of the powers and below the dignity of art!

Yet, while subjects of the highest order of art have been excluded in England from the painter's canvas, it cannot but strike an observer as a singular circumstance, that our stage is not only permitted, but even required, to exhibit scenes of the deepest horror, and the tragic dramatist has free licence to "touch the very bounds" of all that we abhor.

The principal reason, I apprehend, wherefore subjects of terror have been objected to in painting, at the same time that they are thus admired in the deepest scenes of tragedy, is that our minds are not prepared, *by degrees*, for the impression made on us by the picture,

which flashing upon us at once, affrights us, whereas the effect of the drama steals upon us gradually, by slow paces, until we are rendered capable of viewing the most terrible scenes.

Fortunately for the cause of the liberal arts in Britain, there appears a strong probability that the assistance given to Painting and Sculpture, by the splendid and munificent establishments which have just at this time been formed amongst us, may soon raise a school to vie with those that have, for ages, been the boast of every other polished state in Europe; and that the charm will at length be broken, which has so long kept the arts of design in bonds, with a sort of necromantic power.

A melancholy spectacle has it offered to Englishmen, to view the pining arts of Britain beset and trampled by an army of connoisseurs and collectors of foreign pictures, strengthened by the most powerful assistance of dealers in this species of traffic, all arranged rank and file, and bidding defiance to every effort of our own country, associating closely among themselves, assigning great names to the fragments they possessed, standing before them with affected rapture, and congratulating each other on their signal good fortune and their taste! These men beheld, with

terror and dismay, all such as fell under the suspicion of real knowledge and judgment in the art, apprehensive lest a discovery might be made, which would dissolve the magic charm, in one moment annihilate their visionary riches, and change to trumpery their ideal wealth.

This whole mass of operation might have been surveyed with the eye of compassion, as we see the poor lunatic who fancies himself a king, or regarded as a ludicrous scene in a comedy, but that it was not quite so innocent in its effects. It kept up perpetual war against the talents of all our living Artists, while an excess of adulation was bestowed on foreign works, and prices demanded and given for them as if they had been the productions, not of men, but angels; the possessors, with affected wonder, asking the reason *why such works could not now be done*, as if any opportunity had been afforded of ascertaining, by experiment, whether they could be done or not.

I shall conclude with observing, that if the excessive praises, of which some men of this description were so liberal, had been bestowed, with pure justice, on those works alone which deserve, and ever will claim, our respect, it would have been grateful to every lover of true genius; but when, on the contrary, all sorts of common place or ruined

performances were presented for your admiration, and when you perceived that mere trifles were called miracles, and saw all this lofty farce incessantly played off between cunning that sells and ignorance that buys, it became difficult to view the scene with common patience.

J. N.

I HAVE been a little surprised to find myself so soon favoured with correspondence, but shall give immediate insertion to the following Letter:

TO THE ARTIST.

SIR,

I AM neither an Artist, nor a writer, but, having much leisure, I have seen more pictures and read more books than I find profitable. My complaint is chiefly on the latter head, as I am accustomed to read every thing that comes from the press. I have, of course, read your paper of Saturday last, and cannot help telling you that, though I like your design, you have omitted several material arguments which you might have brought in its favour.

First, Sir, the shortness of your paper will induce some of my family to be your readers, whom I never could persuade to look with me into large folios, and thick quartos.

Next, Sir, I agree with you that you may be useful to a much greater number of persons, by enabling them to form their conceptions of some particular arts on practical grounds. In the present degree of the progress of Painting and Sculpture amongst us, the public is obliged to take its opinion concerning them on trust; and I am convinced it is safer to trust to those who know the *pains* of any art, than to those who know it only by its *pleasures*. I would wish therefore, Sir, that your papers might contain a sort of grammar of opinions on Painting, and I promise to be content to believe you until I understand more than you can teach me.

But, Sir, the chief cause of my good will towards you is yet to come. I find myself lately seized with a painful disorder, which consists in a kind of *poly-biblio-graphi-phobia* (I trust I am correct in so long a word), or a horror of the multiplicity of books, which, every day, bear me down like a torrent, and take away the strength I wish to retain for the purpose of reading them all, as I

told you I have been used to do. I find this now impracticable, unless the year could be made to contain more days, and the day more hours, than formerly. I heartily wish, therefore, that the plan you propose could be universally adopted. Oh, Sir, what a decrease of labour to so constant a reader as myself, if books (but particularly thick quartos and folios) were written only by those who had learned, from practical application, something of the subjects they treat of! But then, Sir, what would become of the booksellers?

One word more, Sir. I would have you be aware, that, besides conveying radical information, or well-founded opinions, your paper must also afford some garnish of *amusement* to your readers; otherwise you will still run a risk of being read by none but myself: for, whatever may be the real utility of the arts, and however advantageous it might be to the public that a critical knowledge of them should pervade general society; yet, in the present state of the public mind respecting them, (and, being myself one of the many, I may say, its want of acquaintance with them,) I conceive it must be allured to an elementary study by the bait of pleasure. You will perceive I say this of Painting and Sculpture in particular,

in which the public is now disposed to take delight, as in novelty.

You may make what use you please of these hints; only, Sir, if you print my letter amongst your correspondence, shorten it for the relief of

Yours,

A Perpetual Reader.

In compliance with the wishes of this universal friend to authors, I will endeavour to be as pleasant as I can; at the same time, it is but fair to acknowledge that it is less my intention to be jocose than to be useful, and it is principally for this reason that I have judged proper to promise the names of all the professional persons who are combined in *mine.* I am very well contented to forego whatever opportunities of joke or retort a mask might afford, if by so slight a sacrifice I can obtain the candid regard of my reader.

It will, I trust, be considered as a laudable desire, that while I endeavour to open to my country the purest streams of information which the age affords, I may, by declaring their sources, enable the public to form a stand-

ard, by which to appreciate the value of what is here presented, that the offering may obtain neither a greater nor less degree of estimation than it is justly entitled to claim.

The Artist.

PRESENT STATE OF THE ARTS.

PUBLIC MONUMENTS.

OF the Monuments voted by the Parliament of Great Britain, from the year 1794 to 1801, to the memory of those Heroes who had recently lost their lives in the service of their country, far the greater number are now erected in the situations designed for them in St. Paul's Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey. All that depended on the talents of the different Sculptors who were chosen to execute them, is thus nearly accomplished.

But there is one part of the execution of these honourable memorials (no inconsiderable one, it is probable, in the original intentions of the Parliament) which yet remains, in a great proportion, unaccomplished. Of the seven

Monuments already (and some of them long since) erected in consequence of the votes above mentioned, only *two** have any inscription on them to commemorate the public motive for their erection; and *three*† do not bear even the *names* of the deceased Heroes, to whose memory they were designed to be dedicated.

It is with a deep sense of the importance of public duties, and with the highest respect for the rank and situation of those persons from whom the completion of a national vote is anxiously expected, that The *Artist* makes mention of this circumstance.

* Those of General Dundas, and Capt. Rundle Burges.

† Those of Capt. Montagu, Capt. Faulknor, Captains Mosse and Riou.

No. III. containing *Remarks on a Publication entitled A Fly-flap to The Director*, will be published on Saturday March 28.

THE

ARTIST

No. III. *Saturday, March* 28, 1807.

" *'Tis said they eat each other.*
They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't." MACBETH.

THE great revolutions and events that, from the earliest periods, threatened the very foundations of society, have been uniformly preceded by signs and portents, at once fearful and monstrous; with the benevolent view, it may be presumed, of stirring up our powers to avert, if possible, the threatened calamity, or of preparing men's minds for the fulfilment of these awful predictions. Thus the madness that seized the horses of Duncan, "the minions

of their race," terminated in one of those violations of the laws of nature, which

> " prophecy, with accents terrible
> Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
> New hatch'd to the woeful time."

And I cannot help viewing, I confess, with the like trembling foreboding, the unnatural fury that has taken possession of our connoisseurs; a race of beings that, till now, pulled so amicably together, that they might be compared, I speak it with reverence, to the horses of a Yorkshire waggon, who follow instinctively the beaten track, without the intervention even of a driver's understanding.

Although it be not easy to discover the origin of this strife, yet, as it burst forth when the late disorder among the canine animals raged at the highest, some believe it to have preceded from the like uncontrollable causes. What materially strengthens this opinion is the report, supposing it to be true, that the person first attacked by this malady, is a gentleman of high respectability and talents; by whom the connoisseurs, as well as many of the artists, have been entertained with a kindness and hospitality, that leave us the choice of no natural, and at the

same time flattering motive, to account for his intemperate zeal, and unprovoked hostility.

The unruly conduct of this gentleman was first displayed in a biting satire, humorously entitled the "Fly-flap;" and, although there be some who think the pamphlet principally characterised by a splenetic, but harmless irritability; yet it must be confessed to be greatly enlivened by the vein of drollery that pervades it; the author being as keen after a joke as a young attorney. With this mischievous Fly-flap he sallies forth; and, like Domitian, makes it his pastime to kill every obnoxious insect, i. e. Connoisseur and English painter in his way. The vigilant Editor of "The Director," observing this unpatriotic spirit, roundly accuses the author of having assumed and discredited a name with which we have been accustomed to associate an opinion of more generous qualities; and, because he does not feel as an Englishman, patriotically recommends him to the police as a French spy. I cannot help wishing this argument were as convincing to me, as perhaps it ought to be: but while I continue to observe our nobility and gentry as ready to concede, as Frenchmen are to claim, precedency on every occasion, I must, however unwilling, consider the initials that close the "Fly-flap,"

as a true signature, and lament the uncertainty of all human calculation.

The crimes of the "Director," that stir up the indignation of the Fly-flapper, are said to be "its flattery of living authors and painters, on grounds he is disposed to contest, and on authorities which he does not understand." That this author should betray no fellow-feeling for the infirmities of the aforesaid authorities, is altogether surprising; since, though it may be easy to "understand a fury in his looks," it is by no means so in his words, which, as Socrates said of the writings of Heraclitus, "might be excellent, but you risk drowning yourself in them if you are not as skilful as a Delian diver." Indeed the whole of the Right Honourable Author's arguments and stories, so *a propos de bottes*, either from natural confusion or design, will be found, I fear, as inconsequential, as the discourse of Juliet's nurse,

> "——Your love says like an honest gentleman—
> Where is your mother?"

There is one point, however, which the well-disposed author is indefatigable in labouring to make clear,

doubtless with a view to the advancement of art—namely, that the Artists have too much encouragement, or, in other words, are too well paid. "It is not," quoth he, "in my opinion, correct to say, that artists have not encouragement; and to put such notions in print, will neither improve the school, nor obtain patronage. I may almost assert the reverse to be correct."

"The patronage of his present Majesty in the establishment of a Royal Academy has been adequate to the objects of advancing the arts of Painting and Sculpture."

"The nomination of the most distinguished artists, foreigners as well as natives, to be academicians, is all that could be done." (Alas! for pity!) "Access to public lectures, and to drawing-schools, was ordered for young artists. The annual exhibition gave opportunity for public competition of talent, and public curiosity increased the fund for *promoting*" (qu. clothing?) "the *objects*" (qu. abjects?) "of the Royal Academy. Among the host of exhibitors, a few works were distinguished by original merit; but the observation I always made was, that patronage has been too great to mediocrity, and not great enough to bring forward rising genius; and thus I acquit the public of the charge of the Director."

"Low and ridiculous as the Royal Academy has made

itself by their ingratitude and dissension, there are individuals in that body, whose taste and historic knowledge of the arts, would show that some of the finest works of art were, by the selection of the subject, made instrumental to the purposes of strife and mutual destruction. The Royal Academy of Painting is not the temple of the Graces; our first artists have made it a temple of discord: and even the poetic artist would not be able to point many examples to illustrate his preference of painting to poetry, and where it may apply. The judgment of the painter must be equal to his genius, to compress into a momentary action the poetical imagery of a narration. But that quoted artist, from his talent in Painting, is deserving of that degree of public patronage, which would leave him less leisure for poetry."

I shall here close the quotation; and content myself with conjuring the old and studious artist to consider how much it behoves him to be grateful for the gift of knowledge, by which he is enabled to instruct the youthful and ignorant. How must his generous bosom swell with delight too, for the favour of contending at his individual expence, like a gladiator, for abuse and worsted stockings; more particularly when he reflects, that the money drawn from the curiosity of the public, collected to behold

this struggle for existence, is funded for the benefit of those who cannot share the danger of the contest!

Whether the shilling thus ostentatiously displayed be all the encouragement to which the author alludes in the preceding paragraph, I will not say, but he has stated no other: yet, as it is not easy to perceive how the established artists are to be enriched by funding this contribution, as they do, for the benefit of the rising generation, I must suppose him deceived by other appearances, and that his judgment has been deluded by having seen a few more fortunate, or more worldly, artists in clean linen and decent apparel; or by observing them to rent houses usually devoted to the comforts of gentlemen, instead of garrets or cellars, the ancient and hereditary nurseries of the followers of the Muses. But has the author of the Fly-flap ever heard of the landed possessions of artists? Has he learned from what funds they draw interest upon their stock, or what argosies are loaded with their wealth? Should he indeed have received such an impression of our state, we must not be surprised at having excited so much jealousy; and both the author and the public cannot be too soon informed, that our houses are burthens, under which the demands of our profession compel us,

quarterly, to groan; that the few among us who can boast a slight covering of flesh, fatten on abuse and neglect, and wallow in all the luxury of labour, anxiety, and mortification. But, as the poet saith,

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Let me entreat the author no longer to mock us then with this vaunted encouragement and patronage; but to remember, that, of our three legitimate Historical Painters, one has been supported by private subscription, and another by Royal Munificence, his gains from the public in forty years having scarcely reached five thousand pounds! On such encouragement I have too much charity to wish the Right Honourable Author reduced to depend: yet if Fortune had not smiled more auspiciously at his birth, than on that of artists, let him seriously consider how much he must have toiled to procure credit for his various talents, and the reward even of this eleemosynary subsistence, and he will perhaps soften into a more charitable opinion of our humble, though dear-bought, attainments.

With respect to the Portrait Painter, it may truly be affirmed, that his life is not one of idleness, but of unremitting industry and care. His art, when carried to any

high degree of excellence, challenges our admiration and praise, for, as Donne saith,

> " A hand, an eye,
> By *Hilliard* drawn, is worth a history
> By a worse Painter made."

In administering to some of the best feelings of the human breast, he sacrifices health and the inestimable blessings of air and sunshine; and, in return, he sometimes receives a market price for his labours, that enables him, perhaps, to fill with decency the station which prejudice has allotted to him. When more than this is obtained, it is for transcendent talents, that lay a debt on a nation, to be repaid only in gratitude, and in a general sense of their benefit and estimation.

But does the Right Honourable Author seriously entertain the opinion set forth in his singular publication? Can he admit, and he surely will, that the proudest boast of a nation has at all times been its arts, that yield to no conquest except that of skill, and claim a superiority for the country in which they flourish, in defiance of the barbarous hordes that in evil hour may subdue it?—Can he admit this, and believe that minds so capable and ele-

vated, have been forced into action by want, or that the pride of genius is to be fed by debasement and contempt? "The strife of a virtuous contention, and the earnest desire of glory," Tacitus observes, "are passions incident only to such men as live in prosperity." But if this opinion can obtain no credit with our author, he will perhaps explain for what ends reward and favour have been instituted; or what may be the nature of those disqualifications that condemn the artist to neglect, while inferior powers are often invited to share the highest honours of the state.

For me, it is a painful duty to declare, (and I have at least long, if not well, considered the question,) that in a country where the art and the artist are separated by so invidious a distinction; where the work aspires to heaven, and the workman's condition is too low for the proud, and too proud for the low—in such a country, though galleries for the sale of talent may be opened, and subscriptions set on foot, (with the best intentions, I gratefully acknowledge, but which degrade the cause they aim to support,) the people, with all due reverence for their taste, are, in relation to art, only emerging from barbarism; and the honour due to a state of high cultivation and refinement

remains to be reaped by a nation more civilized, and a people, perhaps, yet unborn.

That there are many of our nobility and gentry possessed with higher sentiments and more enlarged views, every painter of merit has reason to remember; but it is not in the power, I fear, of individuals, however great their wealth, or ardent their admiration, to raise the arts to that level best calculated to draw forth the energies of the artist. Government alone, I believe, is competent to the task of bringing a nation to this just degree of feeling; and when painters shall be encouraged to furnish examples of their own excellence, as well as to record the patriotic or heroic deeds of others, the nation will catch the enthusiasm, and learn to respect an art that appears to be interwoven with the grandeur and policy of the state.

Under such a dispensation of things (and such an one, I trust, is not far distant) a Reynolds, Gainsborough, Barry, Wilson, or Hogarth, would not have excelled in vain; and the great debt of fame due to the talents of these extraordinary men, instead of being permitted to pass over to another age for liquidation, would have been shared by a contemporary generation. By the cruel neglect, however,

of Wilson, Barry, and Hogarth, the nation has incurred the disgrace of those who blindly or perversely suffered Milton, Massenger, Butler, Otway, and Dryden, to drag out a miserable existence—to live unhonoured, and die unregretted.

The last paragraph quoted from the Fly-flap at once betrays its author and his station; for the habit of offering advice and maintaining secrecy are, unfortunately for the reader, so interwoven and entangled in his mind, as to have become inseparable; and he often, therefore, keeps his own counsel, when he appears most desirous of communicating information. His notions, for instance, concerning *something* belonging to Poetry and Painting, are delivered with all the caution of a statesman, and would have been creditable to the discretion of the great Lord Burleigh himself. What can be gathered, however, from his innuendos will be found, I fear, as little flattering to his taste as to his candour; for he coldly insinuates that the author of the *Rhymes on Art*

"has left some calling for his idle trade,"

when he might have bestowed the praise so justly due to him who studies to render even his hours of relaxation

subservient to our delight and instruction. The uncourtly abuse with which the author has loaded the members of the Royal Academy is shadowed out in the same mysterious language; and the public are left to conjecture whether they are busied in another Rye-house Plot, or disputing only on what may be most conducive to the interests of the institution. If he alludes only to academic differences, I cannot perceive why these are to be stigmatised as "low and ridiculous," more than the disputes of any other set of men, collected to deliver opinions, and refute objections; nor do I think the author has discovered great marks of a more amicable disposition, or afforded the academicians any hope that his presence would harmonize their society, were he reduced to the sad necessity of qualifying himself to become a member.

But it is time to consider that part of the Right Honourable Author's pamphlet, for which the whole appears to have been written; namely, the recommendation of his Italian friend Canova, to execute a monument to the immortal memory of our English admiral Lord Nelson. To bring the public into a temper to accede to so humiliating a measure, it was of course necessary to rob our native artists of the little celebrity their talents had wrung from

an unwilling generation; and at the same time bring into discredit the judgment of those connoisseurs who had sanctioned with their praise the arts of their country. But as he very modestly doubts his powers to effect this single-handed, he calls in foreign aid; and, after exhausting his own strength on the dispirited, and already half-conquered artists, he exposes the vast army of connoisseurs to the metaphysical artillery of M. D'Alembert, who, in justice it must be owned, does his work in a butcher-like manner. The Right Honourable Fly-flapper, and the French critic, if they know themselves, are the only two persons in the world capable of appreciating the merits of Musicians, Poets and Artists, and, in respect to these matters, deny even the infallibility of the Pope; though it is acknowledged, to their praise, by the French writer, that two of the most celebrated of these decendants of St. Peter "were content to reward like sovereigns, and not advise like blockheads."

There are only two occasions, I conceive, on which a foreign artist could with propriety be invited to execute a great national work in this country; namely, in default of our having any artist at all competent to such an undertaking, or for the purpose of introducing a superior

style of art, to correct a vicious taste prevalent in the nation. The consideration of the first part of this statement I leave to those who have witnessed with what ability Mr. Flaxman, Mr. Westmacott, and the other candidates, have designed their models; and, with respect to the style and good taste of the English school, I dare, and am proud, to assert its superiority over any that has appeared in Europe since the age of the Caracci. Our present sculptors, it is well known, studied in Italy the same remains of antiquity that furnished examples of excellence to the native artist; and if they were not to be improved by these, I fear they are past the power of being mended by Mr. Canova. But they must nevertheless feel infinitely grateful to the Right Honourable Author for the recommendation of this "stimulus to their exertions;" which, however, appears to me much the same as if he were to offer bitters to provoke the appetite, and in the end give his patient nothing to eat. A monument and a dinner, I humbly conceive, would more effectually strengthen the artist and the man, than the dose of so capricious a physician.

I refrain from discussing the merits of Mr. Canova, from a principle of justice only; conceiving it unfair to call in question the skill of a celebrated artist, merely on

account of the indiscreet interference of a friend. A favourable occasion of doing justice to the British School of Sculpture, it is true, may thus be lost; but I might be reproached with acting like the bear, who, in aiming a deadly blow at a fly, knocked out the brains of a man.

Enough has been said, I trust, to prove the author inadequate to the task he has undertaken; and my respect for his character and station forbids any further notice of so injudicious and unprovoked an attack. I shall only observe, therefore, that, had he been actuated by more generous feelings for the arts of his country, he might have favoured us with a quotation from another French author, "more germain" to the matter, and at the same time more flattering to an English ear; for which reason I shall close with it these, I hope not intemperate, observations.

" Une nouvelle Ecole s'est formée de nous jours en Europe, celle d'Angleterre. Elle réside dans l'Académie de Londres instituée en 1766 par lettres-patentes de Sa Majesté Britannique, & formée seulement en 1769. Encore voisine de son berceau, elle s'anonce par de grands succès, & mérite d'autant mieux d'être applaudie, & d'exciter même l'émulation de ses aînées, que les parties qui la distinguent sont les plus nobles parties de l'art; la sagesse de la composition, la beauté des formes, l'élévation des idées, & la vérité des expressions. Cette *école* ne nous est encore connue que par des

estampes; mais des artistes qui en ont vu plusieurs tableux nous ont assuré que, dans quelques uns de ses maîtres, elle joint la couleur aux parties plus sublimes de l'art."

" On peut reconnoître dans toutes les *écoles* la cause du caractère qui les distingue . . . . . La beauté doit entrer dans le caractère de l'*école Angloise*, parce qu'elle est assez commune en Angleterre pour frapper sans cesse la vue des artistes. Si cette beauté n'est pas précisément celle de l'antique, elle ne lui est peut être pas inférieure. L'*école Angloise* se distinguera par la vérité de l'expression, parce que la liberté nationale laisse aux passions tout le jeu de la nature. Elle conservera la simplicité, & ne se gâtera pas par une affectation théâtrale, par les mignardises des fausses graces, parce que les mœurs angloises conservent elles-mêmes de la simplicité.

" Regardez le portrait d'une Françoise peintre par un François; vous y trouverez le plus souvent, pour toute expression, un souris commandé, que les yeux & le front ne parragent pas, & qui ne vous indique aucune affection de l'arme. Regardez le portrait d'une Angloise peintre par un Anglois; vous y trouverez le plus souvent une expression naïve qui vous fera connoître le caractère de la personne représentée."

Dictionnaire de WATELET.

J. H.

The Artist has to acknowledge the receipt of a letter of a humorous cast, apparently dictated by friendly views of the same nature as those of the foregoing essay *On English Painters*. It shall have a place in a future number.

No. IV. *On the premature Exercise of Taste, and its Effects on Works of Genius*, will be published on Saturday, April 4.

THE

ARTIST.

No. IV. *Saturday, April* 4, 1807.

———*Sapere est et principium et fons.*

THE cultivation of Taste is perhaps the most seductive of all mental pleasures. It is from this cause the most dangerous also, unless proper precaution be applied to prevent its too early progress. Science requires to be diligently pursued through all her mazes, and wooed with all the forms of regular approach, before taste be permitted to claim possession of her charms, and to rove without restraint over her beauties.

The student, in his regular career of instruction, visits the cells of learning, and brings from them daily stores,

(stores which, like communicated flame, cause no decrease of the original source) until he have amassed as large a stock of treasures, as his mind is capable of containing. It is at this period, and not sooner, that taste enters on the scene with advantage; that she ranges ardently, yet serenely, along paths whose connection she easily discerns, lingers with security where she finds herself invited to contemplation, and rests on her road without fear of being perplexed or bewildered when she resumes her way; it is then that, winged with confidence, she flies, like the bee, from sweet to sweet, through a variegated and extensive garden, and makes her hive an object of admiration and delight.

This perfection of taste is more often to be wished for, than to be found, among men. It is difficult to chain the ardour of desire through a long and tedious process; the growing sense pants to leave the shackles of laborious scrutiny, and to indulge its own propensities; it frequently steals unperceived from its guide, and, once loosed from the rein, the wanton flies at large beyond a possibility of being reclaimed.

It is, indeed, nearly impossible to convey instruction without at the same time exciting some emotion of taste,

if that faculty be at all in the mind of the learner. In whatsoever is learned, the precept is sure to be at least modified by the bent, or constitutional taste, of the preceptor, and the mind of the novice is thus called on either to adopt the taste of another, or to exercise its own in rejecting it. Still, much is in the power both of the student and the instructor, and it becomes the most laudable task of the latter to employ every kind of guard against the acceleration of taste in his pupil.

Unless a proper store of provisionary knowledge be laid up, and accuracy fully established in the mind, the excitements of taste lead us forward without rule or compass, and, like the traveller who, through too much haste, once takes a wrong turning of his road, the farther we proceed, the less our land-marks are discernible, and we involve ourselves, step after step, in a labyrinth, where our error becomes irretrievable.

I have heard a very accomplished friend of mine declare, that, when he sits down to read a book on any difficult subject, he makes it a rule to consider the author as entirely in the right, until he shall have finished the perusal of the work, when he revolves the whole in his thoughts, and compares the author's ideas on the subject with his own.

This custom may be regarded as one of the safest methods of study, as it habituates the student to an impartial attention to all arguments that are brought before him. It is also the most *useful* method, if accumulation of knowledge be the purpose of study, because we are by this means certain of adding to our own stores a fresh stock on which to exercise, and of course to improve, our judgment. But how contrary is it to the frequent practice of what is *called* study! I once heard a music-master instruct his pupil in the most approved methods of *leaving time*, before the scholar had fairly gained by practice a solid possession of time itself; not considering that the grace of expression is an unintelligible phantom, unless it derive a substance from correctness.

Among the examples of error induced by a similar practice in Painting, may be brought the works of the Neapolitan School; of the Modern Venetian, or rather of all the Venetian painters since Titian and Giorgione; and, in numerous instances, of our own school, where taste is too quickly called into action, for want of the student's being supplied with adequate methods of acquiring fundamental knowledge.

Not less dangerous to ourselves, and far more perni-

cious to others, is taste thus prematurely formed, when exercised in criticism. We are led by it to condemn from partial motives, we exclude from our consideration every thing that our own minds have failed to embrace, and we disapprove of one another, merely because we happen to have taken different turnings from the right road.

The surest basis on which our critical taste in any art can be founded, is a thorough investigation of what has been actually performed by human endeavours in the subject before us. A knowledge of this circumstance will have a tendency to prevent that fastidious sense of dissatisfaction with what is offered to us, and that facility of rejection, which arise from imaginary notions of possibilities, and will give a sanction to the honest relish which we are sometimes inclined to feel for the efforts of meritorious, but unmatured and struggling talents.

The knowledge of an art is acquired by long and laborious study; and not only is this painful application the necessary mode of attaining skill and judgment in it, but, I believe, it is also the only one.

Art, when perfected by study and consummate know-

ledge, derives its last and highest embellishment from taste; which being, as I conceive, an innate faculty existing in some minds and not in others, and although highly capable of improvement, by no means capable of being implanted unless by nature, causes that variety of ultimate or partial success, attending the works of the learned in every department. How frequent are the examples, where profound skill, destitute of taste, sometimes admits, and sometimes displays, the greatest faults and exuberances in the midst of as many striking beauties and excellences!

Yet although, in order that the world may derive full benefit from the exertions of skill and learning, we must be content, in the efforts of men, (necessarily imperfect) to take the good which their talents offer us, in their own way, the faults of Genius, nevertheless, furnish instruction to taste, as well as its beauties; and the vigour of every great example, however eccentric, flighty, or encumbered, becomes, under the contemplation of taste, a step to future general advancement.

In the struggles of our limited intellect to attain to the excellence of art, how desirable were it that minds could be brought to unite towards the perfection of study, as

bodies are made to join in lifting or carrying extraordinary weights; that the man of taste, and the man of learning could coalesce, to produce a faultless work! It is said to be an idea entertained by many persons, (and those ingenious ones too) that such a scheme is feasible, and, I own, it has a plausible appearance. But I am inclined to suspect, that if ever such an union subsist to any good purpose, it can only be where a constant and perfect intimacy affords an opportunity of the most momentary communications of ideas and sentiments; in which instances it will amount to nothing more than the advantage which every sensible man derives from the opportunities offered by his actual circumstances, for, at last, it will be to the skill that predominates over the suggestions of taste, that the tribute of admiration will be paid.

Except in the case of this extraordinary and entire communication of minds, nothing is more generally prejudicial to the value of genius, than the interference of extraneous taste. What is not intimately felt, will never be ably expressed; and it will be found from experience that, in every high exertion of art in its peculiar province, the artist, whether Painter, Architect, Musician, Poet, or of what other description soever, has

either rejected the taste of accessory minds, or, if he has yielded to it, has deformed and weakened his original design.

It is in vain that we strive to alter, (or, as we think, *correct*,) the sallies of Genius, whose vivid conceptions do not admit of the reform we propose. We may take away its strength, but we shall not take away its faults; and we must at last content ourselves with concluding, that although the knowledge and art of others be the groundwork of *our* taste, yet that faculty in us, (in however high a degree we may possess it,) cannot, in return, either increase the knowledge, or strengthen the powers of performance, in the children of genius.

"Nullum sine veniâ placuit ingenium. Da mihi quemcunque vis magni nominis virum, dicam quid illi ætas sua ignoverit, quid in illo sciens dissimulaverit. Multos dabo, quibus vitia non nocuerint, quosdam quibus profuerint. Dabo, inquam, maximæ famæ et inter miranda propositos; quos si quis corrigit, delet."

"No genius ever afforded delight, that had not at the same time something to be pardoned. Bring me any instance you will, of a man who has acquired a great name, and I will tell you what those of his own time forgave in him, and what they knowingly overlooked. I will point out not only many to whom their faults were *not* prejudicial, but some to whom they were advantageous. I will name those of the highest fame,

and who have been brought forward as objects of admiration, whom, if any one pretends to correct, he destroys altogether."

The interference of the taste of others has a tendency to impoverish the fruit of an original mind, but not to improve its stock. It may impede the flight of Genius, but cannot fashion it.

Taste, moreover, thus loses its highest qualities, and foregoes its most important uses.

It belongs to the province of taste to exercise itself on materials already formed, and on works already delivered to the world, and by comparing and illustrating these, by weighing their beauties with their defects, to prepare the ground to the best advantage for the exertions of future times and future candidates. But whenever it interferes to influence and qualify the actual effusions of genius, it not only prevents the increase of stores by which the world is to be enriched, but impairs the very materials on which it is itself to act, and thus fairly saps its own foundation.

These observations apply to taste the most accurately formed, for it is unnecessary to say any thing farther on the intervention of extraneous taste unfounded on knowledge,

the absurdity of which is too evident, and which is allowed to be at all times ominous, if not ruinous, to the cause it intends to assist.

As I am myself persuaded that experience is the chief instructress in art, as well as in life, I was extraordinarily pleased, a short time since, on perceiving the conviction of this truth displaying itself in the language of an *Artist*, in whose pursuits a false or premature *taste* is peculiarly liable to be attended with the most grievous results. In a speech said to be delivered by an officer of rank in the army, on the means of improving our national force, he ironically apologizes for speaking on a military subject; "Because," says he, "I am military, and because those "who are not military speak most learnedly upon it; "although, in other cases, men seek to know the practice "and theory, both, of a subject, before they venture to "advise upon it. We generally conclude men to have "some knowledge of their own profession in the general "concerns of life. We don't send our watches to be "mended by a shoemaker; but upon a *military* subject "the counsels of all are offered; upon that topic the "maxim of Horace is reversed:

"Nemo omnibus horis sapit."

The sarcasm urged by this gallant and experienced commander, has its precedent in the complaints of *artists* of every description. Hannibal's less courteous sentence is well known: on his opinion being asked of an orator, who had, for a considerable length of time, discussed several of the principal topics of war, he replied, that "he had heard many fools in his time, but that the last orator had exceeded them all."

The ingenious author of "The Director," has also lately furnished us with an anecdote, from which I shall take the liberty of borrowing, because it contains a sentiment so extremely apposite to the present as well as to some other occasions. He relates the following answer of Apelles to a Persian nobleman, who visited his study, and endeavoured to display his taste on the subject of light and shade in Apelles' art:

"Whilst you were silent, the boys (in my study) were lost in admiration of your magnificence: the moment you began to talk of what you did not understand, they laughed."

This may happen, when boys shall be so wickedly disposed, in other countries besides Greece.

Horace's account of the pretenders in his own art is admired on more than one occasion.

In Painting, peculiarly, as it is an art whose principles have never yet been explored by us in England, we are very apt to receive imaginary notions of what it *might be*, or enthusiastic fables of what it *may have been*. But it is by instructing oursélves thoroughly in the nature of the real powers which we are certain it *has* exhibited, and by candidly comparing the pretensions of succeeding candidates with the actual examples of excellence and failure in the art, that we can alone hope to bestow, with justice, the award of praise or blame.

It is to be regretted that instruction in the general principles of so dignified an art does not constitute a part of our public system of liberal studies, without which it will always be difficult to reconcile the notions of the professional and unprofessional scholar.—They are the children of different education.

P. H.

TO THE ARTIST.

March 28, 1807.

MR. ARTIST,

As an old practitioner in the liberal arts, I claim your indulgence. I consider you in some degree as their champion and protector, and though, by your profession, I know you cannot be rich, yet I am sure you are honest, and your attention ever alive to the voice of truth. I therefore boldly make my complaint to you, as it flows from the source of experience, and beg leave to bring forward to your observation a species of patrons of the arts, who, saving the predominance of their vanity, have, I believe, very good intentions, yet produce by their action the worst of consequences. These *signiors*, like libertines in another department, are perpetually in quest of novelty, and, every year, find a new wonder, whose fancied talents are of their own creation, and on whom they lavish all their little patronage and attention; some embryo *artist*, cheaply purchased, who bends with profound humility and homage for the unexpected blessing, thanks Heaven and his Genius, and concludes that his fortune is made. The fond patron is elated with the gratifying hope that his discern-

ment and his taste will now be proved in the face of day, by the splendour of the rising genius, which his sagacity has been able to discover before it was known to, or became the wonder of, the world, and thus his fancy unites him as a joint sharer in the future glory of his protegé.

The consequences produced by this precipitate favour are often deplorable, as the effects are precisely like those of a trap. The young, unthinking, vain, though innocent and pitiable, victim is deluded on, till the flower of his youth be past, and till it is become too late for him to begin or seek another profession; and when he is thus irretrievably engaged in the trammels of his art, his patron leaves him to his fate—commonly either finding himself mistaken in the talents of his subject, or cooling in his attachment as novelty wears off, or tired, perhaps, by repeated attempts to promote the fame of one whom he can prevail on so very few to admire. The unhappy wonder is thus turned adrift on chance and on the world, where, if his profession be *painting*, he becomes a picture-cleaner or an outcast, with poverty in store, and leisure more than enough long to deplore the fatal hour he first was favoured by the caprice of his dangerous admirer, while the patron, untaught by experience, all alert, spreads fresh nets

for fresh game, ensnares anew some unfledged subject, but with lively hopes of better luck; thus spoiling an honest tradesman, whose success in the world his bounty would have ensured.

The wonder-hunters put me in mind of those gentlemen in Bartholomew fair, who are masters of what is called a *Flying Coach*, and are continually taking up fresh darlings, one after another, giving each little fluttering heart a whirl in their airy vehicle, which "swiftly flies, yet makes no way," but having once set it down again on the same ground from whence they took it up, regardless of the piteous countenance of the poor mortified urchin, look briskly round in quest of fresh aspirers to their bewitching honours, who are of course, in their turn, cast off like those who went before.

For, give me leave to remark to you, that those professors, "which have borne the burden and heat of the day," and whose long and laborious studies have been bent on the improvement of abilities which their efforts have demonstrated, are never in the thoughts of such patrons as objects of encouragement: fresh wonders are all they seek, totally regardless in what manner those future years are to be spent, over the fate of which they may be said to have cast the die.

Peace to all such !—But there have of late appeared (thanks to our better stars !) instances of such patronage as is truly patriotic, which revive the drooping head of art, and promise national splendour from its influence.

I am, Dear Mr. Artist,

With unfeigned regret,

Yours, most humbly,

A Disappointed Genius.

My correspondent appears, in the former part of his letter, to have had in view the sentence of the poet—

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici;
Expertus metuit.

Sweet seems the pow'rful Patron's care
To him who never felt the snare;
Once tried, he fancied hope foregoes,
And dreads the thorn beneath the rose.

In the latter part I endeavour to flatter myself that the truth of his remarks on the neglect of established merit can be instanced only in a very small class. But, in order to ascertain this question, I propose to collect accounts of the actual encouragement, given by the patrons of the arts to the most eminent artists of England.

In regard of Painting, the Galleries of our distinguished amateurs will naturally furnish the most authentic documents, and it is with pleasure I reflect that some collections lately formed disclose hopes of a most grateful kind.

The liberal proposition recently made by the British Institution is also, I trust, far beyond the scope of my Correspondent's letter. That Institution announces to the young painters who studied in the Gallery last summer, its intention to give a premium of 100*l.* for the best original picture, proper to be a companion to *one of three* pictures which shall be lent to the Gallery in the ensuing summer; 50*l.* for the next best; and 40*l.* for the third in merit.

This instance of liberality appears to be most appropriately directed, and I am the more particularly pleased with it, as it seems to imply a confirmation of the sentiments of Mr. Shee (in his *Rhymes on Art*,) and of the writer of the *Remarks on English Painters* in my last paper, viz. that Government alone is competent to the employment of the highest powers of the art. The patrons of the British Institution, whose munificent designs every day demonstrates, confine their encouragement to youthful

talents; and leave to the State the more arduous task of calling into exertion the abilities of those who are already the acknowledged ornaments and support of the arts.

The Artist.

P. S. The works, which were remaining in the possession of our justly celebrated BARRY at the time of his decease, are to be disposed of by auction in Pall Mall, in the ensuing week. He is the *Historical Painter* alluded to in the third number of *The Artist*, as having been "supported by private subscription."

No. V. *On Dramatic Style*, will be published on Saturday, April 11th.

THE

ARTIST.

No. V. *Saturday, April* 11, 1807.

———" *Inurbanum lepido seponere dicto.*"

IF any vanity should be imputed to the Editor, from the insertion of the following admirable Essay on Dramatic Style in its present form of a letter, personally addressed to himself, he will not deny the charge, but hopes he shall be allowed the privilege of enduring it cheerfully, in consideration of the entertainment and instruction which he is thus enabled to offer to the Reader.

To P—— H——, Esq.

Dear Sir,

You wish me to contribute to the literary work, in which you are engaged; and, if I have hesitated to obey

your wish, it is because I very much doubt whether, circumstanced as I am, it can be in my power to suggest any thing that may be useful to your purpose, and worthy of your acceptance. In this scruple I am perfectly sincere, for my avocations at this moment are extremely urgent; however, lest I should be suspected of assuming a feigned self-diffidence for the sake of evading a friendly exertion, I send you a few thoughts, in which you must not look for much method, having thrown them out as they occurred to me, without resort to books, which, in my present situation, are not within my reach: they will not ornament your essays, but if they shall be of any service to those who consult them, I must hope your readers will take my good will in good part, and recollect that the polish of a button does not add to the use of it.

As you have written very amusingly for the stage, and I hope will amuse yourself by writing for it again, I will devote the remainder of this letter to a few familiar remarks upon DRAMATIC STYLE.

THAT there is an appropriate and peculiar style, to which the comic writer should endeavour to conform, I take for granted. It is so difficult to convey rules for writing,

through the vehicle of definition, that I should at once absolve myself from the task, if I could refer your readers to any one dramatic author on their shelves, whose style I could fairly recommend as comprising all the properties that definition can embrace. But there is no such author in my recollection, (none such at least that I am prepared to set up as a model) and, presuming therefore that the whole has not yet been attained in its perfection, I must endeavour to make my conception of it understood by parts.

As I am about to talk to my contemporaries, I will confine my idea of dramatic style to such only as I conceive those writers ought to study and adopt, who propose themselves to be writers for the present day. The old masters are gone by; they must not aim at following them; not because it is impossible to overtake them, but because they can get nothing from them to their present purpose, if they join their company. I must be understood as speaking simply and exclusively of style; I have all reasonable veneration, and quite enough to say, for them as examples in another sense; but that would be talking out of my subject, not within it.

The writers of the middle comedy are *Congreve*, *Vanbrugh*, *Farquhar*, *Steele*, *Cibber*, and some few others; these are to my purpose, and the best of these, in point of style, is *Congreve*. There are great good properties, and well worthy the attention of the dramatic student, in the writing of his four comedies: it is also a style peculiar to himself, defineable, uniform, and fixed; it is therefore a proper object of contemplation; it may be studied; it is a whole, and as such is capable of dissection. The examiner will find it terse, compressed, pointed; but having used the figurative term *dissection*, I must warn the novice to beware he does not cut his fingers with his lancet in the process; for there are tainted and unwholesome parts in that fair body. These for the present I shall put aside: his merits are the more agreeable discussion.

I have said his style is terse, compressed, and pointed; his works are doubtless in the reader's memory, and it hardly signifies to which of them I refer, or which passage I select. Take one from the *Way of the World*—*Fainlove* says to *Mirabell*——

" Fain. *Are you jealous as often as you see Witwould*
" *entertained by Millamant?*

" Mira. *Of her understanding I am, if not of her*
" *person.*

" Fain. *You do her wrong; for, to give her her due,*
" *she has wit.*

" Mira. *She has beauty enough to make any man*
" *think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him*
" *who shall tell her so.*

" Fain. *For a passionate lover, methinks, you are a*
" *man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your*
" *mistress.*

" Mira. *And for a discerning man, somewhat too*
" *passionate a lover,*—&c. &c."

In this short specimen the dramatic student will discover all that I have hitherto described of Congreve's style; he will also observe how he builds one speech upon another, and works his climax point by point: this way of working is the very mastership and mystery of his art. It is worth an author's utmost pains to trace him in this very peculiar faculty of drawing out his dialogue without breaking its thread; an operation, in which he is unrivalled, and distinguishable from all other dramatic manufacturers, that ever took a tool in hand. But let the

disciple of this great master be aware how he makes any of his characters copy Fainlove, who announces Millamant as a woman of wit; let no author commit himself to his audience for the introduction of a witty character, unless he is perfectly well provided to make good his promise. This is a stumble at starting, that is very much against a man for the rest of the race, and many, whom I could name, have made it.

One more specimen, as illustrative of this peculiar art in Congreve's dialogue, will suffice, and I take it from the same comedy—*Mirabell*, *Fainlove* and *Millamant*, are on the stage.

" Mill. *One no more owes one's beauty to a lover,*
" *than one's wit to an echo; they can but reflect what we*
" *look and say—vain, empty things,* &c.
" Mira. *Yet to those two vain empty things you owe*
" *two of the greatest pleasures of your life.*
" Mill. *How so?*
" Mira. *To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing*
" *yourselves praised; and to an echo the pleasure of*
" *hearing yourselves talk.*"

This we might conceive is quite point enough; and if an ordinary poet had got so far, he might consider himself in a happy vein; but Congreve's *Echo* has more replications than one, and Witwould—"*knows a lady, that* "*loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo* "*fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue,* "*that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch* "*her last words.*"

I need not give any more quotations from this author to the point in question. Let the pupil of dramatic style digest this thoroughly, and put himself upon a regimen after this prescription, and he will find his constitution much the better for it.

But I alluded to certain parts, that I conceived could not be handled without danger, or, to speak in simpler terms, where Congreve is no model for an author to follow; and I must go a little about to come precisely to the point I aim at. In common life there is nothing so out of character as an under-bred man, when he grows familiar, and puts himself at his ease with you. This remark ought to be everlastingly kept in sight by writers for the stage. If they have not obtained a knowledge of the style and manners of people in high and elegant life, by

consorting with them before they set about to represent them on the stage, they had better never think of making the attempt; for if they look to Congreve for their prototypes, they will not find them with him: if they resort to his table for clean and wholesome fare, they will only be entertained with tainted fragments, disguised by high-seasoned sauces and stimulating spices. Let an author also recollect that, whilst he is copying the style of Congreve, he must be well aware how he copies his indiscrimination in the management of it. Every character is not to sing in unison like a Russian chorus, and let him be assured it is not in the power of style to compensate for the sacrifice of character.

As for the rest of the comic writers above mentioned, I see very little in the style of any one of them, which distinguishes it from that of any other. *The Conscious Lovers* of Steele is very properly denominated *a moral essay in dialogue*. If a man was to dilate upon a simple incident to his company, as Sir John Bevil does to his servant Humphry, he would set them asleep. Cibber is somewhat rounder and closer in his *Careless Husband*; but all his characters love talking, and there is very little point in their dialogue: Vanbrugh's period is not epi-

grammatic, and Farquhar's conversation is the ribaldry of a mess-room.

The dramatic writer should consider that he has a great many things to do, and a number of characters to display in a small compass. He has not the expanse of a novel to give him room for prosing story-tellers, and dealers in description. His fable is never to stand still; nor his characters to languish and forget themselves; he is therefore to take a close review of every scene after he has written it; and calculate how he could conduct it with equal clearness in fewer words: if he does this, he will find that, whilst he compresses it into brevity, he will work it into point; and at the same time that he brings his periods into a smaller compass, he will be able to give them a more brilliant polish. If he would produce a striking character before his audience, let him have something to say so marked that the audience may remember it and take it home with them: when he has effected this, let him take heed how he talks too much; for if he drenches his wine with too great a dose of water, it will be but a mawkish draught. A fertile imagination will oftentimes run away with a man's style, and render it as thin, as bullion when drawn into wire, or beaten into leaf;

if he has not temper and self-denial to control these impulses, he is not fit to be a writer of the drama, which requires two qualities, that rarely meet in the same man, a vivid fancy and a cool deliberate judgment.

I am,

Dear Sir,

&c. &c.

Richard Cumberland.

TO THE ARTIST.

SIR,

BEING an admirer of the arts, I feel a desire to offer you my humble opinion on the "query," stated in your first paper, "whether it would be in any manner inconsistent with the dignity of the nation," that the memory of illustrious persons should be celebrated by the Painter as well as the Sculptor.

It has been the general custom to erect Monuments and raise Statues, in commemoration of those eminent men, who have distinguished themselves by signal services to their country, or whose exalted virtue and splendid abilities have given them a claim to a nation's gratitude. To transmit to posterity a record of those brilliant actions, that have adorned the age in which we live, is equally laudable and beneficial.

It is therefore much to be regretted that the works of the Sculptor, though highly estimable and honourable, cannot have the full advantage of public view. They are placed in situations, where it is not probable they will be often seen, and are, perhaps, by a great mass of the people scarcely known to exist. Indeed, they

have not the whole advantage that might be allowed to them. The doors of these sacred repositories are too generally shut against the spectator. Even on the very day, when leisure affords an opportunity to the busy,—on the day which is wisely set apart for meditation and reflection, no admission can be obtained, except during the hours of divine service:

> ——" to my mind, tho' I am native here,
> And to the manner born, it is a custom
> More honour'd in the breach than th' observance."

Monuments will remain, it is true, a perpetual testimony of respect, and as such will be revered by future ages. But it appears to me, Sir, that by the additional means of the painter, the purpose, for which these exemplary honours are bestowed, would be essentially promoted and even more fully accomplished. The historical work of the painter, possessing the advantage of representing, distinctly, the exact and living actions of the hero, forcibly arrests the attention; and, being intelligible to every capacity by its resemblance to real life, has the power of affording the most desirable evidence of facts. The avidity with which a work of this kind is sought, has been evinced in the late

instance of Mr. West's celebrated picture of the death of Lord Nelson. The crowds which assembled on that occasion, during the short time that it was exhibited, were almost beyond belief. If this private effort of an individual could possess so powerful an attraction, with what admiration and respect would the public behold an historical production of this nature, sanctioned by a vote of the Parliament or an order of the Government!

So far, then, from being inconsistent with the dignity of the State, it would, according to my humble judgment, reflect the highest honour on our national character. The labours of the Painter, thus directed and thus patronised, would, while they contributed to the gratification and improvement of society, display a bright and refined example of beneficence. The Painter, like the Hero, pants for fame, and, under the requisite encouragement, would be enabled not only to ensure it to himself, by the exercise of his talents, but, like the Hero, to impart it to his country.

I am, Sir,

With respect, yours,

An Englishman.

31st March, 1807.

The foregoing letter is not written by any professional person, but comes from a Citizen of great respectability. It is with pleasure that the *Artist* perceives such sentiments as the writer expresses, diffusing themselves through the general classes of his country. A note, enclosing the letter, contains the following passage:——

" Every one is delighted with the imitations of nature, as is proved by the crowds that surround our print-shops. There is a general desire to see all that *has* passed and *is* passing. The subjects that are there exhibited, are, for the most part, frivolous, and affect the mind accordingly. If the subjects were of more virtuous importance, of course the mind would be in a similar manner affected."

This reasoning is undeniable. The imitation of nature is, by the *ordination of nature*, made delightful to the mind of man; and, from the great influence of this natural delight, the effect produced in us is likely to prove agreeable to the mode and character of the imitation; if the character be virtuous, the effect is conducive to virtue; if vicious, to vice.

The print-shops are a *great book*, continually open to the public, wherein " he who runs may read."

It would be injustice to a truly patriotic design, not to

notice in this place, that on the death of Lord Nelson, the SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS proposed to make a memorial of that Hero, by introducing his portrait into one of the pictures which decorate their great room, and Mr. Barry had undertaken to execute it; but the sudden decease of that eminent painter, on the 26th of February, 1806, prevented their intentions from being carried into effect.

See Vol. xxiii. Transactions of the Society.

PRESENT STATE OF THE ARTS.

PATRONS OF LIVING ARTISTS.

The principal collections lately formed from the works of living painters, and with the noble purpose of encouraging contemporary merit, are those of Sir John Leicester, Mr. Davison, Mr. Bernard, Mr. C. Hoare, and Mr. Parker; to which may in part be added that of the Marquis of Stafford.

Observations on the first of the above Galleries shall, if possible, appear in Number VI.

ENGRAVING.

The Artist, with great satisfaction, notices the publication of *Lectures on The Art of Engraving*, by John Landseer, Engraver to His Majesty.

These Lectures contain the most copious information on the subject of *Engraving*, at present extant in our language; its history, progress, nature, and methods of execution. Mr. L. states, in forcible terms, the obligations which society, and particularly a commercial state, has to his art, and the consequent claims of the art. He occasionally takes a general view of all the Arts connected with Engraving; and the *Lectures* may be considered as one of the works deserving, in their particular province, the attention of our Government, whenever it shall assume to its own wisdom the care of regulating the employment and patronage of the *Arts of Design*.

No. VI. *On the Scientific Improvements of the Eighteenth Century*, will be published on Saturday, April 18.

THE

ARTIST.

No. VI. *Saturday, April* 18, 1807.

———*placet experientia veri.*

IT has been commonly observed, that a man born in affluence, and possessed of a sound and strong constitution, seldom values those inestimable gifts, unless he be, at some time or other, deprived of them. The reason is natural and evident. In a constant state of health and prosperity, he is ignorant of the force with which poverty and sickness oppress the body and soul of man. A similar observation may be made with respect to the improvements of science, and the practical advantages that are derived therefrom. The multitude of the present age, who enjoy them, are igno-

rant of the disadvantages under which their predecessors laboured for want of those very improvements. And, such is the propensity of man, that, instead of esteeming ourselves fortunate in the possession of present advantages, we often sigh for the supposed superior happiness of our predecessors. *Things past and to come seem best, the present worst.*

With a view to remove the above-mentioned fallacious ideas, and to render the present race satisfied and thankful for the manifold conveniences they enjoy, the following pages will exhibit a compendious statement of the scientific improvements of the last century, and will, at the same time, point out their extensive influence towards promoting the comforts, the security, and the happiness of the human species.

After a mournful succession of dark ages, during which Europe remained destitute of scientific light, and miserably oppressed by tyranny, ignorance, and superstition; the energy of the human mind, like the efforts of a smothered fire, burst forth with unusual vigour, and, by earnestly following the light of reason in the field of inquiry, successively discovered several of those treasures which nature has prepared for our use. Various in-

quisitive, ingenious, and persevering men co-operated in producing this wonderful revolution, and their labours have been crowned with success, as well as repaid by the grateful admiration of their fellow-creatures. A great number of those persons belong to a period anterior to the eighteenth century, and among them the most distinguished place is unquestionably due to the great Newton; for he far surpassed both his predecessors and his contemporaries in extent of research, regularity of investigation, and multiplicity of discoveries.

This extraordinary man was born in the year 1642, and died in the year 1727. His works were mostly published in the 17th century; but they did not rise into full celebrity before the commencement of the 18th century; which was owing to their treating of the most abstruse subjects in a manner strictly mathematical, or highly scientific; such indeed as precludes their being read or comprehended without the greatest attention, even by the deepest mathematicians. But as soon as their great value, and extensive scope of application, began to be perceived, the scientific persons in diverse European nations eagerly endeavoured to study, to explain, and to apply them to the illustration of those subjects with which they were

naturally connected. Therefore, in describing the scientific improvements of the eighteenth century, it becomes necessary to commence with a short account of those admirable works.

Sir Isaac Newton's principal productions are his *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*, *his Optics*, and his Tracts purely *mathematical*. If the reader be desirous of being particularly informed with respect to the contents of those works, he must consult the illustrations published by Dr. S. Clarke, Mr. Pemberton, Dr. Keil, Mr. Maclaurin, and a great many others. But the following is a short view of their subjects:

Previous to Newton, the knowledge of astronomy was destitute of rational theory or solid foundation. There existed indeed several hypotheses; but they were either evidently absurd, or inadequate to the explanation of the phenomena; so much so, that neither the real courses of the celestial bodies, nor their deviations from regular paths, nor their shapes, nor hardly any thing else, could be accounted for, or predicted, excepting a few particular phenomena, which re-appeared at stated times with more evident regularity. Newton conceived the grand idea, of their being possibly regulated by a single general and com-

prehensive law of nature, and he conjectured that a mutual attraction amongst the bodies of the universe might be the foundation or cause of all the appearances.

This bold proposition might have shared the same fate with the other numerous hypotheses of that age, which were buried in oblivion almost as soon as they were published, if its author had not taken particular care to examine it in the most unexceptionable manner, and to trace the application of it to the phenomena of the universe, from the most evident axioms, by means of the strictest mathematical reasoning. He formed his rules of philosophising, which are so evident and rational, as to have obtained universal assent; he examined the phenomena of bodies moving within our reach, investigated the laws which govern them, and applied the same laws to larger bodies at greater distances; he calculated the densities, mutual actions, and other properties of solids and fluids, on the foundation of those facts which common and constant observation had established; and at length came to the conclusion, that the actions of celestial bodies were most probably governed by the laws of universal attraction. And it is to be remarked, that all the discoveries made in

astronomy and geography, since Newton's time, have been found conformable to his theory.

This grand investigation, which forms the subject of Newton's *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*, embraces a vast variety of subjects, besides astronomy; for the theory or groundwork of whatever relates to motion, resistance, gravitation, rotation, &c. is contained in it; hence mechanics, clock and watch making, architecture, hydraulics, navigation, geography, gunnery, and various other subjects, have been greatly promoted by that immortal work. It may be sufficient to observe, with respect to navigation alone, that, in consequence of Newton's *Principia*, the theory of the moon's apparent irregularities has been brought to a great degree of perfection, so that the lunar tables, which are annually published in the Nautical Almanack, by the Astronomer Royal, under the authority of the Board of Longitude, enable the mariner to find his longitude at sea, within a very trifling difference of the truth, even when he has been for months out of the sight of land.

Before we quit the subject of astronomy, it is necessary to mention the principal discoveries that have been made

in the heavens during the last century, by means of telescopes. The honour of those discoveries is almost entirely due to William Herschel, LL. D.; whose persevering ingenuity, encouraged and assisted by the munificence of our present gracious Monarch, has vastly enriched the science of astronomy. A new planet with six satellites, two other satellites belonging to the planet Saturn, some thousands of new nebulas, new stars, double and treble stars, the colours peculiar to some of the stars, and a certain movement among the fixed stars, are the principal discoveries of this indefatigable astronomer; all made before the commencement of the present century.

The second of Newton's works is his *Optics*, another admirable performance, which has proved extensively useful to mankind. The most remarkable discoveries it contains, are the different refrangibility of the various coloured rays of light, the inflection of light, the nature, origin, composition, and decomposition of colours, and the construction of the reflecting telescope. It also explains a variety of natural phenomena, and offers several curious philosophical conjectures. Later observers have detected a few oversights or defects in this work of Newton; yet it is univer-

sally allowed, that even its defects, if such there are, have given rise to subsequent researches and farther discoveries, as will be instanced in the sequel. In short, the present most improved state of optical instruments, and of the science of optics in general, must be in great measure attributed to that excellent publication.

Of the value of Newton's mathematical tracts, it is impossible to give the reader an adequate idea, unless he himself be a mathematician; and, if such, he must be naturally acquainted with their merit. The principal of Newton's mathematical improvements is, his *Method of Fluxions*, which has extended the powers of calculation to a most astonishing degree; for, by the use of this sublime method (which has, since Newton's time, been considerably improved by Maclaurin, Emerson, Simpson, Euler, and others) the mathematician is enabled to calculate and to solve such abstruse problems in astronomy, in mechanics, in optics, in civil, military, and naval architecture, and in almost every other science, as would, without that method, be either utterly unanswerable, or only capable of solution by long and circuitous operations.

When Newton's works had thus established a rational and safe foundation for the improvement of science in ge-

neral, and had shown the proper mode of instituting experimental investigations, together with the most extensive methods of calculation; the spirit of inquiry spread itself through all the branches of knowledge, through all the arts; and wonderful improvements were quickly made in each of them.

Sir Isaac Newton discovered, that when the rays of light are refracted (that is, bent from their rectilinear course) by passing from one transparent medium into another, they are divided into colours: or, in other words, that light is a compound of rays variously coloured, which are not bent alike by passing through a transparent medium. Now since the lenses of telescopes bend the rays of light, they must of course separate their coloured parts; and hence arises the principal imperfection of the telescopes on the old construction; for if they are made to magnify more than in a very moderate degree, the objects will appear tinged, and fringed with all the colours of the rainbow, so as to render the effect very unpleasant. Newton thought that glasses of different sorts, provided their shape was the same, would refract the rays of the same colour in an equal degree; but subsequent experimenters found that glasses of different sorts, though ex-

actly of the same size and form, would refract the rays of the same colour differently; and this produced another grand and useful discovery towards the middle of the last century, namely, the *achromatic telescope*, contrived by Mr. J. Dollond. This ingenious optician formed the object lenses of telescopes, not of single lenses, but by a combination of two or three lenses of different sorts of glass, properly adjusted, so that the separation of the coloured rays, as occasioned by one lens, might be restored by the action of the other lens, which refracted or separated the coloured rays in a *different order*. This, of course, rendered the telescopes capable of a much greater magnifying power, accompanied with an ampler field of view, and greater brightness.

Besides the method of calculating the longitude, navigation obtained other advantages from Newton's works, the principal of which are, the knowledge of the true shape of the earth, and the theory of the tides. But the practical application of all those theoretical advantages to the purposes of navigation, was in need of proper instruments; for those which were in use at that that time were so very imperfect as to render the observations extremely doubtful and erroneous. This defect, however, was soon removed by the ingenuity of various mechanical and philo-

sophical persons, principally in this country; and instruments, fully adequate to the most accurate observations, were readily contrived. The slightest account of those instruments, either originally contrived or greatly improved in the course of the last century, would form a pretty large volume: I shall, therefore, notice two only, which undoubtedly are of the greatest consequence. These are Hadley's Quadrant, or Sextant, and the Timekeeper.

The principle alone of Hadley's quadrant is an admirable contrivance, infinitely superior to that of any other instrument that was ever used at sea for the purpose of finding the latitude, or for taking angular measurements in general. But the accuracy of its performance depends almost entirely upon the accuracy of its divisions; and with respect to this, we are indebted to the late famous mathematical and philosophical instrument-maker, Mr. Jesse Ramsden, who contrived the dividing engine, an instrument now universally adopted by the makers of Hadley's sextants, at least in the country; and by means of which the divisions of those sextants are made in a most accurate and expeditious manner, and at a very cheap rate. This, together with the general amelioration of all the mechanism, has rendered that instrument useful beyond description. It

may suffice to say, that with a good sextant of recent construction, the mariner may find his latitude to the accuracy of less than half a minute of a degree, or differing less than a mile from the true place.

The Timekeeper (that is, an accurate watch capable of maintaining an uniform motion, unaltered by position, heat and cold, or other vicissitudes of the atmosphere) was first attempted in this country by Mr. J. Harrison. This ingenious artist carefully examined the causes of imperfection in common watches, and laboured much in contriving methods of correcting them. His perseverance at last produced a chronometer which performed incomparably better than the best watches in use at that time; and for which he was liberally rewarded by the nation: but his mechanism was too complicated, and, at the same time, its performance did not fully answer the purposes for which it was intended,—namely, that of finding the longitude at sea. Yet it showed the practicability of the construction, or rather the possibility of forming a simpler and more accurate machine. In fact, by attending to Harrison's hints, and improving upon them, the construction of such machines was soon diversified, improved, and simplified, by various skilful artists, such as Mudge,

Emery, Arnold, Ernshaw, Barwise, and others, before the close of the last century, so that at present, even for the value of thirty or forty pounds sterling, a timekeeper may be obtained, of sufficient accuracy to answer the purposes of navigation.

A better idea of the advantages which navigation has derived from the scientific and mechanical improvements of the last century, may be formed by comparing the disastrous voyages of Lord Anson and his predecessors, with those which have lately been performed to all parts of the world, with wonderful safety and expedition.

The remaining improvements of science during the last century, shall form the subject of my next paper.

C.

NEXT to the due cultivation of our minds by science and taste, is the employment of our acquisitions in the cause of virtue. The following poetical exhortation is addressed to a young gentleman of distinguished talents.

ODE,

TO THE HONOURABLE W—— L——.

Non tu corpus eras sine pectore.

I.

Thrice happy youth! from parents blest
Thou'rt sprung to grace thy line;
By men, by fav'ring Gods carest,
And all the tuneful Nine.
Not thine to toil in humble life
For fame, and bread—A weary strife!
Not thine to meet the scornful eye,
That pride on lowly merit bends:
Fortune her honours, riches lends;
Then breathe the grateful sigh!

II.

Yet not amid the gawdy throng
Of fashion's idle train
Is caught the soul-inspiring song,
The wild enthusiast strain:

Where skill divine unveils her face,
Be present thou her charms to trace,
Whether she bid the pencil glow
With Ilion's doom, or sweep the string,
Or like the sainted dame she sing,
Sweet strains that Heaven-ward flow!

III.

Where flow'rets grace the margent wide
Of some slow-winding stream,
Or on the woody mountain's side,
Of fairy-visions dream.
Go, haunt at eve the gloomy dell,
Where Inspiration loves to dwell;
Or seek her in the forest sear,
Far from the din of Folly's round—
'Mid alpine snows, or under-ground
In hollow caverns drear.

IV.

Let not the precious boon of heaven
Alight on thee in vain!—
And O! far less, the blessings given
Be proved to thee a stain!
In Freedom's, in Religion's cause,
Expect the wise man's just applause;
While curses dire, both loud and deep,
The tyrant's advocate await;
Bitter remorse, and self-turn'd hate,
Shall once more "murder sleep."

TO THE ARTIST.

SIR,

IN consequence of your notice, I attended the sale of Mr. Barry's effects last week, as I had always admired his talents, and was now moved by charitable feelings towards the remaining relatives of a man who had been fed by private subscription. Guess my surprise when, on first attempting to enter the room, I found the approach impracticable from the rushing of the crowd towards it. At length, however, I made my way, and, though pressed on all sides, still hoped at least to obtain a view of the pictures; but here I suffered a new disappointment, for Mr. Christie's desk was nearly surrounded by a phalanx of purchasers mounted on the benches, and all greedily bidding, like devotees for a relic of St. Luke. I thought, for a moment, I had mistaken the day, and that I was attending the sale of some connoisseur's cabinet of *inestimable* jewels; for poor Barry's house, I knew, had for years resembled a desert; nor had his works found any patronage, except in the liberal instance of the Society of Arts. In the course of a short time, however, I heard the *Pandora*, an unfinished work of this neglected artist, knocked down for

230 guineas, and his *Venus rising from the Sea*, and his *Adam and Eve*, (neither of which, I remember, were allowed any merit while he could profit by it,) were sold, the one for 100, and the other for 110 guineas. My surprise was here greater than at first, till I recollected that Mr. Barry was no longer living, and that Death, superior to all auctioneers, after charitably knocking down the man, immediately raises up a deathless reputation.

As I walked home, I could not help recollecting an anecdote which I heard related by your late worthy Professor at Somerset House, respecting the celebrated Rembrandt, who, being unable to procure a sale for some of his finest works, published a report of his own decease; on which his countrymen ran from every part, breathless with haste, to buy some remnant of their great painter. His sale produced considerable sums, which he *re-appeared* to take possession of, and laughed at the credulous vanity of those whom he had so justly duped.

Mus.

The *Observations on the Galleries of English Pictures* are necessarily delayed.

The recent loss of one of the greatest of the modern Painters being a subject of public concern, it is proposed to devote the ensuing Number of the *Artist* to his memory.

No. VII. *On the Character, Genius, and professional Talents of the late John Opie, Esq. R. A. Professor in Painting;* with *Anecdotes of his early Studies*, will be published on Saturday, April 25.

Saturday, April 25, 1807.

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

JOHN OPIE,

THE VIIth NUMBER OF *THE ARTIST*

IS INSCRIBED,

AMIDST THE UNITED

SORROW, AFFECTION, AND RESPECT,

OF THOSE WHO WERE HIS ASSOCIATES

IN THE PRESENT UNDERTAKING;

THE FRIENDS OF HIS PRIVATE LIFE,

AND

ADMIRERS OF HIS PROFESSIONAL EMINENCE.

" Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
" (That last infirmity of noble mind)
" To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
" But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
" And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
" Comes the blind Fury with abhorred shears,
" And slits the thin spun life."—

FEW men have attained to eminence by a more irregular course of study, by stronger native endowments, or by more determined industry, than the great Painter whose name at this moment inspires public regret. The child of humble life, born in a remote and secluded part of the island, with little or inferior education, such as humble and busy parents could bestow, he was destined to transplant to the bosom of the metropolis the hardy products of a sound and vigorous intellect, and to add strength and lustre to civil cultivation.

JOHN OPIE was born in May, 1761, in the parish of St. Agnes, about seven miles from the town of Truro. His father and grandfather were reputable master carpenters in that neighbourhood. His mother was descended from the ancient and respectable family of Tonkin, of Trevawnance in Cornwall, and, amongst his ancestors in that line, is mentioned the author of a valuable history of Cornwall, which was left nearly finished, and is at present in the possession of Lord De Dunstanville.

He was very early remarkable for the strength of his understanding, and for the rapidity with which he acquired all the learning that a village school could afford him. When ten years old, he was not only able to solve many difficult problems of Euclid, but was thought capable of instructing others: and such was his increasing confidence in his own superior powers, that he had scarcely reached his twelfth year, when he set up an evening school in St. Agnes, and taught arithmetic and writing, for the latter of which he was excellently qualified, as he wrote many various hands with admirable ease and accuracy; and he reckoned among his pupils some who were nearly twice his own age.

His father was very solicitous to bring him up in

his own business, and to this end bound him apprentice to himself, but the soaring mind of the boy could not submit itself to drudge in the employment of a common man. The love of drawing and painting seems to have given a very early bias to his inclinations; and the manner in which it disclosed itself cannot be considered as uninteresting.

Emulation appears to have first lighted up the ready flame. About the tenth year of his age, seeing one of his companions, whose name was Mark Oates, (now a captain in the Marine Service) engaged in drawing a butterfly, he looked eagerly, in silence, at the performance: on being asked what he was thinking of, he replied, "he was thinking that he could draw a butterfly, if he was to try, as well as Mark Oates." He accordingly made the experiment, and triumphed; and he returned home to his father's house in high spirits, on account of the victory he had obtained.

From this moment the bent of his talents was determined. It happened soon afterwards that his father being employed in the repairs of a gentleman's house in Truro, young Opie attended him: in the parlour hung a picture of a *Farm-yard*, probably of humble execu-

tion, but of sufficient merit to attract his notice; and he took every opportunity of stealing from his father's side to contemplate the beauties of this performance, which, in his eye, were of the highest class. His father, catching him in one of these secret visits, corrected him; but this had little effect; he was soon again at the door of the parlour, where being seen by the mistress of the house, he was, by her interference, permitted to view the picture without interruption. On his return home in the evening, his first care was to procure canvas and colours, and he immediately began to paint a resemblance of the *Farm-yard.* The next day he returned to the house, and again in the evening resumed his task at home. In this manner, in the course of a few days, by the force of memory only, he transmitted to his own canvas a very tolerable copy of the picture.

Nearly by the same methods he copied a picture of several figures hunting, which he saw in the window of a house-painter. In his copy, however, he had, in compliance with the *costume* of his neighbourhood, placed a *huntress* upon a pad instead of a side-saddle, and being laughed at for this mistake, he some time afterwards destroyed his copy.

The love of Painting had thus so thoroughly established its dominion over his whole mind, that nothing could now divert him from engaging in it as a profession; his father, however, still treated his attempts with great severity, and used his utmost endeavours to check a pursuit, which he considered as likely to prove injurious to his son's future prosperity; but the aspiring views of the young artist met with a zealous supporter in another part of his family: his father's brother, a man of strong understanding, and moreover an excellent arithmetician, continued to view his progress with pleasure, and encouraged him in his desire of learning, by jocularly complimenting him with the name of *the little Sir Isaac*, in consideration of the knowledge he displayed in mathematics.

He therefore followed his new studies with ardour, and had already attained a competent skill in portrait painting, and had hung his father's house with the pictures of his family, and of his youthful companions, when he became accidentally known to Dr. Wolcot, then residing at Truro, (and since so celebrated under the title of *Peter Pindar*) who having himself some skill in painting, a sound judgment, and a few tolerable pictures, was

well fitted to afford instruction, and various advantages, to the young scholar.

Thus assisted and recommended, his fame found its way through the country, and so rapid was his progress, that he now commenced professed portrait-painter, and went to many of the neighbouring towns, with letters of introduction to all the considerable families resident in them.

One of these expeditions was to Padstow, whither he set forward, dressed, as usual, in a boy's plain short jacket, and carrying with him all proper apparatus for portrait painting. Here, amongst others, he painted the whole household of the ancient and respectable family of *Prideaux;* even to the dogs and cats of the family. He remained so long absent from home, that some uneasiness began to arise on his account, but it was dissipated by his returning dressed in a handsome coat, with very long skirts, laced ruffles, and silk stockings. On seeing his mother, he ran to her, and, taking out of his pocket twenty guineas, which he had earned by his pencil, he desired her to keep them; adding, that, in future, he should maintain himself.

The first efforts of his pencil, though void of that grace which can only be derived from an intimate knowledge

of the art, were true to nature, and in a style far superior to any thing in general produced by country artists. He painted at that time with smaller pencils, and finished more highly than he afterwards did when his hand had attained a broader and more masterly execution: but several of his early portraits would not have disgraced even the high name he has since attained. Towards the end of the year 1777, when he was sixteen years of age, he brought to Penryn a head he had painted of himself for the late Lord Bateman, who was then at that place with his regiment (the Hereford Militia), and who was an early patron of Mr. Opie, employing him to paint pictures of old men, beggars, &c. in subjects of which kind he was principally engaged, and which he treated with surprising force, and truth of representation.

At length, still under the auspices of Dr. Wolcot, he came to London, where his reception, and his continued progress, are the fit objects of the biographer. It is the purpose of this paper to delineate solely his *character*, as a man, a scholar, and an Artist.

Mr. Opie's ruling passion was ambition,—but ambition tending to the use and delight of mankind. It impelled

him to eminence in his art, and it displayed itself in a resolution always decided, sometimes impetuous, to obtain every distinction which his path in life laid open to him. Accustomed in childhood to prove himself superior to his companions, the desire of competition became unextinguishable. Wherever eminence appeared, he felt and eagerly shewed himself its rival. He was forward to claim the honours which he was still more diligent to deserve. He regarded every honourable acquisition as a victory, and expressed with openness the delight he experienced in success. On the professorship of painting in the Royal Academy becoming vacant by Mr. Barry's dismissal, he offered himself a candidate; and being told that he had a competitor, whose learning and talents pre-eminently entitled him to that office, he replied, that he abstained from further interference, but that the person who had been proposed was the only one in whose favour he would willingly resign his pretensions: consistently with his declaration, on Mr. Fuseli's appointment to the office of keeper, he renewed his claim, and was elected.

Examples of a mind more open to the reception of knowledge, more undaunted by difficulty, more

unwearied in attainment, are rarely to be found. Conducted to London, by the hand of one who discerned his yet unveiled merit, he approached the centre of an exalted country with the liveliest hopes: he met its flatteries with trembling; and he viewed its unfeeling caprice with the sensitive emotions of genius, but with the unconquerable force of sense and judgment. An intellect, naturally philosophic, soon discovered to him that he was not born to depend on the frivolous conceit of crowds, but to command the respect of the great and wise. He bent his powers to the formation of his own mind: he applied himself to reading: he sought the society of the learned: ardent in his researches, boldly investigating truth, pertinacious (though not overbearing) in argument, while he elicited light from his opponent, and steady to principles which he found could not be shaken by controversy: in this manner, while an unremitting perseverance, superior to the neglect of the multitude, maintained the cunning of his hand, he became a scholar and a *painter*.

The Life of Reynolds, published in Dr. Wolcot's Edition of Pilkington's Dictionary, was the first specimen of his literary ability. In this he displayed a profound knowledge of the subject, a quick and powerful per-

ception of distinctive character, and a mastery of language little to be expected from a youth, who was supposed to have been destitute of learning.

He next published a letter in the Morning Chronicle, (since re-published in " An Inquiry into the requisite cultivation of the Arts of Design in England,") in which he proposed a distinct plan for the formation of a *National Gallery*, tending at once to exalt the arts of his country, and immortalize its glories. To this he annexed his name, in consistence with the openness of character which at all times distinguished his actions.

His lectures at the Royal Institution followed:—These were a spirited attempt to display the depths of his professional knowledge, amidst a circle assembled for entertainment and fashionable delight. His lectures impressed respect on his audience: they were full of instructive materials; they taught the principles of painting, and presented an accumulation of maxims founded on history and observation. But to whatever praise they might vindicate a claim, they never satisfied their author; and he declined the continuance of them. His election to the professorship of painting at the Royal Academy happening nearly at this time, he resolved to

perfect what he had perceived defective; and he read at Somerset House four lectures, which, avoiding any collision with the brilliant specimens of erudition and imagination which had immediately preceded him in that place, appeared to have been unequalled in their kind.

In his former lectures at the Royal Institution, he was abrupt, crowded, and frequently unmethodical; rather rushing forward himself, than leading his auditors, to the subject. In the latter lectures, he was more regular, progressive, distinct, instructive; and delivered a mixture of humorous and impassioned sentiment in a strain of clear, natural and flowing eloquence. Here he found his genius roused, and his whole faculties adequately excited; and he shone more as professor at the Academy, than as lecturer at the Institution, because he was more formed by nature and application to address the studious and philosophic, than the light and gay. He possessed no superficial graces, either in his conversation or professional practice. Every thing in him was manly, resolute, energetic; yielding little to fashion, nothing to caprice; less addressed even to fancy than to judgment; in no measure adapted to catch a careless glance, but fitted to awaken thought, and gratify reflection.

It has been said by some who most probably never exchanged a word with Mr. Opie, that his mind was without cultivation. That this was not the case is plain from what has been related. It may not be amiss to notice, that Mr. Opie read French well, and understood something of Latin and music, all attained by his own unceasing application.

It would be an omission of public duty not to add, that to whatever degree of respect Mr. Opie's talents finally raised him, he may yet be brought forward as another instance in which we have cause to regret the want of established public direction of his art. After the first flow of curiosity on his arrival in London had subsided, and when he could no longer be "the wonder of the day, "the boy drawn out from a tin-mine in Cornwall," his real qualities ceased to attract attention, and, what was worse, employment. His respectable and amiable patron, Sir John St. Aubyn, stood his friend at that interesting moment; and among many, who might well have been proud to share the honour, he stood alone. But "the progress of morals," says Lord Kaims, "is slow; the progress of taste still slower."

The effects produced by hours of despondence on

a mind so strongly gifted, who can measure? His intellectual strength however prevailed; the force of his endowments gradually, though slowly, raised him once more to admiration and to fame; the conscious sense of acknowledged merit re-animated his efforts; he exerted himself with perseverance, and rose to renown:—he appeared to feel that he had just reached again the level of his self-opinion, when death extinguished his talents and his ambition.

P. H.

Mr. Opie expired on Thursday April 9, 1807. He had been attended by Dr. Ash, Dr. Vaughan, and Mr. Carlisle, with the addition, during the latter stage of his illness, of Dr. Pitcairn and Dr. Baillie. The symptoms of his disorder were extraordinary. On dissection, the lower portion of the spinal marrow, and its investing membrane, were found slightly inflamed, and the brain surcharged with blood; with other accordant appearances, constituting a case of most rare occurrence in the records of medicine.

On Monday, the 20th instant, his remains were interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, near to those of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Mr. Opie is next to be spoken of as a painter, in which rank he stood deservedly eminent. The general merits of his works, the masterly boldness of effect, the simplicity of composition and artless attitudes, the strength of character, the expression of individual nature, are too well known to be here dwelt on. Amongst his best historical pictures, may be reckoned the *Murder of James I. King of Scotland*, *The Presentation in the Temple*, *Jephthah's Vow*, *The Death of Rizzio*, *Arthur taken Prisoner*, and *Arthur with Hubert*. It would be endless to enumerate all that might be praised: his *Juliet in the Garden*, *Escape of Gil Blas*, *Musidora*, and some others, remaining in his gallery, are amongst the most valuable.

His latter portraits rank with the highest; those of men are distinguished by force and character; those of women by an unaffected air, and simplicity of colouring.

The following observations on Mr. Opie's merits

in painting, are from high professional authority in his art.

Mr. Opie's conception of his subject was original, and his arrangement of it ideal: his execution depended, in great measure, on the character of the model which he placed before him for imitation in finishing the parts. He painted what he saw, in the most masterly manner, and he varied little from it. He rather bent his subject to the figure, than the figure to his subject.

That may be said of Opie, which can only be truly said of the highest geniuses, that he saw nature *in one point* more distinctly and forcibly than any painter that ever lived. *The truth of colour, as conveyed to the eye through the atmosphere, by which the distance of every object is ascertained,* was never better expressed than by him. He distinctly represented local colour in all its various tones and proportions, whether in light or in shadow, with a perfect uniformity of imitation. Other painters frequently make two separate colours of objects in light, and in shade: Opie never. With him no colour, whether white, black, primary, or compound, ever, in any situation, lost its respective hue.

For the expression of truth, which he was thus powerful in giving, it was requisite that he should see, or have seen, the object itself in the peculiar situation. The impression never left him, and he transmitted the image with fidelity to the canvas. He resigned himself unwillingly to fancy: yet examples are not wanting, both in historical subjects, and in portraits, in which he added to the subject before him with felicity. His *Arthur, supplicating Hubert,* (among many others) had an expression which certainly he did not find in his model. In the portrait of an Artist, exhibited last year at Somerset House, he gave to the representation an ideal elegance, which rendered the head truly poetical, without in any manner detracting from the likeness.

His pictures possessed, in an eminent degree, what painters call *breadth.* They were deficient in some of the more refined distinctions which mark the highly polished works of Raffaelle, Titian, or Reynolds, but they displayed so invariable an appearance of truth, as seemed sufficient to make a full apology, if it had been wanted, for the absence of all the rest.

On his canvas, in general, no heterogeneous tones appeared: all was played in one key. This principle was

observed with the extremest nicety in *single figures*, though not always equally in the *whole*. The figure and the back ground were each *separately* just, but they did not always harmonize. One of the happiest instances of his labours, in the perfect harmony of tone, is the picture of *Belisarius*, at present in the British Gallery, and soon to add value to that of the Marquis of Stafford. His portrait of Mr. Fox, in the Exhibition of 1805, and that of the Duke of Gloucester, which will be seen in the ensuing one, are examples of similar excellence.

In his drawing, the same principle prevailed as in his colouring. Every thing was homogeneous; every thing was marked with precision, and in its place. He gave vivacity and force of expression to every subject of his pencil.

JOHN OPIE, Esq. R. A.

PROFESSOR OF PAINTING TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

A Man whose intellectual powers, and indefatigable industry in their cultivation, rendered him at once an ho-

nour to the county from which he originated, and an example of imitation to mankind.

Born in a rank of life, in which the road to eminence is rendered infinitely difficult, unassisted by partial patronage, scorning with virtuous pride all slavery of dependence, he trusted alone for his reward to the force of his natural powers, and to well directed and unremitting study; and he demonstrated by his works, how highly he was endowed by nature with strength of judgment and originality of conception. His thoughts were always new and striking, as they were the genuine offspring of his own mind; and it was difficult to say if his conversation gave more amusement or instruction.

The toil or difficulties of his profession were by him considered as matter of honourable and delightful contest; and it might be said of him, that he did not so much paint to live, as live to paint.

As a son, he was an example of duty to an aged parent. He was studious, yet not severe; he was eminent, yet not vain: his disposition so tranquil and forgiving, that it was the reverse of every tincture of sour or vindictive; and what to some might have appeared as

roughness of manner, was only the effect of an honest indignation towards that which he conceived to be error.

How greatly have we cause to lament that so much talent, united to so much industry, perseverance, and knowledge, should have been prematurely snatched from the world, which it would have delighted with its powers, and benefited by its example!

J. N.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF OPIE.

HOW oft of late, o'er worth departed shed,
The tears of Britain have embalm'd the dead!
Bewail'd the hero's fall—the sage's fate,
While public virtue sorrow'd thro' the state!
Yet still unsated with the noblest prey,
Ungorg'd, tho' meaner multitudes decay;
'Gainst wit and genius Death directs his dart,
And strikes thro' Opie's side to Painting's heart.
Fall'n from the zenith of his proud career,
Full in his fame, and sparkling in his sphere!
While o'er his art he shed his brightest rays,
And warm'd the world of letters into praise.

No feeble follower of a style or school;
No slave of system in the chains of rule:
His genius kindling from within was fir'd,
And first in nature's rudest wild aspir'd.

Warm at her shrine his early vows he paid,
Secur'd her smile, and sought no other aid:
Enraptur'd still her charms alone explor'd,
And to the last with lovers' faith ador'd.
For when ambition bade his steps advance,
To scenes where Painting spreads her vast expanse;
When all the charts of taste before him lay,
That show'd how former keels had cut their way,
With fearless prow he put to sea, and steer'd
His steady course, where her pure light appear'd.
His vigorous pencil, in pursuit of art,
Disdain'd to dwell on each minuter part;
Impressive force—impartial truth he sought,
And travell'd in no beaten track of thought.
Unlike the servile herd whom we behold
Casting their drossy ore in fashion's mould;
His metal by no common die is known,
The coin is sterling, and the stamp his own.

Opie, farewell—accept this feeble verse,
This flow'r of friendship cast upon thy hearse:
Though Fate severe, in life's unfaded prime,
Hath shook thee rudely from the tree of time;
Thy laurel thro' the lapse of years shall bloom,
And weeping Art attend thee to the tomb.

81023

While taste, no longer tardy to bestow
The garland due to graphic skill below,
Shall point to Time thy labours, as he flies,
And brighten all their beauties in his eyes;
Exalt the Painter, now the man's no more,
And bid thy country honour and deplore!

[*The signature to these lines is rendered unnecessary, by the poetic celebrity of their author.*]

WHEN merely a rich man, or a nobleman, departs this life, his treasures and his titles are transferred to another, and the world loses nothing. But when an Artist dies! when that hand is for ever motionless, which was uniformly employed in the production of works of eminent art; when that mind is for ever fled, whose deepest thoughts were all devoted to a noble science, the world sustains a loss of one of its most rare possessions—a man of genius!

Such is the deprivation which every admirer of the

talents of the late Mr. Opie must feel upon his decease. But, in deploring the death of this studious artist, there is a consolation, of no small importance, in recurring to the simplicity of his life.

The total absence of artificial manners was the most remarkable characteristick, and at the same time the adornment and the deformity, of Mr. Opie.

His habitual ruggedness of address was stigmatized by the courtly beau with the appellation of ill-breeding; whilst a plainer and wiser description of persons found, in this contempt of affectation, such a security from design, either upon their hearts or their understandings, that they willingly yielded him both: and they made this sacrifice, with a kind of joyful astonishment, to observe, that where the Graces never appeared—the Virtues acted for them.

E. I.

TO THE EDITOR.

My Dear Sir,

Tuesday, April 21, 1807.

You are pleased to desire that I will close the paper which you have, with so much feeling and propriety, devoted to our late friend. Well do I know how little even a life passed in the contemplation of art enables him who is not a professor, to speak with propriety upon the subject, or for the most part to rise beyond a half-learned technical jargon, the delusion indeed of ignorance, but the scoff of the artist.

Yet to one point, even of his professional merits, I am competent to speak, and my appeal for confirmation of what I say, shall be to the illustrious body of which he was a member. I mean the path which he chose to tread when ascending to the summit of reputation. There was nothing indirect, specious, or false about him, and I am sure he would have died without fame, had it been unattainable without cabal. His virtues never tricked themselves out to catch favour, and to form party; it became a sort of test:—he who was not born for truth and manliness, could not love Opie.

But this was only carrying into the Academy the same qualities which endeared him to his private friends. In Opie you were sure to find a mind which deferred only to superior force. He was no retailer of notions originating in folly, and propagated without examination as undeniable truths. Upon whatever subject he conversed, you saw that he took nothing upon trust, and you were sure to find the hardy feature of his character stamped upon his sentiments. This was the principle in him that developed itself in those admirable lectures, which we all heard with so much delight. In some instances he had to combat with prejudice, to censure power and affluence—but he disdained all shuffling and compromise, when the glory of his art and his country called upon him for the plain truth. He met the enemy in the gate: he was not satisfied with the discharge of an unowned shaft from the loophole of a distant tower.

I know that to some this frank, open conduct appeared uncalled-for; nay, I have even heard it termed coarse: but the coarse man is he who says a rude thing in bad language, and not he who with a noble simplicity comes immediately to the point, and, when he has obtained conviction, in the plainest words delivers his judgment. If I were to attempt to characterize him in one word (I should

most certainly use that word to the honour of our species) it would be, that he was a genuine ENGLISHMAN—affectation he despised, and flattery he abhorred.

Such was the man whom we have lost—lost too at that period, when he was beginning to reap the rewards of labour, and enjoy the fame of great talents. And here I should close this very imperfect sketch of an admirable character, did I not feel myself called upon to notice, in terms of sincere admiration, the just tribute to his remains, which we yesterday witnessed in St. Paul's Cathedral. When it is remembered that this proceeded from pious respect, and that there were assembled superior talents in every elegant art, and friendship collected from every department of cultivated life*, it must strike the moral eye with the purest pleasure, as the triumph of genius! as a lesson, which of itself teaches industry and honour, affection and gratitude. *J. B.*

* The Pall-bearers were, Lord De Dunstanville, Sir J. St. Aubyn, Sir J. F. Leicester, Hon. Mr. Elphinstone, Mr. Whitbread, and Mr. W. Smith. The President and Members of the Royal Academy followed, with other numerous Friends.

No. VIII. *On Instruction in Design, and the requisite Qualifications for judging of public Works of Art;* and, conclusion of *The Scientific Improvements of the Eighteenth Century;* will be published on Saturday, May 2.

THE

ARTIST.

No. VIII. *Saturday, May* 2, 1807.

——— *quod ad nos*
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus.

THE influence of a genial climate, and the exuberance of a rich soil, may here and there make a few of the vegetables, most conducive to the comforts and luxuries of man, spring up spontaneously, and without regular cultivation, but they will remain thinly scattered, and poorly flavoured, until the land become properly tilled, and the seeds studiously sown.

Even thus it fares with the various arts of design. The impulse of an extraordinary genius, and the effect of favourable circumstances, may here and there make a few

professors and a few patrons of these arts arise of their own accord, and without sedulous rearing, but their numbers will comparatively remain small, and the execution of the first, and the discernment of the latter, inferior, until the majority of the nation receive early instruction in the first elements of drawing: until all the different classes of the community be made, early in life, to acquire some expertness in tracing the forms and proportions of the most finished of nature's productions, the human frame; the thorough knowledge of whose various external modifications and beauties, is the indispensable condition of excellence in every branch of the imitative arts.

Until a certain proficiency in drawing the figure, (which, as the more difficult and the more comprehensive attainment, implies the power of easily acquiring a proportionate proficiency in drawing every other inferior object,) become general, can neither those that are engaged in manufactures obtain any certain rules, by which to give their works that elegance which must enhance their value, nor those that are employed in trade possess any unfailing *criteria*, by which to display, in the choice of their various articles, that taste which must ensure and increase their vent.

Should any members of the community, aspiring to rise above the sphere of the mere mechanic arts, devote themselves to those nobler arts, whose pursuit the Greeks considered as tending to elevate the mind so much more than was consistent with the condition of a slave, as to have rendered them the exclusive privilege of their free citizens, under the dignified title of liberal arts, they will, for want of being, from their infancy, trained to a thorough knowledge of the perfections of form and motion of the human frame, (never completely attainable by those who only begin to study its infinitely varied modifications at a later period) solely attach themselves to inferior branches of the imitative arts; to flowers, landscape, cattle, or the human figure fraught with all the deformities and imperfections which it exhibits in the lower classes of society.—Or, if ever these artists attempt the more dignified characters of history and of mythology, they still will only aim at giving them those inferior merits of effect of light and shade, and of brilliancy of colouring, of which the most unscientific eye may soon, by a little practice, become a tolerable judge, but which only become truly valuable, when united with the higher beauties of a correct drawing, and a sublime composition. Conscious

of their deficiency in the science of anatomy, the basis of the fine arts, they will not dare to express those infinitely varied and fascinating details of the human figure, which the ancients displayed in their statues and pictures, and which, without the possession of that science, can never be rendered with truth.——And, as if what is called general effect were the sole requisite of excellence in painting and in sculpture, they will only produce, instead of finished performances, equally beautiful when seen near as when beheld far off, mere hasty sketches, pleasing only at a distance, and insipid or incorrect on a nearer approach.

Indeed, they will have little inducement to seek the more profound knowledge, and to bestow the greater pains necessary to finish with correctness and truth every detail of their figures; for, as the influence of the same causes that produce less skill than might be wished in artists, will also produce less discernment in the patrons of art, the former will, in general, only be employed for men capable at most to estimate the merits of a landscape, or a low-life scene, but who, in an historical composition, provided the light be happily managed, and the colours splendid, will be apt equally to overlook most of the beauties, and most of the defects, of the outline and the drawing.

Should a nation, among which some proficiency in drawing is not regarded as an accomplishment indispensable in the education of a gentleman, have occasion to erect such works of architecture, or of sculpture, as, incapable of displaying the minor embellishments of splendid hues, can only shine through means of the higher perfections of purity of design and excellence of composition, it may perhaps, even among the first orders of the State, among the individuals that stand highest both in point of rank and of abilities, in vain look for a certain number of men, qualified to make among the designs or models offered for their approval, on solid and scientific ground, such a choice as may, on all occasions, ensure the public wealth from being wasted in works which, instead of honour, reflect disgrace on a country; and much oftener will the execution of such works, however important, be, through interest or cabal, obtained for presumptuous and bustling mediocrity, than for retired and unassuming genius.

On these weighty grounds the most enlightened republics of Greece were induced to decree, by a positive law, that all youths of ingenuous birth should be instructed

in the most essential rudiments of the arts of design; in that lineal drawing, a proficiency in which is so necessary to make a man, if not a professor, at least a tolerable judge of works of art of every description; and for these same reasons Aristotle, in his Politics, dwells on the importance and the necessity of such a law, in all polished and well regulated States.

Our rulers cannot well enact a public and a general law of this sort; but every one of our fellow citizens, who feels anxious to give his children the species of education, calculated to prove most useful to them, at every period, and in every transaction of their lives, should make such a rule for himself. He should not be content with letting his daughters learn to paint flowers or transparencies, in order to bedaub every screen, and to darken every window in his house; but he should make every one of his sons receive, in their early youth, at least a few lessons in those general modifications of the human skeleton, and in those general forms of the human muscle, which alone can lay a sure and extensive foundation for any peculiar species of drawing they may afterwards wish to perfect themselves in, either for the sake of emolument or of pleasure. Above

all, should every one of our public seminaries of youth provide itself with able teachers in an art of at least as immediate, and as great general, importance to every order of the community as that of scanning Greek verse. Thus will every man, whether he be destined to become a cabinet-maker, or to sit in judgment on the monument of a Nelson, be enabled to produce or to approve such works only as may be a credit to himself, and an ornament to his country.

THOMAS HOPE.

CONCLUSION

OF

Scientific Improvements in the Eighteenth Century.

After the improvements mentioned in my former paper, the branch of knowledge which, on account of its extensive application, next deserves our notice, is the science of chemistry; meaning not, according to the vulgar idea, merely the art of compounding medicines, but that most extensive branch of natural philosophy, which investigates the internal properties of natural bodies, and applies them to our use. In this proper sense, chemistry is concerned with almost every thing that relates to the knowledge of natural bodies and to civil economy. Agriculture, mineralogy, metallurgy, pharmacy, bleaching, tanning, dying, brewing, enamelling, glass-making, pottery, building, &c. have received essential assistance from chemistry, and most of their improvements have been made within the last century, especially towards the latter part of it, when the formation of a new, rational, and comprehensive theory, suggested by a variety of recent discoveries, introduced a much more regular method of investigation,

abolished the incoherent ideas of the alchymists and other irrational pretenders, and excited a general enthusiasm amongst philosophical people throughout all Europe: and their assiduous labours have been readily repaid by useful discoveries and lucrative applications of chemistry to the arts.

The number of improvements made in chemistry, within the above-mentioned period, is so very great, as to render it absolutely impracticable even to enumerate them in this paper: I shall, therefore, briefly mention some of those only which, on account of their more extensive application, or their greater importance, deserve particular notice.

The first of those subjects, which may be called entirely modern, is the subject of *Aerial Fluids*, which is intimately and essentially concerned with the life, composition, and decomposition, of animals and vegetables; with combustion, calcination and formation of metallic substances, &c. &c.

Before the commencement of the 18th century, the words air and aerial were almost synonymous with *nothing*; since the transparency and invisibility of air did not furnish an immediate idea of its existence. Two dis-

tinguished physicians, Van Helmont and Mayow, had indeed mentioned the existence of a few other elastic fluids different from common air; but all the notions concerning such fluids, at that time, were involved in ambiguous expressions, uncertainty, and apparent contradictions.

Towards the beginning of the last century Dr. Hales, in his *Vegetable Statics*, showed a good deal of the action of aeriform fluids in vegetables. But it was Dr. Priestley who, towards the end of the century, gave celebrity to the subject, by means of his long experimental inquiry, and his numerous discoveries. His example spread a general spirit of investigation throughout Europe; a great number of ingenious persons turned their thoughts towards the nature of aerial fluids, and, before the close of the century, mankind was made acquainted with a subject almost entirely new, and most extensively useful, which not only explained a great number of natural phenomena, but likewise furnished most valuable practical applications to animal and vegetable economy, as well as to the arts.

Those discoveries may be comprehended under the following general heads. 1st, The existence of about twenty

elastic or aerial fluids, each of which is endowed with peculiar and wonderful properties. 2dly, That the very existence, as well as the prosperous state of animals and vegetables, depends almost entirely on the nature of the surrounding air; besides, their formation, increment, fermentation, putrefaction, and total dissolution, are hardly any thing more than a fixation or generation of elastic fluids; so much so that, when the parts of vegetable and animal bodies are analyzed by chemical processes, they are found ultimately to consist of aerial fluids, excepting a very small proportion of fixed or solid matter. 3dly, That common atmospherical air chiefly consists of two of the above-mentioned fluids, one of which, by itself, is the most active supporter of animal life and combustion; whilst the other is incapable of supporting either. 4thly, That water, which had long been considered as a simple elementary substance, has been found to be a compound of two elastic fluids. 5thly, That one of the above-mentioned elastic fluids, which is likewise one of the constituents of water, is inflammable in the highest degree; and the same fluid is so much specifically lighter than common air, that a balloon filled with it is capable of floating in the atmosphere, like a cork in water, even

when one or two or more human beings are attached to it. 6thly, That the peculiar property, by which acids are distinguished from other substances; namely, their acidity; and likewise that property, by which the metallic calces are distinguished from the metals themselves, is owing to the combination of an elastic fluid called *oxygen gas*. 7thly, That two of those invisible fluids, when mixed together, instantly lose their elastic nature, and form a concrete, visible, and tangible white salt. 8thly, That two other of the above-mentioned elastic fluids, when mixed together, form an oil. 9thly, That another of those elastic fluids, if breathed by a human creature, during a very few minutes, produces a very remarkable sort of inebriation, accompanied with pleasurable sensations. And, 10thly, That another aerial fluid is capable of inflaming thin metallic leaves, and charcoal, when those substances are merely plunged in it.

With respect to mineralogy, the chemists of the last century have not been less successful. The contents of the subterraneous world have been collected and examined with the greatest diligence imaginable; hence the nature of a great many mineral waters, so useful to the human being, has been ascertained; several new metallic

substances have been discovered; and immense quantities of materials, which formerly were dug and thrown away as useless, have been found to have several remarkable properties, in consequence of which they are now sold for very considerable sums.

Chemistry, during the last century, has likewise rendered essential services to a great many other arts and manufactures; but the improvements thus introduced could not be briefly enumerated, nor intelligibly stated, without a particular detail of the processes peculiar to those arts. I shall only observe, with respect to *pottery* alone, that, since the late Mr. Wedgewood applied the science of chemistry to that manufactory, its productions have been very greatly improved; so much so that, instead of *importing* articles of earthenware, as was the custom previous to the establishment of Mr. Wedgewood's manufactory, the *exportation* of pottery now forms a considerable article in the commerce of Great Britain.

Next to Chemistry, another subject of the utmost importance demands our attention; namely, the Medical Art; which has likewise received essential improvements in the course of the last century.

Whether people live longer now-a-days than they did

formerly, is an insidious question not unfrequently asked by those who affect to despise modern improvements. The answer to this question is, that several diseases, which formerly occasioned the premature death of divers individuals, are at present either more effectually cured, or in great measure prevented. Decency supersedes the mention of some disorders, whose havock of the human species is now restrained; and, with respect to those diseases which are at present in great measure prevented, I need only instance the most fatal epidemic or pestilential diseases which have been rendered very unfrequent in Europe, and the small-pox, which by the means of inoculation, and especially by the very late introduction of vaccination, has been almost entirely disarmed of its dreadful effects; so that not only a great many lives have thereby been annually saved, but the very appearance of the human species has been improved; since, to meet with a person disfigured by the small-pox is, at present, a very rare occurrence.

In order to avoid prolixity, the medical improvements of the last century may be expressed under the following general heads. First, Several intricate, costly, and, at the same time, useless, prescriptions of the old physicians have been discarded, and other remedies of a much more ac-

tive nature have been introduced. Secondly, The constitution of the human being, its natural functions, and its dependence on air, food, &c. are at present much better understood. Thirdly, Such is likewise the case with the nature of diseases in general. Hence, Fourthly, The treatment of diseases, and the methods of preventing several of them, have been greatly improved.

Besides those which have been mentioned above, all the other branches of natural philosophy also received most wonderful improvements in the course of the last century. The science of electricity is almost entirely the offspring of that century, during which all its various machinery was contrived; the shock of the electrical jar, and the identity of lightning and electricity, were discovered; in consequence of which the metallic conductor, to defend houses from the dire effects of lightning, was adopted; and a new mode of treating certain disorders was introduced. That most wonderful branch of electricity, which is commonly known under the name of *Galvanic Electricity*, was discovered towards the close of the century.

In the course of the same century, meteorology, hydraulics, and magnetism, have also been remarkably improved and illustrated; the nature of heat and cold have been carefully examined, and the methods of producing

them, to a very extraordinary degree, have been discovered; and almost all the instruments belonging to those subjects have either been contrived or greatly improved; such as thermometers, barometers, hygrometers, rain-gages, steam engines, air pumps, condensing engines, &c. &c. which are at present universally and most advantageously used by all the civilized part of the human species.

If this compendious sketch of the scientific improvements of the last century be sufficient to inspire the reader with an humble and dutiful admiration of the Supreme Being in the astonishing works of nature, and with gratitude towards those who have contributed to render them subservient to our wants, to our comforts, and to our security, the writer's end is fully answered.

C.

No. IX. *On the Independency of Painting on Poetry*, will be published on Saturday, May 9.

THE

ARTIST.

No. IX. *Saturday, May* 9, 1807.

Decipit Exemplar.

IT is a received opinion, in minds not used to make nice distinctions, that painting is the follower of, and dependent on, poetry; and this notion has, in some instances, been inculcated by the authorities of such men as apparently ought to have understood each of those sciences better: to which painters have never given an answer, because, having only the power of being eloquent on canvas, they have no opportunity of controverting this palpable absurdity. They are in the state of the lion in the fable, who was shown by the forester his image con-

quered by the man: had lions been the carvers, this example had been reversed.

Take all your ideas from the descriptions of the poets, and all your actions and expressions of the passions from the stage; and you will then be a hopeful painter.—This is the voice of folly; these are the watery notions of insipid men; yet, however ridiculous or false such advice may appear to an enlightened mind, however confined and ignorant in conception, it would yet certainly be received as good counsel, by many whose education and power of intellect have sufficiently enabled them to see its grossness, had they but spared the time requisite to make the inquiry.

I do not mean to deny that either of those arts may reap some small advantage from the assistance of the other; they, as studious followers of nature, may be said to receive more or less assistance from all things that exist.

Painting and poetry both begin their career from the same important point, and each strives to approach the same goal by different paths. Like companions of equality on a journey, they may at times derive aid from each other.

But let it ever be remembered, that they are equally the

children and pupils of NATURE, rival imitators of her in hopes of fame; and if either the poet or the painter be obliged to submit to the dominion or direction of the other, he will soon find himself deluded out of his right road by an Ignis Fatuus, a false representation of the great archetype. Moreover, in addition to all his own errors, he will frequently perceive himself involved in those of his companion whom he has acknowledged as his superior, thus proving himself to be of a mean genius, without hope of being ever ranked in the first class. For he demonstrates that his capacity does not enable him to judge or choose for himself, but that, instead of applying to nature directly, he receives his ideas through the medium of another's mind, whom, like a weak bigot, he has made, of his equal, his protector and saint.

I have often thought that there is no better way to prove the defects or excellences of a poet, in respect to his descriptive powers or knowledge of nature, than by making a composition for a picture from the images which he raises, and from his own description of his characters and their actions. You by these means put him on his trial; you will detect every deviation from nature; and, when his performance is brought to this

strict examination, it will sometimes happen, that what in words might seem like a true representation of nature to the poet, to the painter may appear much like the tale of a false witness in a court of justice, and he will soon be convinced that the admired work is no more than an ingenious falsehood.

Historical truths, howsoever related, possess a certain degree of unavoidable simplicity, and are marked by such circumstances only as are necessary in explaining the state of the case in question; whereas the poet, indulging his fancy, perhaps to forward his own particular purpose, but too frequently loads his tale with those additional conceptions, which in the painter's province will prove only cumbersome minutiæ, and, when set before him as an example, will become a stumbling-block in his way.

There is also an interesting energy in pure nature, which poetry, as an imitative art, cannot possibly possess.

I wish to have it understood that what I now say is relative chiefly to *descriptive* poetry, in which whosoever has searched the works of the poets with a painter's mind, must have observed the frequent occurrence of circumstances that are incompatible with each other.

It is, surely, not the province of one art to imitate another; nature alone is the great object from which all art draws its nourishment, and it will be found by experiment, that art thus copying art in succession, the evaporation of nature's essence will be so great at each remove, that very soon scarce any of the original flavour will be perceptible, and besides this, it will have gained an additional taste from each vessel, through which it has passed.

To paint, therefore, the passions from the exhibitions of them on the stage, or from any intended descriptions of nature by the poets, is to remove yourself one degree farther from truth, and places the painter in the same forlorn state to which a poet would reduce himself, who made pictures and the stage his only means of seeing nature.

The greatest works of art, both in painting and in sculpture, evidently derive all their highest excellence from being transcripts of ideas formed from a study of general nature, and regulated by a judicious choice; and, if this be the case, it must then be acknowledged they would have been precisely the same, had poetry never existed but in the mind alone.

Perhaps it may be asked, why was our prime poet Shakespere selected for the English painters to try their first efforts on?—I would answer, not because he helped those painters in their art, but because the popular eminence of Shakespere's name would help on to high notoriety any work connected with a poet already so precious, and would thus become the most ready means of attracting an unwilling people to pay some attention to their unknown painters. And I will venture to pronounce that not one of those pictures, from the best to the very worst, gained the smallest degree of intrinsic worth from the genius of Shakespere; and for this plain reason, that what Shakespere had done best was totally out of the province of the painter's art to represent; and also, that where the painter has succeeded best, it has been in that which it was not in the power of words to express, but belongs to painting alone, and which therefore even Shakespere was unable to give, notwithstanding all his acknowledged powers.

The above reasons, I conjecture, are the only true ones which have induced any painter of merit to paint from any poet, not because he was helped in the powers of his art, but because he was helped in the sale of his work;

since, by connecting himself with the poet, he immediately partook, and became a sharer, in all the advantages of his established notoriety.

It will be urged that Nicolas Poussin has painted from the poets. This may be true, and I am apt to think he was, of all painters, the fittest to paint from them. He was (if I may be allowed the expression) the *pedant* of painters. His subjects are often from the poets, his figures from the antique statues, and his expressions of the passions chiefly from the stage or some other substitute for nature: he had a predilection for any helps, so he might avoid approaching that source. He had so little the habit of applying to nature for assistance, that it produced in him a painful awkwardnesss, whenever necessity obliged him to it; and, therefore, he is entitled the *learned* painter, in distinction from the *natural* painter. His expressions of the passions seem to have been made from description, or by receipts for expression; in consequence of which they have the appearance of being overcharged: it is this appearance which gives to his figures the air of hypocrites or pretenders to feeling, and is therefore apt to disgust, and to prevent our sympathy.

These are his greatest defects; yet it must be also

remembered, that, mixed with that which ought not to be imitated, there is much in Poussin to be justly admired. It is most true, also, that his expressions cannot be mistaken by the most vulgar observer, any more than you can mistake those of a mask; but then they are without that beautiful variety with which nature teems, without those nice differences which create the exquisite sympathy, the interest, which we find inspired by the works of Raffaelle. Raffaelle, indeed, by possessing a thousand times the capacity of Poussin, had a field of greater extent, in which to range and to make a more select choice for his purpose; and this enabled him to approach so much nearer to a comparison with Nature herself, and gave him the vast pre-eminence which he possessed.—In Poussin it is the head and the hand we admire: in Raffaelle the head, the hand, the heart, command our equal astonishment and delight.

It may be remarked, that the meaner painters and young students, in their beginnings, are the most fond of any, to devote their powers to the service of the poets.

There seem to have been but two principal causes, why painting should ever have applied itself to poetry for

help: the one is the barrenness of those individual minds which have sought and followed it; the other, that a picture not being capable of giving all the circumstances of a long narration, which yet may have some point of time in its events fit for the powers of the art, the spectator may refer to the poet's page, (who gives the complicated detail) and will be thence enabled to comprehend, with full effect, that sentiment in the picture which no words can give. This last reason is applicable also to subjects for painting taken from history.

But another great argument to be urged against painting from the poets is this: that, as all human powers are limited, you will find that the poet, be he ever so great, has still had his weaknesses to hide; he has, judiciously perhaps, ranged through all his knowledge of nature, to select out those parts in which he could best bring his powers to a focus, and might best be able to screen his wants; consequently he can give you at most but a partial view of nature, and therefore his representations, like all art when tried by the tally of nature and of truth, will be found frequently to be distorted, and, in many respects, imperfect and unnatural, and must of course have a tendency to mislead the efforts of the painter.

It is applicable to my present purpose, and will explain what I mean to say, if I refer to an instance where the same story is related by the historian and by the poet.

The book of Ruth, as found in the Bible, is given with all that fascinating simplicity, energy, and interest, which ever accompany an unassuming relation of simple facts; and, from being divested of all art, it captivates with irresistible power, like truth itself.

The same story is said to be also told by Thomson, in his Seasons, under the name of *Lavinia*. But the distance at which it is removed from its original, by the artificial and studied modes of poetic narration, diminishes the air of truth, and renders sympathy comparatively inadmissible. It would, therefore, be the grossest absurdity for the painter to look to him for his example. Besides, the means are here made to predominate over the end. The author seems more solicitous to draw our attention and admiration on his own poetic powers, than on the delicate distress in which he has involved his fair Lavinia, and reminds us of some vain actors on the stage, who, instead of attending to the character they have undertaken to represent, are wholly employed in looking round on the

audience, to discover how many they have captivated by their charms.

This preference of the means to the end is the disease of professorship, to which all professors are but too liable. The painter is enamoured with handling and executive power; the accomplished performer in music, if required to play, will, instead of such a composition as would recommend his taste or delight your ear, sometimes give you that which has no one property to recommend it to notice, but its infinite difficulty to be performed.

Bombast in poetry, and ranting on the stage, are allowed to be the bane of either art; yet they have power to captivate the vulgar, who abundantly admire and freely give applause where sounding words in the poet, or violent distortions in the actor, are offered as the substitute for meaning and for sense; and many an empty nothing seems embodied by these splendid impositions.

But all this is of no sort of use towards helping the painter in his work: the contemplation of it has rather a tendency to hurt the state of his mind, in which the grandeur and simplicity of Nature ought alone to prevail, as it does when she inspires the works of the greatest masters.

Where, in fact, can he go for succour but to nature?

If he wish to represent the person of a beautiful Eve on his canvas, shall he wander to the poet? And will he there, even in the highest examples of the art, find himself much assisted in his efforts, by being informed that

"*Heaven*" was "*in her eye*,"

Or,

"*In her gestures, dignity and love?*"

I do not mean to say but that the poet, in so describing her, has done his work well, as all that he had to do was to make us conceive that his Eve was complete and perfect, and this he has effected by the proper means in his art, leaving us to finish in our minds the idea he has inspired: but the painter still remains unassisted, and has yet to apply to nature as his source of information, as he cannot paint, from words, either "Heaven in her eye," or "Love in her gestures."

And, notwithstanding that many flights of imagination, arising in the mind of the poet, and particularly fitted to *his* art, may have given vast delight, and caused the highest admiration, we shall yet, on the trial, be convinced that they are not adapted to that of the painter, and therefore are no model for his imitation; since the painter ought to furnish his work with those materials

best suited to his own art and to his own purpose, selected from Nature's boundless variety by the direction and influence of his individual disposition and sensation; by which means the work will be new, and of consequence in a greater or less degree delightful.

There cannot be a stronger proof of a genius for painting, than to know well the subjects best adapted to the powers of the art.

When you paint from a poet, you may be said to have your dinner from the table of one man; you must take what he was able to give you, whether it particularly suit your palate or not; but from Nature's great banquet you have an unbounded range for your choice, you have the liberty, which the poet had, of selecting out those parts and those circumstances which best suit your temper, your powers, and your particular art.

It must without doubt be acknowledged, that every work of the liberal arts is a lesson by which we may be taught to discover and distinguish the highest beauties of nature; still remembering that art is not nature, any more than the directing post is the road you look for.

I press the argument with the more force, to prevent all bigotted reliance on guides, weak and fallible as our-

selves: Nature we may rely on with the most absolute security, since in her there is nothing contradictory or false, and when seen by the cultivated mind of a man of genius, she presents an ample store of that which is perfectly simple, beautiful, pathetic, and sublime, in a much higher degree than can be found in any work of art, nature being the fountain of all art.

I cannot but offer one remark of some authority, which is, that in searching through the works of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and Corregio, the most eminent painters that have appeared in the world since the revival of the arts, you will find but very few subjects by their hands taken from a poet, and, of their works of the highest fame, *not one*; and as these names are at the highest pinnacle of art, it is a clear proof of that eminence being within the reach of painting without the help of the poets. The best historians, and simple relations of facts, have been their chief resource; and whenever any of the great painters have been what we may justly call poetical in their compositions, it has always been from their own funds, by the means of which they were enabled to bring together such materials as best suited their powers and their art. For the poetic subjects of a painter, and those of a poet, differ

as much in their nature, as do the means by which the sentiment of each is given to the world.

In a picture, there should be no attempt to tell a long and complicated tale; the art of painting is not the vehicle for long stories.

The subjects best suited to the powers of the art are, 1*st*, such as contain a sentiment within themselves, which may be impressed by character, action, and situation; and are not dependent on foreign aid for an explanation of their greatest interests;

Or, 2*dly*, those eminent events which are known to all, yet, in their relation, are unincumbered by trifling minuteness of description, and leave the imagination to range without control;—Such are all the subjects of Sacred Scripture;—witness those innumerable beauties, which have been introduced in pictures relative to the first years of the life of Christ;

Or, 3*dly*, those historical facts which are rendered eminent or important either from their consequences, or by characters conspicuous for their virtues or their vices.

In fine, the painter who would give most force and dignity to his art, whether he take the subject for his picture from the historian or the poet, should consider

himself as inventing a kind of Episode to the author. He is not his servant or follower, but his equal: he is to illustrate and amplify all that which words cannot reach, and thus to complete the poet's work: he must add the supplement, be the explainer and splendid commentator.

For there are certain ideas and impressions, which the mind is capable of receiving, and which words are not calculated to give. This is eminently exemplified in matters of natural history and mechanical inventions, which can never be explained by words alone, without the help of figures or diagrams added to the descriptions—The figure gives the form, the words its qualities.

Just in this state of relationship stand the painter and the poet. Neither of them is the inferior or imitator of the other, but equal, and distinct in their powers; and when their force is united in assisting each other, they leave nothing for the imagination to supply.

J. N.

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THE

ARTIST.

No. X. *Saturday, May* 16, 1807.

Ingenuas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.

TO THE ARTIST.

AFTER you have gone through all the disagreeable and tedious operation of packing up your travelling trunks and baggage, and seen them safely strapped and stowed upon your carriage, you may venture to say to yourself, that the worst half of your journey is over, (be your destination what it may) as soon as ever you hear the chaise door slap, which shuts your person into it, and your troubles out of it. So is it with the author, who has discharged

himself of his first essay, and so I dare say it was with you.

Whether the *fulgor* should proceed *ex fumo*, or the *fumus ex fulgore*, is not absolutely a decided point with all authors, because it is not every author, that is acquainted with Horace's opinion upon the question. The Epic poet generally tells you what his *Song* will set forth, and then calls upon the Muse to *sing* it for him, whilst he beats time as long as the harp, or the lyre, or the pipe is employed in giving the *motivo*, upon which he is afterwards to found his variations. Thus it has come to pass that the Muse has survived the overthrow of the rest of the pagan deities, and is still invoked to assist the labour of the Christian poet, when his fancy is on the point of bringing forth.

You, being an essayist and a writer in prose, very properly did not trouble the Muse, but addressed the candid reader, as a diffident swain would address a delicate nymph, with a modest declaration of your attachment: this you accompanied with a schedule of your personal effects, hinting at some further expectations, which you had a right to reckon upon. I am very glad for your sake that this embarrassing concern is so well over, for

where any appeal is to be made to the patience of mankind, you must be sensible that it is a virtue very apt to revenge itself upon us, if we make too free with it.

Now I congratulate you upon your outset so much the rather, because I know you cannot but be aware of the danger of first impressions; for though the military recruit is taught to begin his march with left foot foremost, it is a hazardous experiment for the literary novice; for whilst the soldier can quote the high authority of *Sir David* for his left-legged manœuvre, the author can only appeal to *Diffidence*, and that I take to be the very worst drill-serjeant, which the man, who volunteers for actual service in the field of fame, can possibly apply to. The conscript, that enrolls himself under that command, will contract a downcast look, a stammering style and an unsteady hand; he will mend his first thoughts so often in the hope of making them better, that in the end he will make them any thing but good. The candidate, who trusts to Diffidence for a letter of accreditation, will very probably find himself the bearer of a warrant to the next literary catch-pole for taking him into custody; and when he is in the lock-up-house of his critical inquisitors,

let him get out of it as he can. He may sue to the for candour, but unless he can convince them that he has no need of it, I should think it is a form, he may as well dispense with. A man, endowed with assurance, is armed alike either to combat the obstinacy of fact, or so to involve it in the fog of his own ignorance, that it cannot find him out. He has a glossary of terms, that have no meaning, and a barrier of argumentation, full of loop-holes, through which he can attack with false assertions, or retreat without confutation at pleasure. If his impudence can once puzzle investigation, it is a thousand to one but that modest Truth, before she can unravel the confusion, shall be put to silence, and stared out of company.

Criticism is a fine art, and he, who understands it rightly, will soon discover that he has no occasion to understand any thing else. Science is out of the question, good manners would be an encumbrance and good nature a disqualification. Critics grow out of authors just as fungusses do out of dunghills; lay on a coat of compost, and you may be sure of a crop: no man sows them; they sprout up of their own accord: the Scottish agriculturists carry on a thriving trade in them; which proves they are not unfriendly to a cold climate and a barren

soil. A man must eat his bread up very clean, if he does not leave a few crumbs under his table for the rats. Your thorough-bred critic lives eternally upon the trespass; poaches over every body's manor, and makes no apology for the intrusion: he takes any man's horse out of the stable, rides him where he likes and as he likes; keeps none of his own, and never has the civility to confess that he has been pleasantly carried. He is as great a hunter as Nimrod, and when he has run his game down, is about as well disposed to give quarter as a Cossack. He cures authors of their vanity by the same process as the Monk pursued, who put the Catholic King's conscience to rest by convincing him that he was a fool. He feeds, as did the priests of Dagon, upon the offerings of those, whom he scares out of their senses; and he propagates reformation, like our wicked Queen Mary, by roasting men alive. As a *fera naturæ*, he partakes very much of the pole-cat character; for he kills his prey by sucking out their brains, and their carcasses he liberally bequeaths to the crows. These are amongst the small specks and blemishes in the bright sun of our liberty, which serve only as foils to his splendour, like pimples, that set off the polish of an alderman's nose,

or spots of grease, that contrast the purity of the napkin under his chin.

The inestimable freedom of the press is one of the great pillars of the British Constitution; but the best friends to its privileges sometimes will confess that it makes itself *more free than welcome.* It may seem a little hard upon a quiet gentleman to be made to pay smart-money for the liberty, which his unquiet neighbour enjoys of annoying him with impunity; in like manner, people, who do not distinguish very correctly between freedom and taxation, may think the loss of their coats very scantily compensated by the privilege of walking about in their waistcoats without asking leave of any man: in the mean time if they feel any little inconvenience from this reduction in their wardrobe, they have the consolation of knowing, that they may sing out their grievances in whatever key they like best to perform in; and as it is presumed there is not an individual in the nation, who has not got a grievance to set to music, for that reason I conclude we are the merriest set of songsters in creation.

The liberty of the press I conceive to be in so many words the licence of the pen. Now the pen is an implement

easy to purchase and light of carriage: the utensils of a ready writer are more portable than those even of an itinerant tinker—and this brings me into the circle of the Arts, which is your proper subject; for the writing-master is an Artist: he puts the pen into our hand, and shows us how to use it: he lays a copy before us of some short moral maxim, for instance—*Speak ill of no man—Abstain from evil words*—We trace it out again and again with much care and diligence; we do not write it quite so well as he does, but we remember it much better, because we write it over much oftener. We enter upon the world with these excellent maxims in our memories, and the very first maxims we meet in the world, run counter to our copy book. This shocks us a little at first, but no sooner does the glorious avenue to a free press burst upon our sight, than we discover, to our infinite satisfaction, a wide unfathomable mouth, agape to swallow every body's morsel, and, by a happy transmutation in its digestive faculties, capable of endowing the dross of dulness with the properties of gold, and giving currency to nonsense. This encourages gentlemen of Virtù, who sit at the *the Privy Council-board* of taste, to write things called *Fly-flaps*, which, though originally

designed for the use of pastry-cooks shops and butchers shambles, yet, when applied to the ears of painters and statuaries, are extremely apt to bring to their recollection that there is such an insect as a *fly*, and provoke them to lay aside their palettes and their chissels, and reply as follows—

" What food for ridicule! What room for wrath!
" When study works up folly to a froth!
" When dulness, bubbling o'er ambition's fire,
" In cloud and smoke and vapour will aspire;
" Thro' each foul funnel of the press will rise,
" And fill with fog the intellectual skies.

" Dolts, from the ranks of useful service chas'd,
" Pass muster in the lumber-troop of taste;
" Soon learn to load with critic shot, and play
" Their * pop-guns on the genius of the day—"

Rhymes on Art.

[Note. * Vice *pop-guns* read *fly-flaps*, MEO PERICULO. *J. H.*]

With all possible respect for *Fly-flapper* and *Fly-flapper*'s friend *Canova*, we have great objection to the latter gentleman's making a monument for Lord Nelson, but none to his statue for Bonaparte, which we understand is

to be sixteen feet in height, which was to an inch the stature of Og King of Basan. If he is employed upon this work, we would recommend dispatch; else it may take up so much time in operation, that before he shall have completed the idol, the original may be undeified.

Are we to be taught to make statues, who have made men worthy of being immortalized by statues? Are the heroes of our navy and army to die for their country, that some half-starved foreigner may live by making monuments for them? If we have a school for our native artists in our native country, why are we to run to other countries for education, like Roman Catholics to Saint Omer? We might as well send for French captains to command our men of war, as import foreign artists to be employed upon our national works.

I will venture to predict that the folly, which has so long held possession of our collectors of *virtù* is wearing away daily. Gentlemen begin to find out that they are only made the bubbles and laughing-stocks of the venders and manufacturers of dirty daubings, who, whilst they raise contributions upon the plenitude of their pockets, expose them to ridicule for the poverty of their wits: and the ladies of these gentlemen, (who are considerably wiser

than their husbands,) have long since discovered, that there is no grace nor ornament in a parcel of broken pitchers, filthy lamps and indecent nudities of satyrs, mutilated less than they ought to be. A natural taste cannot hesitate to prefer the fresh productions of our own markets to the smoke-dried offals of a foul-feeding and libidinous generation, whose taste was originally gross, and whose scraps and leavings are become more nauseous from having been pouched by our conoscenti-monkies, who have slavered them and mumbled them ever since, as if their filthy mastication could recommend them to our palates, and make them easier of digestion. Strange that there should be men so perverted as to think a cabbage can be mended by a voyage round the world in the salt tub of a stinking ship!

The living arts are the proper objects of *your* contemplation: in the mean time the nation has erected a noble gallery in the British Museum, wherein to deposit the bones and skeletons of the dead arts, collected by Mr. Townley, and purchased from the public purse. In justice to my country I will suppose, that they are stuck up there for the patriotic purpose of convincing the spectators, that it is high time to dismiss their prejudices,

and that it is nothing less than necromancy and art-magic, that should induce them to prefer *old lamps to new:* in short if any gentleman wants a Venus for his saloon, he may go to the shop of Mr. Nollekens, and not envy the long-sided lady of Mr. Townley, though the State has built a palace for her reception.

Our artists in general are not shy of exhibiting their performances, for you may visit them for a shilling; neither are they apt to be offended with you, if you praise them, for they seem to insinuate, that they are not over flattered, but rather over *fly-flapped.* Some, whom it is not easy to over-pay, are nevertheless well paid; of which number I conceive *Mr. Wilkie,* who has merited the title of the British Teniers, is not one; which, if the rich and noble purchaser of his first picture is not clearly satisfied of, he may re-sell his purchase, and gain a thousand pounds by his conviction—but perhaps artists ought to be lean, and Cæsar was wrong, when he wished to have men about him that were fat.

This very possibly is a discovery that artists may not relish; it is new, and, like most novelties, does not display all its properties at first sight. It is not new to the poets however; they have had long and lasting expe-

rience of it. They have no Institutions, in which they have any name or interest, except in the extensive institution of reviewing magazines; no exhibitions, but those, which exhibit them in the pillory of Criticism: No Officer stands at their door with tufted gown and silver staff; the Officer, that haunts their garrets, is an unwelcome watchman. They could as soon find a shilling in their own pockets, as collect one from the public for admission to an Exhibition of their performances; even the booksellers scruple to display them in their shop-windows, very naturally thinking they have acquitted themselves of their duty, when they have virtually represented the whole race of them under the general title of *The Miseries of Human Life.*

When I saw an Institution advertised in the public papers, which embraces a vast portion of the elegant recreations of the age, under the denomination of *The Fashionable Institution*, I anxiously examined it in the hope that there they might be flattered with some little notice: I found chess-boards, draft-boards, backgammon and billiard tables honourably announced; I saw news-papers, reviews, magazines, maps, and a whole *library of reference* provided for the patrons of the insti-

tution; I perceived that these pupils of *fashion* were to be instructed in the refinements of the French language by a French lecturer, and taught as much Geography and Astronomy as would qualify them for a masquerade, which was the climax of the advertisement, and the *ne plus ultra* of their studies—and I said to myself—Ridiculous frivolity! Contemptible Institution!—not then recollecting how infinitely better the provider of these recreations understood the character of his company than I did. I am now convinced he treats the world as it ought to be treated, perfectly comprehends the duties of the office he is engaged in, and I honour him for his discrimination and discernment.

Poets to their sorrow have appetites like other men; they are sensible to the cold, and grateful for a fire; they prefer being cloathed to going naked, and have no partiality to raggedness and stockings without feet; they would be devoutly thankful to the world, if they might be suffered to support their bodies by the produce of their brains; but this is denied to them: eighty thousand copies, professing criticism, issue monthly from the press, and how should their small works, which are but as mole-hills, survive the inundation? Ninety-nine in a hundred are contented with these brief chronicles,

and never buy by the whole what they read by the extract, nor turn over a single leaf of the author, whose ransacked pages have contributed to support and circulate the magazine, which they subscribe to.

Poets have ambition, and those natural feelings, which aspire to distinction; but the creative sword never touches their shoulders, and a bit of ribband, were it offered, would but embarrass them, who have no button-hole to pass it through.

In the mean time they silently submit to their hard fate, conscious that death is their only avenue to fame. They illuminate the age in which they have lived obscurely; but when they are consigned to the darkness of the grave, the same breath, that conspired to extinguish their taper, now contributes to sound that trumpet, which they cannot hear.

Old Samuel Johnson, who once languished upon fourpence half-penny per day, now stands in Parian Marble, frowning upon those, who vainly think they can add an hour to his immortality by raising a monument to his memory out of the very materials, of which their own hard hearts were formed.

Richard Cumberland.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

MILO, an Artist of some name,
Enjoy'd a starving kind of fame,
That is, he painted passing well
Fine landscapes, which he could not sell;
Yet none knew better how to catch a grace
From Nature's unsophisticated face.

Meantime his pictures, one and all,
Clung, as if wedded, to his wall:
Was it, because in love with Art,
He and his works could never part?
Or why did Milo's genius fail to thrive?
Why, but because poor Milo was alive?

He saw collectors of virtù
Buy daubings Poussin never drew;
He heard the amateurs applaud
Vile copies, father'd upon Claude:
If thus, he cried, they patronize the Dead,
I too must die to give my children bread.

It is resolv'd: this moment send
For honest Dismal—he's my friend:
Order my coffin; toll the bell,
Let all the parish hear my knell:
Art's noble patrons, who refus'd to save
My life, will page my body to the grave.

'Tis done; he dies, and all deplore
The first of painters, now no more.
Ev'n Fly-flap snivels till he's told
That Milo's pictures will be sold,
For he can prove by demonstration plain,
That men, when dead, will never paint again.

And now what wonders greet his eyes,
What trees, what water, and what skies;
Loud praises circle thro' the room;
(For merit ripens in the tomb)
When soon behold the mighty Puffer stand
High in his tub, with hammer in his hand.

Huge crowds of Conoscenti flock,
Watching the loud emphatic knock;
Bid and out-bid—for who would miss
An opportunity like this?
"Too cheap, too cheap!" the prattling vender cries,
And compliments each buyer on his prize.

Milo, who all this while unseen
Had slily skulk'd behind the screen,
Found by the pricking of his thumb,
That resurrection-time was come;
Then forth he issued, nothing less than dead,
And, humbly bowing, thus in few he said—

"Patrons of art, I pray forgive
"This harmless stratagem to live.
"Believe me, Sirs, I will endeavour
"To merit this distinguish'd favour,
"And since you've been thus lib'ral to my ghost,
"I'll paint you better things at half the cost."

R. C.

No. XI. *Of the Supposed Influence of Fashion on Our Opinions of Beauty; with Remarks on the Introductory Chapter of "An Inquiry into the Principles of Taste,"* will be published on Saturday, May 23.

THE

ARTIST.

No. XI. *Saturday, May* 23, 1807.

TO THE ARTIST.

———" *exchange me for a goat,*
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference." OTHELLO.

THE higher excellencies of painting, and the objects of its imitation, are so intimately connected with our best feelings and a just taste, that if any one were to institute an inquiry into their origin, for the purpose apparently of giving a legitimate title to the pretensions of habit and caprice, it would become a subject that might fairly be investigated in a publication professing to have the welfare of the arts for its object.

In a nation where almost every one who runs can read, it is scarcely safe, even in jest, to attack feelings that, to the mass of mankind, appear engrafted on our nature. For what enjoyments, except the gratification of his sensual appetites, are left to him who is taught to believe that all things are in their nature alike indifferent; and that every being therefore is free to constitute himself the creator of good and of evil?

Natural feelings are the bonds by which society is actually held together: in their operation they produce more good in the world, than could be effected by the wisest laws among a race of men, who should have presumptuously reasoned themselves out of, what they might deem, their vulgar prejudices. For every man would be a distinct species in himself, were there no sympathies among individuals, to harmonize them with society.

Of all dogmatizers, however, none seem to have committed greater outrage upon nature than those who deny the existence of beauty; or who refer the measure of it, at least, to every man's rude or immatured opinion. Is it very unreasonable to suppose that, when nature blessed us with our several senses, she had in view our enjoyment of the works most admirable in the creation? and that for

this purpose she endowed us with discriminative faculties, for separating the pure from the imperfect,—the gold from the dross of all created matter?

One cause of the variation in the opinions of mankind, respecting the existence of beauty, appears to have arisen from confounding feeling and taste with fashion. The Sceptic, in "The Inquiry into the Principles of Taste," after premising "that the organs of feeling and perception "appear to be the same in the whole species, differing "only in degrees of sensibility," immediately enters on a dissertation on furniture and building, and seems to think it strange that men should disagree in matters that concern their pleasures and amusements. He finds that fashions are adopted, and, in a few months, deposed by others still more whimsical and unmeaning; and that all are then astonished that they could have been pleased, even for a moment, with any thing so tasteless and absurd. "Yet" he says "if high-dressed heads, tight-laced stays, and "wide hoops, had not been thought really ornamental, "how came they to be worn by all who could afford "them?" As this riddle is set forth with great gravity by the author, who appears to think it not less intricate than that which the Sphinx propounded to the Thebans,

I shall as gravely attempt the solution of it, disclaiming at the same time all pretensions to seeing more of the human mind than lies equally exposed to the observation of any plain and unsophisticated understanding.

Fashions, then, appear to me to have been invented and followed from motives wholly unconnected with our notions of fitness and beauty, and are really the distorted progeny of caprice or vanity, not the legitimate offspring of feeling and taste. The full-flowing wigs that decorated the Beaux of Louis the Fourteenth's court, were contrived by the great Condé for the purpose of concealing a deformity in his shoulder*. Many follow fashion to avoid the imputation of singularity, in conformity with the proverb, which says—

"Be not too early *in* fashion, nor too long *out* of it;"

while others, from a contrary feeling, persevere till imita-

* The opposite extreme to this voluminous display of hair, I believe to have been adopted in honour of the *companions of Ulysses*, and is therefore very appropriately termed *Hogging*. One of these bristly votaries appears, as *Peter Quince* would say, "*translated*, or *in the middle state*" between a man and a boar, and evidently aims, by this mode of shearing, to typify his animal propensities, rather than to set off, to the best advantage, his beauty.

tion deprives it of the charm of novelty, when another is sought that will confer again on the idle possessor a paltry and pitiful title to distinction.

" In judging, however, of the works of *nature*, " there appears," says our sceptic, " less inconstancy; " the beauty of particular kinds of trees, plants, flowers " and animals, having, I believe, been universally recog- " nised in all ages and all countries. But over these the " power of man is more limited, nor can he indulge " those partial and extravagant caprices of his taste, " which he so abundantly displays in the productions of " his own art and labour." But immediately afterwards, as if all this were forgotten, he descants on *cropped dogs* and *dock-tailed horses;* on trees and shrubs shorn into the shapes of animals; and, transported with the humour of these things, he lays aside the Philosopher, and with infinite liveliness and fancy felicitates " the poor animals" on the impossibility of shearing and twisting them into the shapes of plants, as " we should have been as much " delighted at seeing a stag terminating in a yew tree, as " ever we were at seeing a yew tree terminating in a stag." It is the singular excellence of this wit—for we must suppose it intended for wit only—that with great plea-

santry, it conveys a truth: for when once caprice is set in motion, it becomes a matter of indifference on what objects she exercises her tyranny—yet

> ——" Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole;
> That counter-works each folly and caprice,
> That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice." POPE.

Whether this opinion coincide with that of the writer before quoted, it is not easy to guess; for in the same work, after solemnly inquiring if there be any real and permanent principles of beauty, then doubting if we are not rather the creatures of habit and imitation; now again rising into panegyric on the precious remains of Grecian sculpture, as affording *standards* of *real beauty*, grace and elegance in the human form and the modes of adorning it, " *the truth* " *and perfection of which have never been questioned;*" he finally falls back into his old fit of doubting, and, to the infinite mortification of all true believers, questions whether men's real feelings and inclinations are not to be judged of more by their *practice* than their *professions!*—As a reasonable cause for this doubt, he drags before us the mangled remains of Michael Angelo, Bernini, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and finds them guilty, notwithstanding

their boasted love for antiquity, of being utterly dead to the merits of Grecian art; the works of these poor mistaken men having furnished no indications of their possessing so inestimable a feeling. But I would ask this acute inquirer, who is a poet and a professed admirer of Homer, whether, if the animated effusions of his muse should fail to remind his reader of the beauties of the Grecian Bard, he would on this ground be willing to confess himself an impostor? that his apparent admiration of Homer was a mere trick? and that in fact he had no sense of any excellence surpassing that to which he has attained in his own work? Inhuman even as critics are, they would scarcely exact so hard a confession—they would surely give any man credit for admiring some works beside his own; content with his simply stating "Such knowledge is too wonder-"ful for me: it is too high: I cannot attain unto it."

The Sceptic next asserts, and perhaps with truth, that "perfect beauty, taking *perfect* in its strict sense, and "beauty in its most comprehensive signification, ought to "be equally pleasing to all; but of this instances are scarcely "to be found." However, he proceeds to warn all amorous admirers against mistaking the object of desire, of their own species, for this perfect beauty; for "these examples

are extremely fallacious." They are indeed so much so, that it is wonderful the author should have complimented so capricious an animal as a sensual admirer usually is found to be, with the bare suspicion of possessing either sentiment or judgment. It is not on such men that beauty can operate even to the extinction of desire,—an effect that I will not here insist upon, as I may find it difficult to render myself intelligible to some of my readers, but return to an examination of the next assertion, which states that "there can be little doubt but that all male "animals think the females of their own species the most "beautiful productions of nature: at least we *know* this to be "the case among the different varieties of men, *whose re-* "*spective ideas of the beauty of their females are as widely* "*different as those of man, and any other animal, can be.*" Now, mark what history propoundeth—Gibbon, speaking of the inroads of the Huns into China, and the ignominious capitulation of the Emperor Kaoti, says, "A regular payment of money and silk was stipulated as the condition of a temporary and precarious peace. But there still remained a more disgraceful article of tribute, which violated the sacred feelings of humanity and nature. The hardships of the savage life, which destroys in their in-

fancy the children who are born with a less healthy and robust constitution, introduce a remarkable disproportion between the two sexes. The Tartars are an *ugly*, and even deformed race; and, while they consider *their own women* as the instruments of domestic labour; their desires, or rather their appetites, are directed to the enjoyment of *more elegant beauty*. A select band of the fairest maidens of China, was annually devoted to the rude embraces of the Huns." Was ever Hypothesis so cruelly treated!

The learned inquirer proceeds to entertain the reader with some very beautiful writing concerning "the sable Africans," polluted indeed with no little grossness of description, in which he has here delighted to indulge, even at the risk of facts. For it is well known that many of the young African females, far from being that mass of deformity described by him, differ little, except in colour, from the beautiful females of our own isle. After raising, however, his own mass of disgusting ugliness into an African goddess, he compliments the British fair with a new doubt; namely, whether the black or white model be, according to the laws of nature, the most perfect specimen of a perfect woman!!! and he takes the late great

physiologist, John Hunter, to back him; who, after all, only attempted to prove, "that the African black was the *true original* man; and all others only different varieties derived from him, and more, or less, *depraved or improved!*"

But our author, as inconstant to his authorities, as to his principles, freeing himself from the great physiologer, and from all human testimony, drives his pig before him, and hunts beauty as he would truffles, by the scent. To put the point in question out of dispute, therefore, he reveals to us the progress of affection in a boar and sow; "whose inclinations," he avers to be, "*more natural*, and less changeable than those of any race of mankind."

Warmed with the mental picture of their amorous dalliance, he proceeds, *con amore*, to initiate us into the mysteries of their lusty loves; shows, how "their desires are excited by smell," (foh!) rather than by sight, or contact; and that if a boar can think a sow the sweetest, and loveliest of living creatures, we can find no difficulty in believing, that he *also thinks* her the most *beautiful;* "for the sense of smell is much more impartial, and less liable to be influenced and perverted by mental sympathies than that of sight; there being *no communications of thought*, or sentiment, from one

mind to another (at least among human creatures) by the nose, as there are by the eyes *!!!!"

But enough! After this, a plain man may surely be thankful to Providence for not compounding him of materials that go to the formation of a sceptic, or a metaphysician! Neither let *him* be thought a whining moralist who observes, that the philosopher who would take from nature the direction of our senses, and deliver them over to the guidance of fashion or habit—who confounds sweet with bitter, beauty with deformity, the sensibility of human nature, with the sexual instinct of brutes—furnishes (perhaps unintentionally,) argument for the indulgence of a vicious taste, and the most depraved appetites; while he

* From whence it clearly appears that Shakespear was no adept in metaphysics; for Othello soothes his tormented mind with the following simple ejaculations:

When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital breath again,
It needs must wither:—I'll *smell* it on the tree.—
O *balmy breath*, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword!—once more—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee
And love thee after.

hardens the mind against virtue; and strips creation of those charms, that were beneficently bestowed on the feeling mind, to solace it in a world of Connoisseurship and care.

J. H.

May 14, 1807.

MR. ARTIST,

If you should think the following account of *The Origin of Design* worthy your attention, you will perhaps give it a place in one of your numbers.

> *" High their pretensions, dignified their claim,*
> *" Yet all their honors vanish'd into fame."*

THE ARTS OF DESIGN, in England, resemble unexpected claimants to a forfeited dignity. They have suddenly forced themselves into notice, and are neither slow nor timid in asserting their pretensions to a title, which has lain dormant for nearly two centuries, and was generally supposed to be extinct. The whole legislature of Taste and Criticism is necessarily called on to appreciate their demands, and as it is desirable that every one should be adequately prepared to judge the merits of the cause, it was

with singular pleasure that I found myself summoned, a few days since, to attend an assembly instituted for the express purpose of examining the subject. In this assembly it was resolved, as the best means of forming a just decision, to enter into an investigation of the distinct merits of the present claimants, and to endeavour to attain a complete knowledge of their natural rights as well as their properties, rank, and history.

While these resolutions were framing, a whisper ran round the room, occasioned by a question from an elderly man of a fastidious, *unacceding* countenance, who haughtily demanded to be informed whether the subject itself, for which the meeting was called, were worthy of consideration? *What are they?* and *whence do they come?* were propositions quickly circulated, and as no one else seemed willing to stand forward on the occasion, I at length ventured to promise that I would prepare for the next meeting an account of the nature and origin of the arts, which I asserted to be of such ancient genealogy and indisputable blazonry, as, were their suit once properly established, would ascertain their pretensions to every honour short of the wool-sack. My proposal, though received with some raillery, was finally assented to

by the whole assembly, and I shall shortly proceed in my justification of it, with the most scrupulous exactness.

I am conscious that the desire of ascertaining the original source of human inventions and establishments, has in all ages led the steps of the inquirer beyond the regions of true knowledge. He generally sets out on his research with reasonings formed from the *present* state of things, and those he adopts as a clue, to guide him through a maze of circumstances as wholly dissimilar as the minds of men in distant ages can make them, and over a track which has, perhaps, been trod without a record. Still, as long as he encounters Phenomena on which to fix the grasp of his reasoning powers, it may be credible that he journeys on with security, and kindles anew the watch-lights of former progressive stations; but this is seldom satisfactory to the traveller's spirits, heated by the pursuit, and no sooner the boundaries of his path become indistinct, and reason discontinues her advance, than imagination, "on airy wing descending," presents her rainbow torch to the enthusiast, and shedding round him a thousand dazzling hues, leads him precipitately forward. From that moment all is ideal, all is visionary, and, absurd as it may seem, all is delightful. If his mind possess

the smallest portion of inflammability, I would not undertake to make that man exchange his next stage for the wealth of Attalus, or of Peru.

I shall deliver without reserve this opinion of travellers to the shores of remote conjecture, because, having once set out on such a road myself, and reached one of the ideal stages above-mentioned, I mean to give fair warning of what kind of guidance is to be expected from me.

Before, however, I request the company of my hearers on so arduous a journey, I shall offer to escort them to some pleasant scenes of fancy, which more ease-loving or more careless wanderers have discovered on the road-side; a short visit to which may be considered (in comparison of the flight which I shall afterwards take with them) as a gentle excursion in a balloon fastened by cords to the ground, and consequently secure from all risk of mistaking the points of the compass.

Of some of these fairy scenes the Greeks are the undisputed proprietors. The elegant fable of The Maid of Corinth, is known to every one: it is so tastefully imagined, so poetic, so ingratiating, that one is tempted to wish it were true: but, besides that I find the pretensions of that fond girl's father, Dibutades of Corinth, disputed by one Rhœcus of Samos, (not to mention those which Pliny

attributes to Gyges, King of Lydia) if we should be willing to suppose the invention of sculpture to have arisen in Corinth or in Samos, how shall we get rid of the Egyptians, or the Hindoos, whose mighty works of monumental sculpture, like the poetic fabric of the Giants, braved the Seat of Heaven innumerable centuries before the Preserver, Vishnu, had released Samos and Corinth from the darkness of unfathomable mists? I have therefore selected for my introductory discourse the following oriental narrative, not less romantic than the tales of Grecian invention, but which has a peculiarly impressive air of solemnity from its connection with circumstances of a religious cast:

SOME Shepherds on the plains of Chorasan were assembled after the fervours of noon, at the side of a fountain built of the finest white marble by a descendant of Zoroaster. Their flocks were either scattered on the adjacent lawns, or closely grouped under the shade of the lofty Palm-trees which surrounded the fountain.

The discourse of the shepherds, passing from subject to subject, fell at length on the acknowledgments due to their Deity, the Sun, for the various blessings which he bestowed on them in the regular progress of the Seasons, the sweets of the refreshing Spring, the maturing ardour of

Summer, and the overflowing gifts of Autumn. A general assent resounded from the lips of all, excepting Aldurasar, who impiously questioned the benignity and power of the great luminary.

Micah, one of the most learned among the pastoral tribes, unmoved by the profane temerity of Aldurasar, continued to extol the supreme dispenser of good, who every day renewed the proofs of his majestic bounty, and every hour called forth new images of creation, to extend the name of his might. Aldurasar turned an eye of affected pity on Micah, and on his lip sate the smile of silent contempt.

During the discourse, the Sun had imperceptibly withdrawn his splendour. A faint mist succeeded; portentous clouds arose in the horizon, and in a short time an impenetrable darkness spread over the whole scene. The cry of "an offended Divinity!" was now loud among the shepherds; Aldurasar was impelled to prostrate himself with his companions on the earth, and to invoke the return of the Sun.

Instantaneously his beams burst forth from a cloud of night, and, at the same moment, was heard the voice of Micah; "Behold, what new images our God creates at

this instant!" Every eye glanced quickly on him, as he spoke; Aldurasar held his arms extended towards Heaven with surprise and fear, and Micah pointed to the marble wall of the fountain, on which, under the bending forms of the palm trees, was seen the shadow of Aldurasar in the posture of adoration. Micah, with the end of his silvered crook, traced rapidly on the snowy surface the outline of Aldurasar's form, whom astonishment had rendered motionless; and having completed his work, "Let this memorial," he exclaimed, "remain henceforth in reproof of infidelity! Behold the "hands of Aldurasar stretched out for ever in worship of "that Power whom he had blasphemed!"

The faint lines marked by the silver crook were retraced and strengthened, and the outline drawn by Micah became a rule of art and of devotion.

Graphicus.

No. XII. *Cursory Strictures on Modern Art, and particularly Sculpture, in England, previous to the Establishment of The Royal Academy*, will be published on Saturday, May 30.

THE

ARTIST

No. XII. *Saturday, May* 30, 1807.

———*Neglecta redire Virtus*
Audet.

IN order to form a just estimate of the benefit which Sculpture has derived from the exertions of the present æra in England, it will be necessary to take a cursory view of this art in Europe, previous to the period at which the Royal Academy was established in London; and to observe with a little more accuracy its progress in our own country.

In Rome, the centre from which the arts have emanated for centuries past to the surrounding countries, about 150 years since, the taste of Bernini, the Neapolitan

Sculptor, infected and prevailed over the Florentine and Roman Schools. He had studied painting, and seems to have been enamoured with the works of Correggio, who, to avoid the dryness of his master, Andrea Mantegna, gave prodigious flow to the lines of his figures and redundance to his draperies; of which Bernini's statues are only caricatures, totally devoid of the painter's extatic grace and sentiment. Before he was twenty years old, he completed a marble group, the size of nature, of Apollo and Daphne, at the moment the nymph is changing into a laurel-tree; the delicate character of the figures, the sprightly expression, the smooth finish of the material and the light execution of the foliage, so captivated the public taste, that Michel Angelo was forgotten, the antique statues disregarded, and nothing looked on with delight, that was not produced by the new favorite.—It is true, Bernini showed respectable talents in the group abovementioned, and had he continued to select and study nature with diligence, he might have been a most valuable artist; but sudden success prevented him, he never improved; the immense works, crowded on him, made him spurn all example, and consider only how he might send out his models and designs most speedily.

The attitudes of his figures are much twisted, the heads turned with a meretricious grace, the countenances simper affectedly or are deformed by low passions, the poor and vulgar limbs and bodies are loaded with draperies of such protruding or flying folds, as equally expose the unskilfulness of the artist and the solidity of the material on which he worked; his groups have an unmeaning connection, and his Basso Relievos are filled up with buildings in perspective, clouds, water, diminished figures, and attempts to represent such aerial effects, as break down the boundaries of painting and sculpture, and confound the two arts. Pope Urban the Eighth was patron of this artist, and so passionately did he admire and promote his works, that not contented with spending immense sums upon them, he took the ancient bronze ornaments from the roof in the portico of the Pantheon, to the amount of 186,000 pounds, for Bernini to cast his bizarre and childish baldequin for St. Peter's, and then published their mutual shame in a boasting Latin inscription, affixed to the building he had robbed so shamefully.—Thus the Pope and the Sculptor carried all before them in their time, and sent out a baleful influence, which corrupted public taste upwards of one hundred years afterwards.

Rusconi, Mocho, Bolgio, Quesnoy (commonly called Fiamingo,) and the inferior Sculptors of the time, adopted the popular taste, which their scholars continued, and its last puny and insipid effects are to be seen in the statues at the Fountain of Trevi, and monument of Benedict the Fourteenth, executed by Bracci and Sybilla, in St. Peter's Church, about fifty years since.

Nearly the same taste in the Arts of Design, which prevailed in Italy, prevailed also in France, as the latter country was supplied with Art, or Artists, from the former; thus, when Lewis the Fourteenth invited Bernini to come into France, Bernini answered, "that he had no need of *him*, whilst he had such a Sculptor as *Puget*." Puget's works were somewhat more dry, and detailed than Bernini's; Girardon's (his cotemporary) were more heavy; but they were all of the same School. The opinion of Bernini confirmed the Monarch, and the same bad taste was cultivated in France with as much zeal as it was fostered in Italy; as we see by the works of Bouchardon, Boucher, &c., who continued it to the same time which extinguished its last feeble efforts in both countries.

Spain, Germany, and the other nations of Europe,

receiving their supplies of Fine Art from the two countries abovementioned, were consequently influenced by the same motives and trammelled in the same taste, which was at this period become so degraded, as to be at the point of utter dissolution, had not some controlling circumstances arisen, which assisted in its revival:

The King of Naples had, in part, cleared the ruins of Herculaneum, and Pompeii, which exposed to view streets, dwelling houses, Temples, Theatres, Baths, and public places, nearly in the same state as when they were inhabited 1700 years before; these discoveries brought back to the light of day, as it were by miracle, 700 ancient paintings, and a prodigious number of bronze statues and busts, of the finest Greek Sculpture.

The success of these discoveries, and the interest they excited, stimulated the Popes, Roman Nobility, and Antiquarians, to make excavations wherever there was a probability their labours would be rewarded. These researches fortunately recovered from oblivion innumerable pieces of exquisite Sculpture; many of the most precious formed the Clementine Museum: many enriched the Borghese, Albani, and other collections; several passed into Germany, Holland, Sweden, Russia, France, and Spain:

England was not insensible to the opportunity, and several intelligent, and spirited individuals, profited by this profusion of ancient treasure. Such acquisitions roused attention from all quarters; they were eagerly visited, greedily examined, dissertations and memoirs were written concerning them, and systematic inquiries into their principles published. During all this research and analysis, frequent comparisons were made with the modern works, the remains of the bad taste above-mentioned, and which were found so deficient in every excellence, that they were universally abandoned to contempt. The interested antiquarian, with sordid cruelty, and to raise the price of his own commodity, whispered, that modern talents were unequal to the meanest of these productions, and sometimes he found a senseless purchaser, whose only measure of intelligence was the abundance of his wealth; who would pay dearly enough for any thing that was called ancient, to be received into the number of the Conoscenti, and join in the outcry against modern ability.

All this, however, brought in a new and severer mode of study among the artists, with a more diligent attention to nature and the antique, and has enabled some of them to exhibit performances much more on

a level with the merit of those works, than the insensible can feel, or the interested choose to own.

Having marked these phenomena in the hemisphere of art, we should now turn our thoughts more particularly to England, and see in what manner our own country was affected by their influence. Previous to the reformation, although *Italian* Artists were employed in ornamenting our Churches and Tombs, yet in the old Histories, Records, and Contracts of public buildings, there are abundant names of *English* painters and sculptors, who appear to have been considered able masters in their time, perhaps not inferior to their Italian fellow-workmen. But after Henry the Eighth's separation from the Church of Rome, Elizabeth, proceeding in the Reformation, destroyed the pictures and images in the Churches; strictly forbidding any thing of the kind to be admitted in future, under the severest penalties, as being catholic and idolatrous. This entirely prevented the exercise of historical painting, or sculpture in this country; at the very time that Raffaelle and Michel Angelo had brought those arts into the highest estimation on the Continent.—The rebellion, in 1648, completed what the reformation had begun; the

fanatics defaced whatever they could, that the former inquisition had spared; they broke painted windows and tombs, carried away the monumental brass, and church-plate, crying, "Cursed be he, that doth the work of the Lord deceitfully."—Thus the Artist, terrified by the threats of the Sovereign, the denunciation of death or perpetual imprisonment from the laws, and scared by fanatical anathemas, found that his only hope of safety rested upon quitting for ever a profession, which enclosed him on all sides with the prospect of misery and destruction. From this time, and from these causes, we scarcely hear of any attempt at historical art by an Englishman, until it was again called forth by the benign influence of the present reign.

When the liberal spirit of Charles the First desired to adorn the architecture of Whitehall with the graces of painting, he was obliged to seek the Artist in a foreign land; he had no subject equal to the task: Rubens and Vandyck were employed, and when the King's bust was to be done, Vandyck painted three views of his face, a front, a side, and a three-quarter, which were sent to Bernini in Rome, by whom it was executed in marble. If our Kings and Nobility had continued to inhabit

castles, as in the feudal times, Painting and Sculpture would have been but little wanted; for, if the walls of the building were sufficiently strong to resist battery, or shot, and contained retreats to secure the inhabitants from the enemy, the end of that kind of dwelling was answered; but in the times succeeding Charles the First, the improved state of society and knowledge had induced the great to build commodious villas and palaces, in which the architectural distribution made the sister-arts absolutely necessary to uniformity and completion. Still ingenious foreigners were employed for this purpose, whilst the native was treated with contempt, both at home and abroad, for his inability in those arts which law and religion had forbidden him to practise.

As this suppression of ability was extremely impolitic and dishonorable to the country, let us inquire for a moment on what scriptural authority the prohibition which occasioned it, was supported. Painting and Sculpture were banished from the churches, that they might not be idolatrously worshipped; and this is just; the divine law orders they shall not be worshipped, but utters no prohibition against the arts themselves: on the contrary,

divine precept directed images of cherubim to be made, whose wings should extend over the ark of the covenant, and cherubim to be embroidered on the curtains which surrounded it. This decision in favour of the arts being employed for proper purposes in sacred buildings, is so clear and strong, that it could only be overlooked, or opposed, by infatuated bigotry.

A succession of foreign artists, as has been observed, were employed in almost every work of importance, from the time of Charles the First, until within forty years of the present day. The painters, Vandyck, Lely, Verrio, Kneller and Casali, succeeded to each other; as did also the sculptors, Cibber, Gibbons, Scheemakers, Rysbrack, Bertocini, and Roubiliac. This variety of artists (sculptors are more particularly meant) from different countries, French, Flemings, and Italians, sometimes brought the taste of John Goujon or Puget, sometimes a debased imitation of John of Bologna and the Florentine School, and sometimes the taste of Bernini; but never a pure style and sound principles. After the Reformation, the chief employment of Sculpture was in sepulchral monuments, which, during the reigns of James the First and his son Charles, were

chiefly executed by Frenchmen or Flemings, scholars of John Goujon, still regulated by the principles their master had acquired from Primaticcio, the pupil of Raffaelle. Some of these works have great merit, particularly the tombs of Sir John Norris, and Sir Francis Vere, in the same chapel with Roubiliac's Monument of Lady E. Nightingale in Westminster Abbey.

The re-building of London, in the reign of Charles the Second, gave some employment to Sculpture. Cibber's works are the most conspicuous of that period: his mad figures on the Bethlehem gates have a natural sentiment, but are ill drawn: his bas-relief on the pedestal of London Monument is not ill conceived, but stiff and clumsy in the execution: his clothed figures in the Royal Exchange strut like dancing-masters, and have the importance of coxcombs. But with all his faults, what he left is far preferable to the succeeding works. The figures in St. Paul's Church, and the conversion of the Saint in the pediment, partake strongly of Bernini's affectation; and from that time to the establishment of the Royal Academy, we must expect to see every piece of sculpture more or less tinctured with the same bad taste, especially the sepulchral monuments, to

which, after the Statues and Basso-relievos last noticed, we must chiefly look for the progress of Sculpture amongst us.

It will be proper here to remark that all the Grecian Sculpture was arranged in three classes: the group of figures; the single statue; and alto, or basso relievo. The first two classes were suited to all insulated situations, and the latter to fill pannels in walls.—These classes not only serve all architectural purposes, but adorn, harmonize, and finish its forms: every attempt to make other combinations between Sculpture and Architecture will be found unreasonable, and degrading to one as well as the other; but Bernini, whose character and works we have already noticed, seems to have thought that he had the privilege of equally subverting art and nature in his works; I shall mention the following instances, although I am afraid their extreme absurdities will prevent such of those from believing the descriptions as have not seen the things themselves.—In the area before the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, he raised a bronze elephant on a pedestal, and on the elephant's back placed an Egyptian obelisk: the architecture of the east window in St. Peter's Church, he has loaded with many tons weight of stucco clouds, out of which issue huge rays, in-

tended for light or glory, of the same materials, but long and thick enough for the beams of a house.—Extravagances of this kind, and many others that he has committed, have fortunately had little effect upon us, because some have been necessarily connected with Catholic Churches, and others introduced in fountains, which are only frequent in hot countries: we were, however, the dupes of his school, until native genius gained sufficient judgment and strength to correct its errors, and supply a better style of art. Before the time of Bernini, two kinds of sepulchral monuments prevailed, one from the highest antiquity, which was a Sarcophagus, either plain, or covered with basso-relievos, with or without the statue of the deceased on its top. The other kind was introduced by Michel Angelo, in the Mausoleum of Julius the Second, and those of the Medici family, in the Chapel of St. Lorenzo at Florence. In these the Sarcophagus, as in the former kind, was suited to the niche or architecture, against which it was placed, and surmounted or surrounded by statues of the deceased and his moral attributes. Both these practices were rational and proper; the one for plainer, the other for more magnificent tombs. This branch of sculpture was of too much importance to be neglected by

Bernini; he stripped it of its ancient simple grandeur, leaving it neither group, statue, basso-relievo, sarcophagus, or trophy, but an absurd mixture of all, placed against a dark-coloured marble pyramid, and thus sacrificing all that is valuable in sculpture to what he conceived a picturesque effect.—The pyramid is, from its immense size, solid base, diminishing upwards, a building intended to last thousands of years: how ridiculous, then, to raise a little pyramid of slab marble, an inch thick, on a neat pedestal, to be the back-ground of Sculpture, belonging to none of the ancient classes, foisted into architecture, with which it has neither connection or harmony, and in which it appears equally disgusting and deformed! The first monuments he raised of this kind were two in the Chigi Chapel in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome: this novelty soon found its way into every country in Europe; our Westminster Abbey is an unfortunate instance of its prevalence. Rysbrack and Roubiliac spread the popularity of this taste in England; but, as the first of these Sculptors was a mere workman, too insipid to give pleasure, and too dull to offend greatly, we shall dismiss him without farther notice. The other deserves more attention. Roubiliac was an enthusiast in

his art, possessed of considerable talents: he copied vulgar nature with zeal, and some of his figures seem alive; but their characters are mean, their expressions grimace, and their forms frequently bad: his draperies are worked with great diligence and labour, from the most disagreeable examples in nature, the folds being either heavy or meagre, frequently without a determined general form, and hung on his figures with little meaning. He grouped two figures together (for he never attempted more) better than most of his contemporaries: but his thoughts are conceits, and his compositions epigrams. This artist went to Italy, in company with Mr. Pond, an English painter: he was absent from home three months, going and returning, stayed three days in Rome, and laughed at the sublime remains of ancient Sculpture! The other Sculptors of this time were ordinary men; their faults were common, and their works have no beauty to rescue them from oblivion.

Thus we have seen the nobler efforts of Painting and Sculpture driven out of the country by reforming violence, and puritanical fury: Sculpture reduced to the narrow limits of monument-making, and by these means degraded to a sort of trade; and this department sup-

plied from the corrupt source of Bernini's school, and not unfrequently through the worst mediums. In this state the art continued until the establishment of the Royal Academy settled a course of study both at home and abroad, which developed the powers of English genius, till then unknown to the natives, and denied by foreigners.

J. F.

PRESENT STATE OF THE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Academy was opened on Monday the 4th of the present month, and bears the most unequivocal testimony of the still improving powers of Painting and Sculpture in our country. The effects of colouring, in general, are rich without glare, and the whole appearance of the collection is of a more historic cast than in any former Exhibition; well calculated to demonstrate the force of English genius, and the powerful effects of encreasing patronage.

GALLERY OF ENGLISH PAINTINGS

BELONGING TO

SIR JOHN LEICESTER, BART.

Sir John Leicester is the first patron, who, in a country abounding in artists and teeming with excellence, has dared to set the example of an *English Gallery*, formed on a costly and extensive plan hitherto considered due to the works of foreign schools only. Had such a collection fallen short of the hopes of the founder, or had it feebly vied with the painters of past ages, the heart of an Englishman would yet have been touched with the effort, and the patriotic design would have been entitled to the grateful remembrance of England.

But what are our sensations, when we perceive that encouragement alone was wanting to fix the just pretensions of an *English School?* When we find that the collected labours of our own artists, like the admired works of former times and distant countries, can add splendour to the splendid, and wealth to the wealthy?—The distinctive talents of each artist have been consulted in the choice of their works, and the collection forms one of the most gratifying spectacles which even London can boast.

The following are some of the principal Pictures in the Gallery :

A Girl with a Letter, by REYNOLDS.
A Sea View, by GAINSBOROUGH.
A View of Tabley, by WILSON.
The Calling of Samuel, by OPIE.
The Marquis de La Fayette, with his Wife and Daughter, in Prison at Olmutz, by NORTHCOTE.
A Sleeping Nymph; and a *Lady dancing, in Turkish Costume*, by HOPPNER.
Picture of a Girl, by SHEE.
A Young Woman leading a Child across a Brook, by THOMPSON.
A Girl taking up Water in a Pitcher, by OWEN.
A Landscape, by DE LOUTHERBOURG.
The Fall of the Rhine at Schaff-hausen, and two other *Landscapes*, by TURNER.
The Mill, and another *Landscape*, by CALLCOTT.
Two Landscapes, by Sir F. BOURGEOIS.
A Picture of Dogs, by WARD.

The *Artist* finds with pleasure, that other Patrons of The Arts, besides those mentioned in a preceding number, are also forming *English Galleries*. Sir Francis Baring is in this respectable class; and Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont are said to have begun collections of the same kind. A further account of the other galleries will be given.

No. XIII. *On the Higher and Lower Provinces of The Arts;* and *Remarks on Mr. Stothard's Picture of "The Procession of Chaucer's Pilgrims,"* will be published on Saturday, June 6.

THE

ARTIST.

No. XIII. *Saturday, June* 6, 1807.

Singula quæque locum teneant.

THE Liberal or Fine Arts are endowed with two distinct qualities; the one, of instructing, the other, of pleasing; and their highest praise arises from the combination of these two qualities, and from their success in thus conveying instruction by the means of pleasure.

In regard to the former of these qualities, it is, at most times, a very easy task to decide whether the powers of an art have been justly exercised: it is easy to say, of any particular work, whether it has afforded instruction or ap-

peared destitute of it; and mankind, of course, are generally agreed on the value of works of art in this respect. In the other point, which regards its pleasing qualities, although it would at first seem the easier question of the two, yet the tastes of men are either so differently bestowed by nature or so diversified by habit, that the question of what is, or is not, *agreeable* in art has been always open to controversy; and if there be no other appeal than to the promiscuous multitude of sentiments entertained on the subject, it must be for ever impossible to fix any standard of the pretensions of the arts on this head. One man gives the preference to visible and existing, the other to ideal, beauty. The one wishes to see a resemblance as exact as possible, of familiar, and, if I may say so, of *bodily* sentiment; the other requires that the skilful pen or pencil of the artist should be employed in delineating the most refined operations of spirit and intellect. Both conceive they have a full right to maintain their opinions, since they claim from nature's charter; and certainly, if the maxim "*De gustibus non est disputandum*" be admitted as an axiom, all investigation must be fruitless, and all hopes of satisfactory in-

quiry are at an end. Every man has a right to think his own wife or mistress the handsomest woman in the world, and if his individual liking is to be taken for a perception of the rules of beauty, then there is no longer any difficulty in the philosophical question of *what is beautiful*, since there are, every day, in every court and city, at least a million distinct, perfect examples of beauty.

It has been the fate of the arts, says Reynolds, to be enveloped in mysterious and incomprehensible language, "as if it was thought necessary that even the terms should correspond to the idea entertained of the instability and uncertainty of the rules which they expressed."—But must we then resign all hope of discovering a clue, by which the disagreement of contradictory opinions may be brought under rational discussion and the obscurity removed? Or must every question of discrimination with regard to the true judgment of the arts be for ever thrown back into the absurd and ridiculous chaos of theories concerning genius?

It is at least fair to try what can be done by sifting the principal materials of dispute.

I scarcely know the reason why art is so generally spoken of in opposition to nature, since the whole

business of art is to exhibit a representation of nature in some manner or other. This is a position universally allowed, and therefore I conceive the difficulty of the question to lie, not so much in any misunderstanding of what is equally by all denominated *art*, as of what each party calls *nature*.

How often do we hear those who are not conversant with the art of painting, condemning pictures of high celebrity, *because they do not imitate nature!* To judges of this description it is certainly difficult, and perhaps impossible to explain, that it was not the intention of the painter, in the province of art which they are contemplating, to *imitate nature* in the manner in which they understand those words; that painting is sometimes "not only *not to be considered as an imitation, operating by deception*, but that it is and ought to be, in many points of view, and strictly speaking, no imitation at all of external nature;" that "perhaps it ought to be as far removed from the vulgar idea of imitation as the refined civilized state in which we live, is removed from a gross state of nature;" and (what will appear still more strange to them) that there is a pleasure arising to the informed spectator, from refined or select imitations of nature, at least equal, proba-

bly superior, to that which they derive from the ordinary and far more obvious imitation, which alone they are capable of enjoying.

Yet it is equally certain that if the very same persons were to apply themselves to the study of that art, they would gradually become sensible of these various sources of pleasure. All studious men are agreed that this increase of perception is the consequence, as the delight it affords is the reward, of diligent application to the study of any art whatever.

It has been well, because obviously, said, that there can be no art without art, and I imagine the *art of art* to consist in the skilful choice and distribution of those objects or parts of nature, which it assumes for representation. Of course every art must comprize within itself different *classes;* for as the expression of nature by means of art may be divided into many distinct modes of exhibition, (as is evident from the variety of opinions respecting what should be called nature in works of art) that comprehensive range of skill, which aims at embracing all the various modes of natural expression, must consist of separate classes, some of higher, and some of subordinate degree.

It is difficult in the arts, as in all other subjects of progressive study or skill, to ascertain with precision the nice gradations by which one class approaches and enters the confines of that which is next in order; but it is easy to separate, and to distinguish the separation of, the *extremes*. Without, therefore, pretending to fix their precise unquestionable boundaries, or to account for the mixed appearances of neighbouring objects, I shall only venture to say that the art of representing nature, or in other words, every liberal and imitative art may be divided into three classes sufficiently distinct:

1st, The representation of obvious, and ordinary or familiar, objects, which is vulgarly called The *Imitation of Nature;*

2dly, The *Selection of Nature*, or the representation of objects selected from the great common mass, under some particular influence, or with some particular view or design;

3dly, The representation of remote, and in Mr. Locke's phraseology *abstract*, images of the mind, which I would wish, in the same sense, to be allowed to call The *Abstraction of Nature.*

Having thus far explained my meaning in the terms

which I propose to use, I shall assume them as so allowed, for brevity's sake, and shall proceed to consider the provinces or classes of art, as they consist in the imitation, the selection, and the abstraction of nature.

In the first or lowest class therefore, (as in the powers of the artist *, so in the provinces of art), stands *Imitation*, or the representation of the obvious and common forms or objects. Both the adepts and the admirers of this class are far the most numerous of any, because, as it requires no exertion of mind to comprehend that one mode of speech or form is the exact counterpart of another, and the artificial resemblance always excites a kind of animal joy in the person to whom it is shown, far the greater part of our species is necessarily included in the number of those who either accomplish or attend to works of this sort.

In this lowest class of art are comprized all imitations performed by vulgar or obvious means, such, in the Arts of Design, are forms produced by shadows, wax work or other coloured sculpture; in Music, imitations of the squeaking, lowing, or other noises of birds or beasts; in

* See No. 2.

Acting, drunken hiccups, symptoms of nauseous loathing, excessive laughter, distortions of form imitating natural defects, dying screams, or other actual convulsions of the frame; all of which, whether comic or grave, aspire to no higher name than *mimickry*, a term appropriated to the lowest species of imitations.

In the second class stands *Selection*. This province also comprehends a numerous assemblage of votaries, because there will always be very many, who have a delight in applying the general accumulated knowledge of mankind, and the general powers of their species, to such purposes as are grateful to their peculiar bent or humours. The cultivation of the mind, requisite for the knowledge and attainment of art, for the most part renders this bent gradually propitious to virtue, and therefore the greatest number of works of a select nature assume an instructive or moral air; although the instances are not wanting in which this power of selection has been accommodated to base dispositions, and used for purposes that degrade the social animal. But virtuous or vicious, still it is selection, and indicates a refinement of sensibility, which is no way apparent in the exhibitions of the former class.

It is scarcely necessary to observe to the reader, that this

class comprehends the whole list of second rate poets. In Painting it comprizes an extensive range from Carlo Maratti and Luca Giordano up to the Caracci. In Musical Composition, having no knowledge derived from practical study, I hold it my duty to offer no particular opinion on that head.

Last and supreme stands the province of *Abstraction;* exhibiting the power of generalizing all that we have learned of individual nature, losing, as it were, the parts in the whole, and touching, as far as our imperfect faculties will allow, the essential springs and feelings of existence.

In this field of labour, the labourers will be few, because the exertions that must be made demand the highest, and of course the rarest, faculties of the human intellect. The harvest also will be sometimes scarce, because the obstacles to exertion are difficult to be surmounted, and the reward of admiration will be slowly and scrupulously bestowed. But, the task once achieved, conviction enforced, and praise acknowledged due, the meed of exalted fame exclusively crowns the candidate in this arduous sphere of enterprize. It is in him that we behold and confess the sovereign master of our bosoms. There is no longer danger that his merit should not be

known, but there arises a danger of an opposite kind, that he should become the topic of absurd and inconsistent encomium in the voices of those who are without adequate faculties to appreciate, perhaps even without requisite ones to feel, his real value. 'A critic of the higher style of art is required to possess the same refined taste,' I had almost said the same exalted powers, 'as those which directed the artist in the execution of his work *.'

The distinctions which have been here stated in the classes of art, hold good, I conceive, in every art which professes to transmit to our senses the images of nature. As the proofs of what has been advanced are, as I have already observed, more generally familiar in poetry than in the other arts, I do not propose to enter on any particular examination of works or masters of that art with a view to the present subject; but it may not be useless at a future opportunity to inquire by what clear and acknowledged instances this doctrine can be farther elucidated in painting, where it does not appear to be equally obvious to the public judgment.

At present also it may be worth while briefly to observe, that the greatest perplexity in our criticisms on painting arises from inconsiderately mixing the subjects of

* Reynolds's Discourse, 1786.

one class with those of another. It is remarkable that we talk familiarly of the higher and lower provinces of art as objects really distinct, yet, in our animadversions on particular works of art, we sometimes mistakenly praise them for beauties which do not appertain to their class, and we are much more frequently disposed to quarrel with them for *not* possessing beauties of the same description.

Expectation, surely, can only demand to be gratified in proportion to the promise which is held forth by the adventurer for fame or favour. He who undertakes to play the rustic is not to be questioned for the want of air and grace, and he who only proposes to please is not to be looked on with contempt, because he fails to elevate and instruct.

P. H.

AS it is the first wish of The Artist to promote the interests of ingenuous merit, he gives immediate insertion to the following Letter communicated by Mr. Cumberland, and accompanied with his remarks.

May 30, 1807.

DEAR SIR,

You desire me to give you some account of the Procession of Chaucer's Pilgrims, painted by Stothard, and the task is a pleasant one; for the praise called forth by the merits of a living artist, from a rival in the pursuit of fame, is, I feel, like mercy, twice blessed—

"It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

The painter has chosen that moment for his picture when the Pilgrims may be supposed to have disengaged themselves from the multitude that bustle in the environs of a great metropolis, and are collected together by Harry Baillie, their guide and host. The scene is therefore laid in that part of their road from London that commands a view of the Dulwich hills, where, it may be supposed, the host could, without fear of interruption, proclaim his proposal of drawing lots, to determine who should tell the first tale. He is represented standing in his stirrups, and appears to exult in the plan he has formed for their mutual entertainment. You see the group gently pacing forward—all are in motion,—yet too well satisfied with each other to be eager for their journey's end. The features of each individual are touched with

the most happy discrimination of character, and prove the painter to have studied the human heart with as much attention, and not less successfully, than the poet.

This intelligent group is rendered still more interesting by the charm of colouring, which though simple is strong, and most harmoniously distributed throughout the picture. The landscape has a deep-toned brightness that accords most admirably with the figures; and the painter has ingeniously contrived to give a value to a common scene and very ordinary forms, that would hardly be found, by unlearned eyes, in the natural objects. He has expressed too with great vivacity and truth the freshness of morning, at that season, when Nature herself is most fresh and blooming—the Spring; and it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine we perceive the influence of it on the cheeks of the Fair Wife of Bath, and her rosy companions, the Monk and Friar.

In respect of the execution of the various parts of this pleasing design, it is not too much praise to say, that it is wholly free from that vice which painters term *manner*; and it has this peculiarity beside, which I do not remember to have seen in any picture ancient or modern, that it bears no mark of the period in which it was painted,

but might very well pass for the work of some able artist of the time of Chaucer. This effect is not, I believe, the result of any association of ideas connected with the costume, but appears in a primitive simplicity, and the total absence of all affectation, either of colour or pencilling.

Having attempted to describe a few of the beauties of this captivating performance, it remains only for me to mention one great defect—The picture is, notwithstanding appearances, *a modern one*. But if you can divest yourself of the general prejudice that exists against contemporary talents, you will see a work that would have done honour to any school, at any period.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

J. H.

TO RICHD. CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

I am much beholden to Mr. Hoppner for his candid and ingenious remarks upon this picture, which confirm with judgment what I without judgment was disposed to admire. At the same time, I feel in its full force the great defect which he alludes to; and as I am afraid there is

not to be found any dauber of board or canvas contemporary with Chaucer, upon whom to father Mr. Stothard's forgery, I fear it is not bad enough to recommend itself to any collector of true taste for the antique, and of course despair of its popularity. I cannot doubt however but that the author of this composition, and every man who has merit in art or science, knows too well the value of praise that springs from real genius, to be much discouraged by the neglect of those whom prejudice enslaves.

The peculiar satisfaction I derive from Mr. H.'s letter is, that by the publication which I am allowed to give to it, I present to the reader a sample of that species of criticism, which, if adopted and pursued on an extended scale, would do honour to the age we live in. If our reviewers were generally convinced that there is no use or credit in dissecting works that are unworthy of their notice, they would find their burthen lightened, and their task no longer irksome; for it is not in nature to suppose that it is not a pleasure to them to bestow praise, and I have ever given them credit for their self-denial upon noticing how sparingly they indulge in it. If they would criticize by the inch instead of the ell, what a fund of intellectual voluptuousness would be at their command!

They would then write with pleasure, and be read with pleasure; whereas there can be no amusement in works, that only treat of the distempers of mankind, without prescribing any modes of cure for them.

From such observation as I have been enabled to make in the course of a long life, and very general acquaintance with mankind, I am decided in my opinion that there cannot be an act of greater disloyalty to the interests of literature, than the ungracious method, which some who profess criticism seem to pursue, for no other purpose but to depress and ridicule their contemporaries.

R. C.

LECTURES ON PAINTING.

The Lectures on Painting delivered by the late Mr. Opie, at Somerset House and at The Royal Institution, will be published by subscription, with a Portrait of the Author.

No. XIV. *Causes of the present inferior State of Architecture in England;* and *On the Abuse and the Use of Novel-writing*, will be published on Saturday, June 13.

THE

ARTIST.

No. XIV. *Saturday, June* 13, 1807.

TO THE ARTIST.

Miserum est aliorum incumbere famæ. Juv.

IT is generally felt by all who profess the science of Architecture in this country, that it labours under very considerable disadvantages, yet I have not observed that any attempt has been made to assign causes for its depression, or why the eminent in that art should be so few.

With a hope of inducing some attention to the subject, that may be useful, I venture to suggest what has appeared to me to produce this depression, and the want of eminence in the professors.

I do not consider the present disposition of the community favourable to the architect; as an artist, strictly so

considered, he is not sufficiently employed; his profession is too liable to the assumption of persons who have no claim by education, or ability; and these are admitted to that patronage without which the architect has no chance either of fame or emolument. There are therefore very few persons solely engaged in the study and practice of *Architecture;* the great mass of those whom we here call *Architects*, though many of them respectable in talents as Artists, are under the necessity of combining with their study of the science, pursuits not strictly analogous; and are in consequence, and to their great discouragement and mortification, assimilated with another description of professional men called *Surveyors;* and that name is again assumed by all sorts and classes of building workmen, and others, till it becomes utterly contemptible.

These are amongst the principal circumstances which operate disadvantageously and against the improvement of the science; the stock from whence the bud is to spring is contaminated, and the fruit of the tree is accordingly of an ill form, and without flavour; it is even rendered noxious, and should be hewn down and cast into the fire.

The painter and sculptor rely wholly upon their own individual talents for celebrity; but the architect, when become eminently superior in taste and skill, must neces-

sarily depend in a great degree upon the ignorant and unskilful to form and imbody his conceptions, and to produce that which his genius has planned. Hence he is always liable to be placed in situations that will render his ability doubtful, and no care or attention, no possible accuracy of delineation, can positively, and at all times, secure him against the consequences of the necessity he is under thus to commit himself. This is a difficulty peculiar to his art, and absolutely unavoidable; and if he escapes the effects of ignorance and want of skill, he is liable to other evils resulting from the same necessity, of which I will speak hereafter.

Let us trace the progress of the architect, from his first advance, to that period when all his love for the science is obliterated and his zeal destroyed by the combined effect of the circumstances thus generally described. When the student in architecture has qualified himself in the best manner our public institutions afford, when, in compliance with their rules, he has spent a considerable portion of his life abroad, in the study of works of art and magnificence, which by general consent have for ages been considered the most approved models, whereby a knowledge of design may be acquired and the taste regulated; when, added to this, he is become proficient in

the construction of buildings, he considers himself as having a claim to that patronage and employ, which he will not fail to seek with the enthusiasm of an artist.

At his very entrance into the practice of his profession, however sanguine his expectations of fame and competency, he cannot fail soon to perceive that the buildings which alone will afford opportunities for the display of superior talents and taste, are very few, that there are for them numerous competitors, and that place and office preclude him in many instances. This, however, is the mortification of a moment; his self-love induces him to expect at no distant period to rival all his contemporaries; he hopes to succeed, in time, those who now fill the stations which are the object of his ambition.

But till these important victories are gained, he walks more humbly in private employ, and probably is fortunate enough to obtain a sort of demi-public patronage of a board, or committee, appointed by the legislature to act for some considerable portion of the community; but this patronage, which he will consider as highly advantageous, may avail only to produce the first serious disgust and exasperation of his feelings as an artist; he finds that the members of this board, or committee, are numerous, and that they do not appreciate his talents quite so

highly as he had flattered himself; they have perhaps individually their own notions of architecture and taste, upon which however they differ with each other, and certainly with himself, so that by the time the design which they have appointed their architect to lay before them for their opinion, is approved by the majority, it is become as heterogeneous as their ideas.

Here is a new school for the architect, the principles of which he feels it not convenient absolutely to dispute, although they appear to him to differ from the Grecian and Roman, and, when he has sufficiently digested them, he is to enter upon a task which certainly his studies abroad had not prepared him for, he is forthwith to make up his mind upon all the parts and finishing of the buildings, and to estimate and describe them piece by piece, with all the decorations, if he is fortunate enough to be suffered to introduce any, so that a contract for its execution may be entered into at the cheapest rate, and to enter into this contract, the several classes of building workmen are called by public advertisement.

Thus are the offerings of his study and genius deformed and cramped, and he has the additional mortification to find, that he must now direct the most stupid, ignorant, and unskilful of workmen, and strictly watch

and control that disposition to dishonesty, which the low rate of the contract is perpetually exciting, and which, if not detected, will most seriously injure his reputation, directly or remotely; but if he escapes the consequences of this mode of erecting some of our most considerable buildings, if he is fortunate enough to have under him workmen that are tolerably expert, since all his drawings, combining arrangement, construction and taste, are of necessity in their possession, and are of course explained and entered into in detail, in a way that must lead and instruct even those who want comprehension, and quicken and extend the conceptions of others who possess some little general ability, these workmen, ignorant of the necessary process of previous study, immediately imagine that they are become his rivals, and presume to think themselves equal to a competition with the artist; and, as I have before observed, such is the present disposition of the community towards the architect, that the ungrateful contest is not only permitted, but urged and encouraged, and that appellation which ought only to distinguish the acknowledged professor, is indiscriminately assumed by mechanics and others who are not in the remotest degree allied to any art, either by education, early practice, or study. Nor is it alone in the practice

of an architect that these men are allowed to interfere; the contest is continued through all those pursuits, I have adverted to, as not strictly analogous to the study of architecture, but which are altogether professional, and increase the probability of that superior employ which the artist is so desirous of obtaining: all the patronage and appointments relating to such pursuits are open, and unfenced by opinion: there is no exclusive privilege granted to the artist, no superior encouragement to the man of science, and education; he is obliged to solicit in a strain equally humble, and is constantly opposed to persons of low consideration and vulgar manners.

This, Sir, is a sketch of what those, who are now eminent, have suffered in a slight degree, and others who have not attained celebrity, in a greater; it is what all candidates for architectural fame must prepare themselves to encounter: and can it then excite surprise that the science of architecture in this country is at so low an ebb? Is it strange that the professor, thus degraded and embarrassed, should abandon his love of the arts for emolument, and pursue his profession for bread rather than for fame? Is it to be expected that the artist is to furnish an example of disinterestedness and contempt for riches, not evinced by other superior classes of men, or by the general actions of society?

The history of great artists and other men of transcendent genius and high emulative spirit, who are departed, can offer no inducement for such sacrifice; many of these became celebrated in their graves after a life of difficulty and distress, of neglect and contempt; and they were probably prematurely consigned to them by the operation of all these evils upon the mind: merit and diffidence in rags did not in their time, nor will they now, obtain a decided, admitted preference over the pretensions of ignorant effrontery, and of those whose claims, however audacious, are assisted by an appeal to the refined taste of their patrons at the dinner-table!

No, Sir, before the state of architecture can be improved and the professors excited to that species of emulation which only can render them eminent, strong and marked distinctions must take place; those who have patronage must consider it a *sacred trust* and deposit, the meed only of *science* and *genius*. The claims of the untaught, ignorant, and presumptuous, must not only be disallowed, but repelled with indignation and contempt, till at length they are consigned to that obscurity whence they ought never to have been suffered to emerge.

J. S.

TO THE ARTIST.

SIR,

IF the critical knowledge of an art was invariably combined with the successful practice of it, I would here proudly take my rank among artists, and give instructions on the art of writing Novels.—But though I humbly confess that I have not the slightest information to impart, that may tend to produce a good novel; yet it may not be wholly incompatible with the useful design of your publication, if I show—how to avoid writing a very bad one.

Observe, that your hero and heroine be neither of them too bountiful. The prodigious sums of money which are given away every year in novels, ought, in justice, to be subject to the property tax; by which regulation, the national treasury, or every such book, would be highly benefited.

Beware how you imitate Mrs. Radcliffe, or Maria

Edgeworth; you cannot equal them; and those readers who most admire their works, will most despise yours.

Take care to reckon up the many times you make use of the words "Amiable," "Interesting," "Elegant," "Sensibility," "Delicacy," "Feeling." Count each of these words over before you send your manuscript to be printed, and be sure to erase half the number you have written;—you may erase again when your first proof comes from the press—again, on having a revise—and then mark three or four, as mistakes of the printer, in your Errata.

Examine likewise, and for the same purpose, the various times you have made your heroine blush, and your hero turn pale—the number of times he has pressed her hand to his "trembling lips," and she his letters to her "beating heart"—the several times he has been "speechless" and she "all emotion," the one "struck to the soul;" the other "struck dumb."

The lavish use of "tears," both in "showers" and "floods," should next be scrupulously avoided; though many a gentle reader will weep on being told that others are weeping, and require no greater cause to excite their compassion.

Consider well before you introduce a child into your work. To maim the characters of men and women is no venial offence; but to destroy innocent babes is most ferocious cruelty: and yet this savage practice has, of late, arrived at such excess, that numberless persons of taste and sentiment have declared—they will never read another novel, unless the advertisement which announces the book, adds (as in advertisements for letting Lodgings) *There are no children.*

When you are contriving that incident where your heroine is in danger of being drowned, burnt, or her neck broken by the breaking of an axle-tree—for without perils by fire, water, or coaches, your book would be incomplete—it might be adviseable to suffer her to be rescued from impending death by the sagacity of a dog, a fox, a monkey, or a hawk; any one to whom she cannot give her hand in marriage; for whenever the deliverer is a fine young man, the catastrophe of your plot is foreseen, and suspense extinguished.

Let not your ambition to display variety cause you to produce such a number of personages in your story, as shall create perplexity, dissipate curiosity, and confound recollection. But if, to show your powers of invention,

you are resolved to introduce your reader to a new acquaintance in every chapter, and in every chapter snatch away his old one; he will soon have the consolation to perceive—they are none of them worth his regret.

Respect virtue—nor let her be so warm or so violent as to cause derision:—nor vice so enormous as to resemble insanity. No one can be interested for an enthusiast—nor gain instruction from a madman.

And when you have written as good a novel as you can—compress it into three or four short volumes at most; or the man of genius, whose moments are precious, and on whose praise all your fame depends, will not find time to read the production, till you have committed suicide in consequence of its ill reception with the public.

There are two classes of readers among this public, of whom it may not be wholly from the purpose to give a slight account. The first are all hostile to originality. They are so devoted to novel-reading, that they admire one novel because it puts them in mind of another, which they admired a few days before. By them it is required, that a novel should be like a novel; that is, the majority of those compositions; for the minor part describe fic-

titious characters and events merely as they are in real life:—ordinary representations, beneath the concern of a true voracious novel-reader.

Such an one (more especially of the female sex) is indifferent to the fate of nations, or the fate of her own family, whilst some critical situation in a romance agitates her whole frame! Her neighbour might meet with an accidental death in the next street, the next house, or the next room, and the shock would be trivial, compared to her having just read—"that the amiable Sir Altamont, beheld the interesting Eudocia, faint in the arms of his thrice happy rival."

Affliction, whether real or imaginary, must be refined,—and calamity elegant, before this novel-reader can be roused to "sympathetic sensation." Equally unsusceptible is her delicate soul to vulgar happiness. Ease and content are mean possessions! She requires transport, rapture, bliss, extatic joy, in the common occurrences of every day.

She saunters pensively in shady bowers, or strides majestically through brilliant circles. She dresses by turns like a Grecian statue and a pastoral nymph: then

fancies herself as beautiful as the undone heroine in "*Barbarous Seduction;*" and has no objection to become equally unfortunate.

To the healthy, that food is nourishment, which to the sickly proves their poison. Such is the quality of books to the strong, and to the weak of understanding.—Lady Susan is of another class of readers, and has good sense.—Let her therefore read certain well-written novels, and she will receive intimation of two or three foibles, the self-same as those, which, adhering to her conduct, cast upon all her virtues a degree of ridicule.—These failings are beneath the animadversions of the pulpit. They are so trivial yet so awkward, that neither sermons, history, travels, nor biography, could point them out with propriety. They are ludicrous, and can only be described and reformed by a humourist.

And what book so well as a novel, could show to the enlightened Lord Henry——the arrogance of his extreme condescension? Or insinuate to the judgment of Lady Eliza——the wantonness of her excessive reserve?

What friend could whisper so well to Lady Autumnal —that affected simplicity at forty, is more despicable

than affected knowledge at fifteen?—And by what better means could the advice be conveyed to Sir John Egotist —to pine no more at what the world may say of him; for that men like himself are too insignificant for the world to know.

A novel could most excellently represent to the valiant General B—, that though he can forgive the miser's love of gold, the youth's extravagance and even profligacy; that although he has a heart to tolerate all female faults, and to compassionate human depravity of every kind; he still exempts from this his universal clemency—the poor delinquent soldier.

The General's wife, too, forgives all injuries done to her neighbours: those to herself are of such peculiar kind, that it would be encouragement to offenders, not to seek vengeance.—The lovely Clarissa will pardon every one—except the mantua-maker who spoils her shape.—And good Sir Gormand never bears malice to a soul on earth—but to the cook who spoils his dinner.

That Prebendary is merciful to a proverb—excluding negligence towards holy things—of which he thinks himself the holiest. Certain novels might make these people think a second time.

Behold the Countess of L——! Who would presume to tell that once celebrated beauty—that she is now too wrinkled for curling hair; and her complexion too faded for the mixture of blooming pink? Should her husband convey such unwelcome news, he would be more detested than he is at present! Were her children or her waiting-maid to impart such intelligence, they would experience more of her peevishness than ever!—A novel assumes a freedom of speech to which all its readers must patiently listen; and by which, if they are wise, they will know how to profit.

The Novelist is a free agent. He lives in a land of liberty, whilst the Dramatic Writer exists but under a despotic government.—Passing over the subjection in which an author of plays is held by the Lord Chamberlain's office, and the degree of dependence which he has on his actors—he is the very slave of the audience. He must have their tastes and prejudices in view, not to correct, but to humour them. Some auditors of a theatre, like some aforesaid novel-readers, love to see that which they have seen before; and originality, under the opprobrious name of innovation, might be fatal to a drama, where the will of such critics is the law, and execution instantly follows judgment.

In the opinion of these theatrical juries, Virtue and Vice attach to situations, more than to characters: at least, so they will have the stage represent. The great moral inculcated in all modern plays constantly is—for the rich to love the poor. As if it was not much more rare, and a task by far more difficult—for the poor to love the rich.—And yet, what author shall presume to expose upon the stage, certain faults, almost inseparable from the indigent? What dramatic writer dares to expose in a theatre, the consummate vanity of a certain rank of paupers, who boast of that wretched state as a sacred honour, although it be the result of indolence or criminality? Who dares to show to an audience, the privilege, of poverty debased into the instrument of ingratitude?—"I am poor and therefore slighted"—cries the unthankful beggar: whilst his poverty is his sole recommendation to his friends; and for which alone, they pay him much attention, and some respect.

What dramatist would venture to bring upon the stage—that which so frequently occurs in real life—a benefactor living in awe of the object of his bounty; trembling in the presence of the man whom he supports, lest by one inconsiderate word, he should seem to remind him of the

predicament in which they stand with each other; or by an involuntary look, seem to glance at such and such obligations?

Who, moreover, dares to exhibit upon the stage, a benevolent man, provoked by his crafty dependant—for who is proof against ungratefulness?—to become that very tyrant, which he unjustly had reported him?

Again.—The giver of alms, as well as the alms-receiver, must be revered on the stage.—That rich proprietor of land, Lord Forecast, who shall dare to bring him upon the boards of a theatre, and show—that, on the subject of the poor, the wily Forecast accomplishes two most important designs? By keeping the inhabitants of his domain steeped in poverty, he retains his vast superiority on earth; then secures, by acts of charity, a chance for heaven.

A dramatist must not speak of national concerns, except in one dull round of panegyrick. He must not allude to the feeble minister of state, nor to the ecclesiastical coxcomb.

Whilst the poor dramatist is, therefore, confined to a few particular provinces; the novel-writer has the whole world to range, in search of men and topics. Kings,

warriors, statesmen, churchmen, are all subjects of his power. The mighty and the mean, the common-place and the extraordinary, the profane and the sacred, all are prostrate before his muse. Nothing is forbidden, nothing is withheld from the imitation of a novelist, except—other novels.

E. I.

TO THE ARTIST.

SIR,

I HOPE it will not interrupt the plan you have proposed in the progress of your publication to mention a circumstance, which, if not immediately conducive to the advancement of the arts, will not fail, I trust, to be in some degree interesting. I mean, Sir, the late expression of affection and gratitude of the Students of the Royal Academy to Mr. Fuseli, in presenting him with a Silver Vase of the value of 50*l.* for the kind and impartial manner in which he has directed and superintended their studies in his office of Keeper of the Royal Academy.

During the time Mr. Fuseli has filled this situation in the Academy, it has been his greatest care and anxiety that the students should receive the fullest advantages from the regulations and provisions of the institution, and by the most assiduous attention to their improvement, he has encouraged them to connect with their studies the ideas of immediate pleasure and future eminence, rather than those of severity and restraint. He has thus inspired confidence and a spirit of inquiry, which his extensive knowledge as an artist and a scholar never failed to gratify. In short, to communicate instruction to the different classes of students with impartiality and success, has appeared to be his peculiar study and happiness.

Actuated by these motives, the Students united to present him with a small tribute of their gratitude and respect, and on Wednesday last assembled at his apartments in the Academy, requesting his acceptance of this mark of their regard and esteem.

Mr. Fuseli expressed himself gratified by their conduct on this occasion; assuring them, however, that no inducement or reward was wanting to stimulate him to a discharge of his duty. At the same time he wished to impress upon the Students the consideration, that they had in this instance given a public pledge of their determination to profit by his instructions, and by their future application and success in the art, to prove to the world that his exertions had not been misapplied.

Mr. Flaxman, who had kindly encouraged the intentions of the Students, and presented them with a design for the vase, favoured them with his presence on this occasion, and addressing them at some length, took occasion to inculcate with warmth and affection a becoming regard for virtue and morality among the students, as the best foundation of all excellence, and calculated to give lustre to every future attainment.

In the hope that your readers may in some degree participate in the satisfaction of those concerned on this occasion,

I remain, Sir, your most humble Servant,

A STUDENT.

I shall make some remarks on this letter in the ensuing Number.

A.

No. XV. *Of the Methods most easily practicable, for preserving and purifying Water;* will be published on Saturday, June 20.

THE

ARTIST.

No. XV. *Saturday, June* 20, 1807.

Αριστον μεν ὑδωρ.

DURING a period of several centuries, mankind has reckoned *water* a simple, homogeneous, elementary substance,—a necessary component of animal, vegetable, and even mineral bodies; but itself not a compound of other simpler substances. Modern chemists have deprived it of that elementary character; having discovered, that it consists of two aerial fluids, which, in their natural state, are elastic and invisible; but when properly united, form the well known fluid, called *water*. They have also devised methods of forming water by the combination of its

two aerial constituents, as well as of resolving it into its components. But if the chemists have deprived that fluid of its elementary character, they have by no means diminished its importance in almost the whole extent of natural operations.

Independent of its being indispensably necessary to the economy of animal and vegetable life, the important operations of purifying the air, of moistening the ground, of purifying the water itself, and an endless variety of other purposes, are accomplished by a perpetual circulation of water under various shapes, which the hand of the Creator has providently established—That admirable circulation which has been justly admired by philosophers and celebrated by poets.

It is difficult to find a spot of ground where water is not to be found by moderately digging, or where natural springs do not form salubrious streams. Those streams, in their courses, wash the surface of the earth, and carry away several of its materials to that immense receptacle, the sea, which gives life to a numerous and peculiar class of beings;—which opens an easy communication between the various parts of the habitable world, and, at the same time, fixes their unalterable boundaries. From the sea

and other places, the water, purified by evaporation, is raised into the atmosphere where it forms the clouds, and from those clouds the rain falls to refresh and purify the air, to recruit the exhausted reservoirs of rivers, to wash and to fertilize the earth.

—— Pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus Æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ descendit, et omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fœtus.

VIRG. GEORG. Lib. 2.

This fluid so essentially necessary, so generally disseminated, and so constantly circulating, is frequently found combined with a variety of foreign ingredients, from the minutest to the greatest possible quantity. Those combinations render it more or less impure, and more or less fit to answer the common purposes of civil economy; namely, drinking, washing, cooking victuals, brewing, &c. hence it acquires the various denominations of hard water, soft water, brackish water, acidulous water, mineral water, sea water, and so forth.

If the quantity of foreign ingredients be small, the water may still be used, though perhaps not to the best advantage. When the quantity of foreign ingredients is

considerable, and their quality dangerous, the use of that water must be abandoned. But in other cases the state of the water is such as to admit its being easily purified, and rendered fit for use. Now since such cases frequently occur in a variety of situations which otherwise are very eligible, I shall, in the following pages, briefly describe the proper methods of ascertaining the quality of the water; and, when practicable, the mode of rendering it fit for the common purposes of life, as well as of preserving it in that state. It must be observed, however, that here I mean to treat, not of the most complicated mineral waters, nor of the chemical analysis necessary for ascertaining the quality, quantity, and properties of each ingredient; but of those methods only which may be easily put in practice by the master of a family or by his domestics; using a few simple articles, and a small apparatus.

Water, as it occurs in nature, may be distinguished into rain water, spring and well water, mineral water, river water, lake water, and sea water.

Pure water does not exist in nature; but common water may be rendered so by means of distillation carefully performed. Pure water is destitute of taste, smell

and colour; and may be preserved for ages, provided it be kept separate from such substances as have an action upon it. Thus in glass vessels well stopped, distilled water suffers no change. Though pure distilled water is perfectly wholesome, yet its taste is flat and insipid; which is owing to its being deprived of that quantity of air which renders it pleasant to our palate.

In rain water the accuracy of modern chemistry has detected some aerial, and other saline, substances; but their quantity is extremely small, so that rain water may not only be used for all economical purposes, provided it be properly kept; but may be considered as the purest natural water existing, the purity of which, indeed, is exceeded by distilled water only.

Spring water, being originally rain water, acquires various properties from the different substances it meets with in its passage through the earth. For water being the most general dissolvent existing, easily combines with aerial fluids, with salts, with earths, with sulphur, and even with metallic substances. And when those ingredients render it useful for medical purposes, or remarkable for its smell, taste, and other sensible qualities, it is then more particularly denominated *mineral water*.

It must, however, be observed that the name of mineral water is used in a vague and unlimited sense; for very frequently, pure springs, or such as contain a remarkably small quantity of heterogeneous matter, are called mineral waters, and are accordingly used in medical cases as well as for all sorts of economical purposes.

Well water is the same as spring water: yet from its being longer in contact with heterogeneous substances, and deeper in the earth, is generally more impregnated with those substances, than the springs of the adjoining districts, which merely pass through certain strata, and then issue from the surface of the earth.

River water derives its origin from springs and from rain water, therefore it ought to partake of the qualities of both. It is to be observed, however, that though the original spring may yield indifferent water, yet the river, at some distance from its source, may afford a good and wholesome fluid. This is owing to two causes; first to the admixture of rain water, and secondly to the spring water being in its course exposed to the atmosphere, in consequence of which several of its contents are deposited, whilst others of a volatile nature escape from it. Hence a river of unwholesome water seldom occurs.

On the other hand, the waters of rivers, by running exposed over the surface of the earth, are liable to be mixed with animal, vegetable, and earthy substances, which frequently render them muddy and opaque. But in general, if such waters be kept a certain time, the extraneous matters subside, either immediately or after having undergone a certain fermentation, and then the water remains sufficiently pure. Such is particularly the case with the Thames water, which, after having been in casks a few days, undergoes a sort of fermentation, and stinks intolerably. It becomes covered with a scum, yielding an inflammable gas, which often takes fire on the approach of a lighted candle to the aperture of the cask. But when this fermentation has thus decomposed the animal and vegetable substances, (which takes up a few days,) the components of those substances partly fly off in the form of air, and partly fall to the bottom of the cask; leaving the water quite sweet and clear.

Lake water, and the waters of marshy grounds, are collections of rain, river and spring waters; hence their properties are various and uncertain. Adding, that, in consequence of the stagnation, animal and vegetable bodies putrefy in those waters, and contaminate them in

various degrees; yet most stagnant waters may be purified by keeping or by filtration, viz. by passing them through the fine pores of certain bodies, which will not permit the passage of gross matter.

Sea water is utterly unfit for drinking and for other economical purposes; owing to its containing a considerable proportion of extraneous matter. This quantity varies a little, according as the sea water is taken nearer to or farther from the shore, and nearer to or farther from the surface; but, at a mean, a wine pint of sea water has been found to contain about three hundred grains (viz. nearly three-quarters of an ounce) of matter, consisting of common salt, a bitter purging salt, a little lime, with some animal and vegetable extracts. By keeping, the sea water acquires a putrid offensive smell; nor does it become more useful after this putrefaction.

Since fresh water is frequently found by digging close to the sea, several persons have been led to suppose, that by passing through the pores of the earth, the sea water may be deprived of its foreign ingredients. But if it be doubtful whether this purification actually takes place in nature, certain it is that no human art could ever effect it by mere filtration. Two methods only are known, by

which sea water may be separated from its foreign ingredients, and may be rendered fit for drinking, &c. and these are *distillation* and *freezing*.

The substances which, with very few exceptions, have hitherto been found in waters, are certain aerial fluids, acids, alkalies, earths, neutral salts, sulphur, animal and vegetable substances, and two metallic bodies; namely, iron and copper.—A greater or lesser number of those substances is found in all sorts of water, in a state either of *suspension* or of *combination*.

Substances are said to be *suspended* in water, when, in consequence of their being minutely divided, and nearly of the same specific gravity, they remain entangled amongst the particles of water, as clay and other bodies are apt to be. In this case, if the water be left at rest for a certain time, the extraneous matter will either fall to the bottom, or it will float on the surface, and of course it may be easily removed. Otherwise it may be separated from the water by means of filtration.

Substances are said to be *combined* with water, when, in consequence of an affinity or attraction between the particles of water and of those substances, they form as it were a new compound body; and such is the case

when common salt, or sugar, is mixed with water. In this case, filtration will not separate the extraneous matters from the water.

Another state of combination must likewise be noticed, which is when a substance that has no affinity to water, is rendered capable of mixing with that fluid by the intermediation of a third substance. Thus sulphur, which by itself will not combine with water, may be rendered miscible with it by the intermediation of an alkali or a certain aerial fluid. And in this case, if the third substance be removed by any means, the other substance will necessarily be separated. Thus in the above-mentioned combination with sulphur, &c. if the third substance be the aerial fluid; by heating the water, or by merely exposing it to the atmosphere, the aerial fluid will be expelled and the sulphur will be separated. If the third substance be an alkali; by the addition of a little acid, the alkali will combine with the acid, and will leave the sulphur, which will then fall to the bottom, or will form a pellicle on the surface of the water.

This chemical law explains the formation of the earthy crust usually formed in the inside of tea-kettles, and of the ochreous sediment on the beds of certain streams.

When you wish to examine the quality of a certain kind of water, let a clean and clear glass vessel be filled with it, and observe whether it has any taste, or smell, or colour, and if you find it destitute of those qualities, let it stand exposed to the air during a few hours, after which observe whether it has acquired any of the above-mentioned qualities, and, in addition to it, whether it has deposited any thing on the surface of the vessel, or formed any pellicle on its own surface. And, if no one of those effects has taken place, your next trial is to be made by dissolving a little common soap in it; for if it makes a smooth solution without curdling the soap, you may conclude that the water is perfectly fit for all common purposes.

If greater certainty be required, place a determinate quantity of the water which has undergone the above-mentioned trials, such as a quart or a pint, in a clean vessel of glass, or of silver, or of compact earthen-ware, to evaporate over a gentle fire: and when all the water has been evaporated, you will generally find some sediment at the bottom of the vessel. If this sediment be of a whitish colour, and weigh not above four grains per pint of water, it may be concluded that the water is good

and useful; it being scarcely possible to find any water, (distilled water excepted) perfectly free from all extraneous matter. Most of the springs in and about London, contain more than five grains per pint of chalk and selenite, which render them hard and unfit for washing, at the same time that they do not prevent their being pleasant and fit for drinking.

If in the course of the above-mentioned trials, the water appears to have any particular taste, or smell, or colour, or to make a notable deposition, and to curdle soap; you may conclude that a considerable quantity of extraneous matter is contained in it, and if those bad qualities are not very slight, either the use of that water must be abandoned; or if no better can be found at hand, it must be purified by means of one or more of the following processes, which, being easy, may be tried one after the other, until you succeed in divesting the water of its bad qualities.

(C.)

(To be concluded in the ensuing Number.)

MR. ARTIST,

Ut pictura poesis erit.

I AM desirous of offering to the public some opinions on topics relative to the two arts of poetry and painting; but I find my sentiments so widely differing from those of all the writers I have read on the same subjects, that unless I obtain the sanction of your paper, I fear I have little chance of procuring a decent attention to what I have to propose.

In the first place, I must tell you that I felt a great inclination to begin my letter to you (in imitation of one of Yorick's sermons, which having as much of poetry as of religion in them, ought not to be unknown to you) by giving a flat denial to my motto. But on reflecting that it is more my interest to persuade than to surprise, relinquished the artifice, and design to state my thoughts to you in the plain ordinary method of epistolary address.

Sir, Painting, sculpture, writing, and music, are so many distinct modes of mechanical communication of thought and sentiment, and when added to language and action (including all their respective subordinate divi-

sions) make up the total amount of *The Arts of Human Expression.*

I shall particularly select for my present consideration the first of these modes of expression, and I hope to be able to convey to your readers a competent idea of its extensive powers, by making it the subject of comparison with another of their favorite studies.

Painting has been said, without sufficient discrimination, to resemble, or in figurative language, to be the *sister* of poetry.

" *Ut Pictura Poesis (erit)*"

has been adopted from Horace by Du Fresnoy, who has added

Similisque poesi
Sit pictura: refert par æmula quæque sororem;
Alternantque vices et nomina. Muta poesis
Dicitur hæc; pictura loquens solet illa vocari.

The rival sisters, fond of equal fame,
Alternate change their office and their name;
Bid silent poetry the canvas warm,
The tuneful page with speaking picture charm.
(Mason.)

Now, Sir, if you are versed in the Latin classic authors, you must know that a particular expression of Horace;

merely illustrative of the various qualities of different poems, is here enlarged into the declaration of a general maxim; not to mention some obvious suspicions that, for this generalizing purpose, the true punctuation of the original line is deranged. But the mischief done to grammar is not greater than that which thence ensues to truth. Du Fresnoy seems to have laid, in this sentence, the foundation of modern belief in a doctrine teeming with difficulties, absurdities, and disputes. Translators and commentators have supported him by quotations from Greek and Italian poets, and thus established the point as incontrovertible. But notwithstanding these high authorities, it may be very fairly imagined, that one of the principal causes why the real properties of painting have been so much questioned, and so little understood amongst us, arises from this very source, viz. its having been made the invariable object of comparison with poetry.

I shall endeavour to make it appear that the comparison of painting to poetry is the comparison of the *whole of one art*, to a *part of another*, and is a just one, as far only as it is allowable to apply the name of the whole to a part, or vice versa; which I trust, Sir, you

know as well as myself, to be a very common form of rhetoric.

Although I am very willing to grant that *one* branch or a province of painting does peculiarly and intimately coincide with poetry in all its various powers, combinations and intentions; yet, with all due deference to your practical skill, I conceive that there are very many parts of painting, nay, by far the greater number of its divisions, which neither make pretensions to poetry, nor have the least connection with it.

Poetry is defined by Dr. Blair to be "the language of passion or of enlivened imagination, formed most commonly with regular numbers." But what part of this description is to be found, for instance, in the representation of an escutcheon or other objects of heraldry, which yet form a branch of painting? What is there poetical in the most accurate resemblance of a comb, a tea chest, or a regular shelf of books? What in the picture of a gentleman's house or lawn, or the strict portrait of his pointer or racer? Is there any thing poetical in the spacious sign of Mr. O'Brien, the Irish Giant, lately displayed in the Hay-market, or in that of the

female infant Hercules and Lady Morgan, in Oxford Road? Surely, Sir, the most zealous advocate for painting, can never pretend to discern in these works any of the essential quality mentioned by Blair. But I perceive this is tender ground. I am in danger of stirring up

Ignes suppositos cineri doloso.

In desiring the insertion of my thoughts in your paper, I have put my head into the lion's mouth, and you may chop off my delivery at a blow whenever you please. I will not therefore invade the territories of painting any farther in this track; but, notwithstanding the imminent danger I have mentioned, I will boldly confess, that so far from their requiring any exertion of superior talents resembling the divine gift of Poesy, I perceive in the ordinary productions of painting nothing that can challenge the smallest right to the admiration due to superior powers, either of intellect or habitual skill. Every one, you yourself acknowledge, can paint a little, more or less, if he tries, just I suppose, as every school-boy can write a period, or frame an Hexameter or Pentameter verse; and surely a man would expose himself to no less

ridicule by asserting that every sign in London was poetical, than by saying that every measured period or every verse was poetry.

Every thing becomes liable to contempt and ridicule when it pretends to be what it is not. I often walk by a tomb-stone, in a provincial church near to my country residence, on which there is an inscription to the memory of a citizen of the place, consisting of four lines most bunglingly tacked together, of moderate metre, but without any essential quality of poetry. The lines however contain a serious truth; they acquaint the passing reader of the loss of a worthy man, and remind him of his own mortality. So far they are sure to be perused at least with a grave countenance. But unhappily these four lines are in rhyme, that is, they have words of sounds something similar appended at each end; for which reason the writer has thought fit to add to them the following quotation from Horace:

Dignum laude virum *Musa* vetat mori.

I have observed that it very seldom happens that the admonition conveyed in the former lines has

had sufficient effect to repress a smile on the lips of the reader, when he learns this consummation of the tribute to the deceased. The total disconnection of the *Muses*, on this occasion, with any one but Horace is palpably evident.

But if you, Sir, should, from good nature, incline to befriend this rhyming moralist, and to say that by reason of the *form* of his inscription he stands on the threshold of poetry, yet you will not deny, as a general position, that many parts of literary composition (whether from inferiority or dissimilarity of structure I shall not now examine), stand wholly distinct from the Art of the Poet, and are never classed in any one of its branches.

Now, unfortunately, the painter cannot in a similar manner vindicate the honor of *his* art, by asserting that those very ingenious representations of combs, tea-chests, &c. which hold so conspicuous a rank in the ornaments of our shop-windows in the metropolis, or those larger signs of the prodigies of nature above-mentioned, do not rank under the denomination of painting. Yet they have, in my opinion, and I make no doubt in yours also, as little to do with the *Hebe*, the *Contemplative Angel*, or the *Robin Good-fellow* of Reynolds, as the History of Polly

Primrose and Jack the Giant-killer, or the doggrel rhymes of a Country Church-yard, with Homer and Anacreon.

It appears, therefore, from the statement I have given, that there is either a total dissimilarity between the two arts in a very important point, or that there is a want of a more clear and subordinate arrangement of our vocabulary of arts. The difficulty, as I conceive, lies in this manner. The word painting, it is clear, is used as a *generic* term, and poetry as a *special* one.

And how, Sir, is this difficulty to be removed?

If *Painting* be the name of that part only of the graphic art which resembles Poetry, cannot you find some other term for the *general representation of objects by lines and colours?* Or, if Painting be that generic term, can you invent some term of especial preference, which shall denote *one* high branch of the art, bearing the same reference to the whole, as Poetry does to the whole art of the writer?

I leave the subject to your reflection, and remain,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

A SPECULATOR.

THE promise given in The *Artist* of Saturday, to make some remarks on the *Student's* letter inserted in that number, was not with a view to censure, but to offer admonition to the writer. The glow of youthful zeal in the prosecution of well directed purposes has always in it something not only interesting but gratifying. The voluntary tribute to their instructor (unprecedented in the Academy) implies a rising spirit among the Academic pupils, which, adequately sustained and happily guided, may be effective of a new advance of art in our country; and it is easy to conceive the pleasing sentiments, which led them to the desire of testifying their esteem of a person, who has so many claims to their gratitude. I hope and trust they are also apprized of the full importance of the step they have taken, as it affects themselves.

Their action, carried on by united deliberations, belongs not to them as individuals, but to *the body of students*, whose names are publicly registered in the Royal Academy, and I interpret their desire of publishing the account of their conduct in this paper, as

a confirmation of the public view in which they regard their gift.

They are, no doubt, aware that the Present, which they have voted to a Keeper of the Academy so eminently deserving of their respect, is not a tribute of gratitude called for by *a long series* of beneficial instructions, but must be regarded as a lively expression of sensations arisen in them at the view of advantages judiciously placed within their reach.

The zealous spirit of art and of improvement, therefore, which they have thus publicly declared, they are bound by every generous feeling to maintain unimpaired and undiminished; nor do I doubt that this is an obligation perfectly congenial with their inclinations, but it is one neither of slight moment or of feeble effort. Their offering is *indeed*, as they were justly told, a pledge which they have voluntarily given, of future exertions in study. It is a tribute honourable to Mr. Fuseli in every point of view; but it can only become honourable to the givers by the subsequent merits of their works, by their demonstrating in future the ground they have now assumed, and evincing the *fruits* of valuable instruction. It is the duty of The Artist to warn them that, in proportion to

this result, their present offering will be esteemed respectable or rash. His hopes look forward to their success. May the vestal flame of Painting be lighted! *Esto perpetua!*

The Artist.

No. XVI. *Essay on the Connection between Anatomy and the Arts of Design*, and Conclusion of *The Methods most easily practicable for preserving and purifying Water*, will be published on Saturday, June 27.

N. B. The writer of a letter signed *An Artist* may depend *in future* on finding all French quotations translated.

THE

ARTIST.

No. XVI. *Saturday, June* 27, 1807.

[THE following Conclusion of the Essay on the *Methods most easily practicable, for purifying and preserving Water,* occupying a larger portion of this paper than was expected, the Essay on The Connection between Anatomy and the Arts of Design is necessarily deferred till next week.]

Αριστον μεν' ὕδωρ.

THE processes of purifying water are, 1. keeping during a certain time; 2. boiling; 3. filtering; 4. adding certain substances; and 5. distillation.

1. Rain, river, and pond water, by coming in contact with various bodies on the surface of the earth, generally carries away such substances as are merely suspended in

it; hence, by leaving those waters undisturbed for a certain time in open vessels, the extraneous matters fall to the bottom of the vessel, and the water remains sufficiently pure. If the water contain earthy particles only, a few hours may suffice for the deposition. If animal and vegetable substances be in it, a much longer time will be required; as has been already observed with respect to the Thames water.

2. By boiling the water, and often by merely heating it, the aerial fluids and a few other volatile matters are expelled from it. And, as some of the aerial fluids enable other substances to remain combined with the water; by the expulsion of the former, the latter are compelled to fall to the bottom of the vessel. Hence certain hard waters, by merely boiling them, are rendered soft and useful for washing, &c. Hence also those sulphureous waters, and those chalybeate or steely waters, in which the sulphur or the iron is kept suspended by certain aerial fluids, are effectually deprived of their sulphureous smell, or steely taste by boiling.

But whilst the boiling separates from the water va-

rious extraneous matters, it expels at the same time that quantity of air, to which the pleasant taste of water is owing; hence the boiled water has a flat or insipid taste. However, by keeping a few days in open vessels, and especially by frequently pouring it backwards and forwards from one vessel into another, the boiled water will be enabled to recover its air and with it its pleasant taste.

3. The process of filtration may be accomplished in various ways; for any substance sufficiently porous, barely to admit the passage of water, and at the same time not capable of communicating any thing to it, may be used for the purpose of filtration. Of this nature are the stone basons commonly known and used under the name of filtering stones. Also basons of earthen ware, rendered porous by the admixture of sand with the clay. These, however, when not properly burned, are apt to communicate an unpleasant smell of burnt bricks to the water. Water may also be filtered through paper; and the paper fit for this purpose, is an unsized paper called filtering paper, or blotting paper; it being the same as is used in counting-houses under the latter name. If a cone of this paper be placed in a funnel of glass, or tin, or wood, and then be

filled with muddy water; the water will pass through it very clear, whilst the mud will remain in the paper. But a larger and more permanent filtering machine may be made in the following manner. Take a small cask without its flat ends, or rather one of those earthen-ware tubes, called chimney pots, and place it straight up in the middle of a tub, or cistern of nearly the same height, but of larger diameter. Then take some sand, that is not very fine, and wash it repeatedly in boiling water, so as to deprive it of clay and saline particles. Fill about three quarters of the height of the above-mentioned vessels with this washed sand, and the apparatus is completed. Now if you pour muddy water upon the sand in the interior vessel, or chimney-pot, the water will descend through the sand in that vessel, and will ascend through the sand between the two vessels; emerging quite clear out of the surface of the latter; and may be removed either by means of a ladle, or by fixing a stop-cock on the side of the external vessel, about two or three inches above the level of the sand in it. Thus by filling at intervals the inner vessel with muddy water, a constant supply of clear water may be obtained. And this need not be suspected to contain any sand, provided the vessel

be not agitated. This is a process naturally performed within the earth; hence, we find the purest water to come out of sand, or siliceous rocks. Water offensive in consequence of its containing putrid animal and vegetable matter, may be readily purified by agitating in it the powder of fresh made charcoal; that powder being afterwards removed by filtration. On account of this property of charcoal, some persons in France and elsewhere, in preparing the above-mentioned filtering machine, have mixed charcoal powder with the sand, which renders that machine capable of purifying water both muddy and stinking. But it must be observed that the charcoal powder must be renewed frequently; for charcoal will not purify more than a limited quantity of water. In general two ounces of the former will be required to purify one pint of the latter.

4. Water may be deprived of various substances that may happen to be mixed with it, by the addition of other substances. But in order to determine the nature of the substance that ought to be employed for this purpose, the operator must ascertain the quality of the ingredients which are contained in the water. This, however, requires a considerable degree of chemical

knowledge; I shall therefore confine myself to the use of such substances only as may be easily applied, in consequence of certain plain indications.

Two metals only may properly be said to be found in waters, viz. iron and copper; the former much more frequently than the latter. If either from the taste, or from other indications, the water be suspected to hold any copper, it may be ascertained in the following manner. Place a clean piece of iron or steel (as the blade of a knife) in some of the water in question, and let it remain therein for an hour or two. If after this time the iron or steel appears to be covered with a brown coppery colour, you may be certain that the water contains copper, in consequence of which it must not be used; but if the iron contracts no such coppery colour, the water may be pronounced free from that metal.

The presence of iron in water is manifested by an astringent inky taste, and in general by an ochery brown or reddish deposition.

The iron is kept suspended in water either by the intermediation of an aerial fluid, called *carbonic acid*, or by another acid. Place a quantity of such water in a vessel over the fire; and if the iron be combined

with carbonic acid, after a short boiling the iron will be deposited, and the water loses its steely taste; otherwise you may conclude that the iron is kept suspended by another acid; and in this case the addition of a little alkali (as soda or pearlash) will occasion a precipitation of the iron. But the alkali must be added to this water by small quantities at a time, and no more of it must be used, than is barely sufficient to produce the effect.

The addition of a little alkali to hard waters, will, in certain cases, render them fit for washing and boiling vegetables*. A quarter of an ounce of the alkali may be added to a gallon of the water, after which the water having remained at rest for an hour or two, must be removed from over the sediment, if any be formed, and must be tried with soap; for if it still curdles the solution of soap, it is useless to add the alkali.

Water stinking in consequence of its containing putrid animal and vegetable matter, may be purified either

* The ashes of fern, or wormwood, which contain a considerable quantity of alkali, are frequently used in various parts of this kingdom, for rendering hard waters fit for washing, &c.

by means of charcoal, as has been mentioned above, or by adding quicklime to it. A pound of the latter may suffice for each gallon of the water. Let them remain together during six or eight hours, stirring them at intervals. Then the water must be filtered, and the filtered water must be exposed to the atmosphere, and frequently agitated during a few hours, after which it may be safely used, or at most it may be filtered a second time before it be used.

It has been said above that when sulphur is kept suspended in water by an aerial fluid, the least boiling will deprive the water of its sulphureous smell; but if boiling does not produce the desired effect, then the sulphur is kept suspended by an alkali, and in that case the addition of a little acid, such as vitriolic acid (now called sulphuric acid) or spirit of salt (now called muriatic acid) will occasion a deposition of the sulphur. But this acid must likewise be added drop after drop, until it appears to be barely sufficient to answer the purpose.

5. Distillation is the only method of purifying water which now remains to be noticed. The various instruments of distillation under the names of stills, alembics, retorts, &c. are so well known, as to render a de-

scription of them superfluous. I shall, therefore, only subjoin a few observations respecting the operation itself and its result.

The same degree of heat which will convert water into vapour, will not volatilize a vast number of other substances; hence when water that contains those other substances, is heated in a distilling vessel, it is itself converted into vapour, which rises within the vessel and is afterwards condensed into pure water, whilst the other substances remain at the bottom of the vessel. But this pure distilled water has an insipid taste in consequence of its containing no air, therefore it must be treated like boiled water; viz. it must be kept exposed and frequently agitated during a few days, before it be used for drink, &c.

This process of distillation will purify all hard waters, and is the only practicable method of purifying sea water, so as to render it fit for drinking and other economical purposes. But when the water contains any volatile ingredients, and especially the putrid effluvia of animal and vegetable bodies, simple distillation will not render it quite pleasant. In this case it is adviseable to mix some quicklime with the water previous to its being put

into the distilling vessel. Besides distillation, there is another method of purifying sea water, viz. by freezing; for if sea water be exposed to a sufficient degree of cold, a part of the water only will be congealed, and the saline matters of this part will in the act of freezing be driven into the fluid part; hence if the congealed part be removed from the rest, and be melted, it will be found almost entirely divested of any saline taste, and is thereby rendered sufficiently useful. A second congelation of the same water will render it still purer. But in order to freeze sea water it must be exposed to a temperature at least 34 or 36 degrees colder than the usual freezing point of fresh water, which of course can only be obtained under particular circumstances.

With respect to the preservation of water when once purified, it is hardly necessary to add any particular remarks after the foregoing observations. A general rule is, to keep the water in clean vessels of such substances as are not likely to communicate any thing to it; and when wooden casks are to be used, it is highly useful to have them pretty well charred in the inside.

IT is high time for me to begin the performance of a duty to which it may justly be thought requisite that I should pay attention; I mean that of noticing those respectable correspondents, who, although not wishing to appear as Essayists in this publication, have yet honoured *The Artist* with the communication of their thoughts.

The following passage of a letter lays claim to preference, both in point of time and on account of the important topic of which it speaks.

" I HAVE always ventured to express my opinion, that " the cultivation of the Arts, under proper regulations, " was highly favourable to the cause of religion and " virtue, and that by softening the manners, cultivating " the taste, and awakening the finest feelings of the " heart, we promote the interests of the most benevolent " of all Religions. But it must be allowed that the bewitch- " ing influences of Poetry, Painting and Music, are often " employed to very different ends, particularly on the " Stage; and if your views extend (as I hope they do) beyond " the mere amusement of an hour, I should think you

" might do a most acceptable service to society, by point-
" ing out the important purposes, to which these elegant
" arts may be employed. This, however, is a subject
" on which I am not qualified to speak, but it opens a
" wide field, and I cannot help expressing my hope
" that such talents as are to be employed in your work, will
" not be confined *only* to please the eye or the ear,
" but to mend the heart."

March, 1807.

THAT the object here proposed, forms in no small degree a portion of the views of *The Artist*, has, he hopes, been already perceptible: and although the full consideration of the subject may not come within the present period of his papers, it will, he trusts (if he may trust in hope), find a place in them in future.

It may indeed offer no uninteresting subject of investigation, if we should inquire whether Society derives more benefit from the influence produced on conduct by the most instructive rules for present action and the most faithful records of past ones, or from such works as tend to regulate the imagination, and to give a right turn to the desires of the mind. Conviction, adopted from judgment

merely of what ought to be done, or enforced by the most frequent reasonings on past events and their consequences, in the instances of others, is seldom found to make any very durable impression on our minds. We wait for experience in our own individual case, before we attain to any settled degree of precaution. But every regulation of the imagination, every considerate restraint induced on the impetuosity of desire or the fallacy of hope, may have a tendency to establish that just and even direction of the mind, which, at last, is our chief strength in defending us from error, and that uniform conduct, which precludes the dangers of devious experiment.—If this argument appear to my readers a little too hypothetical, they will, I trust, be better satisfied with the following short remarks, which I have just received on the same subject, and which, (as a note from the writer informs me,) I owe to the mention made in my last number but one, of Mr. Flaxman's address to the Students of the Royal Academy, on the occasion there described.

"With respect to the necessity of cultivating moral principles in aid of refined intellectual studies, there can be no doubt that virtue is indispensably requisite to excellence in every art. No mind destitute of the percep-

tion of virtue can be regarded as at the highest eminence of intellect, and the painter, in particular, may do well to consider the perception of virtue as intimately connected with a sense of perfect beauty.

" Painters must know well enough from their general reading, that there are no instances of a vicious disposition, in the memoirs of artists, but that some signs of it may be traced in their works. The same deformity, that exists in the mind, must pass into that which is the product of the mind, and therefore, *cæteris paribus*, the best man must be, in all intellectual parts of painting, the best painter.

" It may not be improper to illustrate this by the drama, where the characters of the writers are clearly distinguishable in their writings. The spectator of Shakspeare's plays is readily confident that Shakspeare was a virtuous man. The peculiar sensibility of Fletcher, the moral temperance of Massinger, the volatile revelry of Farquhar, the licentious profligacy of Cibber, are all equally evident in their productions.

" Writers of depraved minds may indeed adopt, or assume in the characters of their heroes, certain superior sentiments, which are momentarily imposing on all, and especially on the multitude; but, unless the sentiments

are written in *words* likewise borrowed from others, the leaven of the mind will infallibly mix with the expression of them, and the hypocrisy cannot fail to be detected. The want of sound principle will sap the whole superstructure of wit and ingenuity, nor will the brilliancy of the surface be found to contribute any thing to its stability.

"This then may claim to be ranked among the moral advantages of the arts. The cultivation of virtue is as necessary to the artist, as to moralists of any other description. If he means to reach the summit of his art, the sense of virtue must be in the strongest manner fixed and exalted in his mind, and its re-action, or, in other words, the beneficial influence of his art on mankind will therefore be proportionate to the higher merits of his works."

June 23, 1807.

A.

No. XVII. *On the Connection between Anatomy and the Arts of Design*, will be published on Saturday, July 4.

THE

ARTIST.

No. XVII. *Saturday, July* 4, 1807.

Nec tamen hoc tribuens, dederim quoque cætera.

THE Royal Academy of Arts in London, like the other academies of painting and sculpture in modern Europe, has adopted anatomy into its system of elementary education.

Professors of anatomy for the instruction of artists have usually been chosen from among the teachers of the medical art; but the application of this knowledge to professions so widely different requires a combination of talents rarely met with. Minute details of the human structure, so necessary in physic and surgery, are totally

useless in historical painting and sculpture; they may be compared to the Linnæan system of Botany in the hands of a landscape painter. Every man, who has attained to any real or supposed proficiency in any one branch of knowledge, is naturally desirous of attracting the public notice towards his line of pursuit, and of soliciting pre-eminence for that system, which he himself best understands. Perhaps these motives have induced anatomists to look for more influence in the fine arts than their studies can justly claim; whilst artists, disposed to respect a branch of natural knowledge so interesting to all enlightened men, have sometimes passively agreed to this over-rated utility of anatomy.

The necessity for this union, between anatomy and the fine arts, has been admitted by competent judges, but the mode of their alliance remains unsettled. If general knowledge should on any occasion be allowed to possess value, it is when applied to the education of an artist; a man whose views and feelings are always separated from individuality and minute particulars. Upon this ground it is, that anatomy seems capable of serving the purposes of the fine arts, and then only as an auxiliary.

The most refined people of the world have left the models for taste in every branch of the arts of design, and even in mechanical skill they appear to have been equally successful; but the processes and methods, which were employed for instructing their youth, are unhappily lost. If we may be allowed to judge of the state of anatomy in the Greek schools, from the remaining books of their philosophical and medical writers, we must conclude their knowledge to have been very limited. At the most flourishing periods of the fine arts, the dissection of human bodies had not been practised.

Hippocrates, who may fairly be considered the best and most ancient authority upon this subject, lived in the 80th Olympiad, upwards of 400 years before the Christian æra. His writings contain many curious, but incidental, observations on anatomy, totally deficient in systematic arrangement, excepting on the bones, which he mentions having studied from a real skeleton. Pausanias reports, that he caused a brazen skeleton to be made, and dedicated to the Delphian Apollo, which sufficiently indicates the prevailing dislike of that age to anatomy.

The immediate successors of Hippocrates, who taught

anatomy as a part of medical instruction, lived among the greatest artists of the Grecian state. The scattered fragments, which remain of these professors, and the quotations from their lost works by subsequent authors, prove that the knowledge of anatomy had not then assumed the regularity and culture of a branch of natural philosophy. The metaphysics and sophistry of the schools had directed the attention of anatomical inquirers towards final causes, such as those of generation, &c. The *Historia Animalium* of Aristotle is chiefly occupied in physiological researches, without any allusion to the fine arts, although Aristotle was the contemporary of Apelles, Praxitiles, and Lysippus.

After the arts and sciences had been transferred from Greece to Alexandria, the regular investigation of human anatomy was commenced by the two celebrated professors, Erasistratus and Herophilus, both of whose books are lost. But, it appears from the writings of their successors, that they had industriously investigated the heart, lungs, and blood-vessels, the brain, stomach, liver, and several other organs.

Galen lived in the middle of the second century. He was a great physician, and a learned man, having studied

in the Greek schools, and travelled to Rome in the reign of Adrian, as a medical practitioner. He was a practical anatomist, but appears chiefly to have studied from apes and other animals. He was also a great compiler from the writings of his predecessors, and to him we are indebted for what remains of the works of many celebrated anatomists.

Galen is the earliest writer on the dissection of the human muscles; he describes their connections and situations with general acccuracy: he had the care of the Athletæ, and, from his great reputation, must have known all the artists of his time, but he never intimates any connection between anatomy and the arts of design. Julius Pollux, a learned Greek, and contemporary with Galen, who wrote expressly on the names of the parts of the human body, and on many other curious subjects, is silent on the nomenclature of the muscles. One of his chapters, entitled "Pictorum Opera et Instrumenta," contains a disquisition on the terms of art and on painting; such as the colours to be used, the drawing of lines, shadows, &c.; but he says nothing about the application of anatomy to this art. The great compiler of all the scattered knowledge of his period,

Pliny, is very diffusive on the ancient manner of painting and sculpture, but he never associates anatomy with these arts. We may, therefore, safely conclude, from the concurring testimony of all these sources, that the knowledge of anatomy had no share in giving that excellence to Greek art, which we acknowledge it to possess.

If we admit that the Greek artists attained to the highest rank without the aid of anatomical knowledge, the question of its absolute necessity is decided; but, it remains to be examined, whether any peculiar causes operated to favour the success of their studies, and which are now wanting in modern Europe.

The climate of Greece allowed of a more considerable exposure of the human body than the climate of Northern Europe. The mythology of the Greeks favoured the cultivation of beauty and aptitude in the human form. Where all the virtues were associated with corporeal attributes, they adapted their dresses, their actions, and their pastimes, to the same ends. They had the naked human figure continually before them. Its infinitely varied change of contour was familiar to the eye, and deeply impressed upon the mind. At their public games and other exhibitions, they were

enabled to select the most appropriate forms and actions from a multiplicity of examples. They succeeded in giving soul and sentiment to the imitations of flesh and bones, without exposing the bare mechanism of our animal nature.

Under such happy auspices, anatomy could not be essentially required, and the disgust which it excites in general feeling, would be enough to condemn it as a mere collateral aid. On the revival of learning, at the close of the thirteenth century, the arts and sciences were associated with it, and their united progress was similar to what the history of the world affords in all such cases. The rude manners of preceding ages, the uncouth dresses of northern nations, and the bad taste of fanatical or barbarous courts, had debased the very features of nature, but most especially in the human character. To emulate the Greeks in art, under such unfavourable circumstances, required heroic courage and efforts of industry never before thought of. The extreme difficulty of representing those forms, which cannot be referred to geometrical rules, the evanescent motions of the parts of the human body, the difficulty of making such representations with truth, and the facility with which the slightest errors strike

the eye, all concurred to render the fine arts perhaps the most difficult of all human undertakings; but the genius and energy of Lionardo da Vinci, of Michel Angelo, and of Raffael, were superior to every obstacle. These men cultivated all the arts and sciences, which might favour their ultimate pursuit.

Lionardo da Vinci seems to have had a more extensive knowledge of anatomy than any other artist; he was the intimate friend and coadjutor of Marcus Antonius Turrianus, commonly called de la Torre, Professor of Anatomy at Verona, and they, in conjunction, appear to have designed some great anatomical work. But Turrianus died in 1512, at the prime of life. The volume of Lionardo's sketches preserved in his Majesty's Library, contains many anatomical diagrams, better calculated to shew the uses of parts than their natural history. Indeed few of his anatomical sketches are accurate copies from Nature. He has traced the nerves from their remotest extremities to central parts of the brain, and appears to have held the same physiological opinions, which Des Cartes afterwards promulgated in his Book entitled " De Homine." Lionardo studied geometry with the same zeal

and the same happy facility of making it useful; but neither this, nor his knowledge of anatomy, is suffered to appear in his paintings.

Titian was the friend and companion of Vesalius, who together with John de Calcar have produced the finest book of Anatomy, as to its art, erudition, and original research, that ever appeared. The knowledge of Titian in anatomy *cannot be doubted*, but his paintings exhibit no traces of its influence. Raffael, the friend of Realdus Columbus, a celebrated professor of Anatomy at Rome, is said to have witnessed his dissections, and to have joined in his studies; but the works of this great master display nothing of the dissector's art.

Michel Angelo is the most conspicuous for exhibiting the details of anatomy; he had cultivated this subject with great industry and success, and, perhaps, intended to have applied it more especially in his works of sculpture, where the bold manner of marking the masses of flesh to characterise the actions of the body is more allowable than in painting. If any man, but an artist, should be allowed to comment on the works of Michel Angelo, the present writer would feel disposed to regret the anatomical display in all his grand

pictures, but the excellencies and faults of such a man are beyond ordinary measurement. He was incapable of little things, and if this is an error, it still affords instruction of the highest kind to all his followers.

If then we conclude that anatomy is not *essential* to the arts of design, it remains for us to consider in what degree it may be rendered *useful*, and whether, if improperly cultivated, it may not prove injurious.

As a branch of natural history, or as a part of physiological science, anatomy becomes valuable to every cultivated mind, but such curious particulars are wholly inapplicable to painting and sculpture. These branches of the fine arts do not profess to gratify the curiosity of philosophers, but to shew nature under the most interesting and graceful forms, always concealing her internal machinery.

Anatomy is useful to fix the attention of artists upon the most difficult of all the forms in nature, those of the human body. Anatomy is subservient to precision and truth in design; it may secretly give correctness to drawing, but if urged further, it will create disgust.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that the object is designed according to its image in the eye, and that one

eye may be fixed on the object, and the other on the picture, whilst drawing. In practice it always happens that the object is transferred from the organ of vision to the mind, and the hand is obliged to delineate the image as it is perceived by the mind, because the eyes are then occupied on the work. It consequently follows, that any rules which furnish the mind with more exact perceptions, the same must necessarily assist the artist.

For straight lined and regular curvilinear figures, the rules of geometry are of great use, as they supply the mind with exact views of such objects. But although the knowledge of such rules may prove serviceable in every kind of art, yet the display of them is wholly inadmissible in all works of taste or poetical imagery.

Anatomy is capable of affording instruction to the mind, but, except in works of natural history, it should not be seen in the pencilling of an artist. For sculpture it seems more applicable than for painting; and like many other elementary studies, it may come in aid of the greatest powers of genius; but the display of its application requires judgment. Teachers of anatomy should not be allowed to dictate the rules for painting

and sculpture from the narrow limits of their auxiliary art, or they will induce the unwary student to draw aside the veil which gives that pleasing concealment to our nature, and thus expose to the world subjects of horror and disgust, instead of those which excite the noblest and tenderest feelings.

Chastity in design, and genuine taste, are not to be acquired from any settled rules. Each man of genius will arrive at his aim by the road which he finds most agreeable and convenient to himself; and the only advantage he ought to expect from elementary instruction, is the cultivation of his art according to those methods which judicious and successful masters have pursued.

Anthony Carlisle.

MR. ARTIST,

June 29, 1807.

I HOPE your correspondent *Speculator* will continue his speculations on the proper boundaries of Painting and Poetry. Many more of your readers than he supposes, will be willing to agree with him that the best way of shewing the just extent of the powers of any one particular art, is to exhibit its several degrees of importance in relation to other arts of a congenial nature, —as the comparative weight and value of a metal ascertain the worth of the coin.

I am not, however, without apprehensions that, in examining the productions of the various provinces of Painting, he will occasionally meet with a few *Non-descripts*, whose pretensions he will find it no easy matter to ascertain.—Take the following instance;

I knew an old Painter, at a watering place about a hundred miles from town, who without talent for any part of his art beyond what might constitute him a Landscape-carpenter, used once every year to offer to the benevolence of his friends a picture of what he

named *a moon-light*.—They were too polite to contradict him.

It was indeed undeniable that a white circular figure appeared, in the annual canvas, in that portion of space, which in landscapes is for the most part allotted to the sky, and which, in the pictures of this artist, greatly resembled a sheet of thin lead, interspersed with occasional edges or seams of tin, which he called *clouds*. The *round form* which I have described, might, for dimension and appearance, (if it had not been on canvas,) have helped its companions to ascertain the state of the game at any card-table in the place. As to the other portions of the work, called Trees and Figures, I shall pass them over in silence, and your correspondent may, if he pleases, use them, at some future opportunity, to prove the superiority of Painting over Poetry;—for they exhibited by means of colours what no language is able to describe.

This gentleman would have been wholly unable to restrain his indignation, if any one had questioned his being *A Painter;* and I now venture to send you the above account of his works, only from the assurance that, in the natural course of years, the Painter sleeps in the

peaceful grave, or, as he would himself have expressed it in more dignified phrase,

——" Decidit
Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus, dives et Ancus,"

——In the grave he rests his head,
Where now Anchises' pious son is fled;
Where wealthy Ancus, and where Tullus lie,

For it is but fair to add, that Education had at once singularly polished and elevated his manners, and the poverty, which could not humiliate his spirit, having recommended him to the general respect of his acquaintance, he maintained on all occasions a superiority of character, which no condition of life can bestow or take away from such a mind, and which would certainly very ill have brooked any doubts of his professional rank; nor, indeed, have I forgot that, when he once visited a friend of mine, accoutred in a very rusty suit of old-fashioned black Court-dress, he lifted up one of the long flaps of his waistcoat, and shewed beneath it a sword-belt and buckle; adding, with an air of conscious, but somewhat self-complacent, dignity—" The customs of B— alone prevent me from fastening my sword to this belt, which I put on in readiness every day."

But this is digression.—I therefore only request that you or your correspondent will please to inform me in what class an artist, of the description I have mentioned, is to be ranked in painting.

I remain, Mr. Artist,
Yours at command,

Scruple.

P. S. It may assist a *Speculator's* proposed improvement of your vocabulary, if you will acquaint him that Mr. Richardson, in his admirable work on Painting, calls inferior artists by the name of *Picture-makers*, and the highest only by that of *Painters.*

I propose to answer very fully the question stated above, when I examine the *Nature* and *Properties* of Painting; which will form no small part of my employment during a future period of this publication.

A.

No. XVIII. *On the Influence of the Imitative Arts on Manners and Morals;* will be published on Saturday, July 11.

THE

ARTIST.

No. XVIII. *Saturday, July* 11, 1807.

———*Sacer, interpresque Deorum*———
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque leones.

THE effect of the cultivation of the Imitative Arts on the Manners and the Morals, though an object of curious investigation, does not seem hitherto to have received sufficient attention from the critic. In attempting to supply this defect, it will be necessary to separate Manners and Morals, for, though alike in derivation, they are very distinct in their signification in the English language, and the confounding of them has been productive of much error, especially in Epic and Dramatic criticism.

Under the imitative arts are comprehended, Painting,

Sculpture, Music, and Poetry. The tendency of the liberal arts to polish and soften the manners has been noticed by a Roman poet, and individually it is strictly true. The education that is necessary to qualify a person to excel in any of the fine arts, and the mode of employment he must be occupied in, to shew that excellence when properly qualified, must certainly tend greatly to polish the manners of the individual. But it is not so obvious at first, whether a general polish of manners is the cause or the consequence of the study of the liberal arts. Perhaps, however, on examining the rise and progress of the arts as recorded in history, we may be induced to think that the influence of them on general society has been nearly congenial with that on the individual, and that, though some degree of refinement must have taken place before they could have at all occupied the attention of mankind, their power in increasing that refinement was in an infinitely greater proportion.

In Greece, as early as the time of Homer, the imitative arts had attained a high degree of perfection. The description of the shield of Achilles affords no mean specimen of the powers of sculpture and painting, and

the art of music is always mentioned by the poet with particular veneration. With regard to poetry, the Iliad itself is a work that has been perpetually imitated, but never equalled. But what shall we say of the Manners of the time? It would be a bold paradox to assert that, notwithstanding the general opinion to the contrary, manners had then attained a degree of polish, and yet that paradox I shall hazard; and I will instance the picture of Achilles, as drawn by Homer. That he was violent, vindictive, and a slave to his passion, there is no doubt: but I am now speaking of Manners, not of Morals. Let us examine the conduct of Achilles, when presiding over the games at the funeral of Patroclus, among his friends, and under no influence of passion;—and under such influence, the best bred men of modern times will find it difficult not to deviate from the rules of politeness. The attention of the Hero of the Iliad to the different chiefs, his liberality in the distribution of the prizes and in settling amicably their disputes, and his respectful behaviour to Agamemnon when he offers to contend for one of the prizes, exhibit a conduct that may now strictly be called gentleman-like.

But what are we to infer from the Manners of a much

later era, and at Athens, where the arts of painting and sculpture were in the highest state of cultivation, and where, in addition to the poems of Homer, the imitative powers of poetry and music, with the assistance of personal representation, were united in the tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles? I am not defending an hypothesis, but investigating facts, and when I trace the convivial conversations of the time in the writings of Xenophon and Plato, and read the comedies of Aristophanes, truth compels me to confess that Athens, in the age of Socrates, was not the seat of politeness. But if the progress of Athenian refinement had not been checked by the loss of Athenian independence, the succession of the comedies of Menander to the farces of Aristophanes shews (as comedy is the most faithful reporter of Manners), the rapid steps that Athens was taking towards politeness.

Rome very soon felt the effect of the importation (if I may use the expression) of the fine arts, for they were not indigenous with her; and quick must have been the progress of the civilization of her manners, from the time of Plautus to that of Terence. And it appears that Horace was in every respect a finished gentleman. Rome also furnishes us with an example of the decline,

as well as the progress, of refinement, and her manners, as well as her morals, seem to have exactly kept pace with the deterioration of her excellence in the imitative arts.

The introduction of the imitative arts into modern Europe, under any thing but the grossest forms, must be traced to the crusades, and their effect on Manners was astonishing. Their first influence was on those who immediately introduced them, and from the rude and barbarian masses of the feudal system, by their assistance rose the beautiful and romantic fabric of chivalry, from which has sprung the delicacy of politeness and gallantry, which so eminently distinguishes the society of modern times from the most polished periods of antiquity.

As we proceed to inquire into the effect of the imitative arts on Morals, it will be necessary first to examine a little the peculiar power and excellence of each, always considering that imitation only where the means of imitation are apparent, and not such imitations as are really deceptions, and which rather create surprise than rational admiration.

The imitative powers of Sculpture, as distinct from

Painting, are thus defined, in the words of a very ingenious critic, Mr. Knight. "The art of sculpture (he says) is a much fairer, and more impartial representer of beauty of form than that of painting; for as it exhibits form only, it can employ no tricks of light and shade, to give preternatural distinctness to one part, or preternatural obscureness to another; and, as its imitations are distinct, as far as they extend, it can leave nothing to the imagination, nor employ any of that loose and sketchy brilliancy of execution, by which painting gives an artificial appearance of lightness to forms which in nature always appear heavy."

The advantages, that painting, as an imitative art, derives from this difference, are immense; and, in fact, every form and every action, that can come within the span of that most comprehensive of our senses, Sight, are the objects of picturesque imitation.

Something like the same distinction that exists between Sculpture and Painting, exists also between Music and Poetry. The imitation of sounds by Music is complete, and that of Poetry very defective indeed; the imitated sound of bells, of religious or martial symphonies, &c. are obvious to the dullest ears; but that echo of

the sound to the sense in verse, which is so much talked of by the critics, I could never find to be perceptible by persons of the most correct ear, who were not acquainted with the language. But the moral powers of poetic imitation are universal, and in one instance, viz. the Drama exhibited on the stage, exceed every species of imitation short of actual deception.

The effect of Sculpture on morals is very trifling; that of Painting is greater, but not permanent.

The representation of an heroic or interesting action, will for the moment excite congenial sentiments in the spectator; a strong instance of which I witnessed in a young man on seeing the first exhibition of Mr. West's picture of the Death of Wolfe; but the impression will not be permanent. Music, as an imitative art, can have no moral effect, but it certainly possesses other powers that have. Though far, very far from being tremblingly alive to musical influence, I yet feel enough from simple and pathetic melodies, not to doubt the effect of it on those who are; and on the same principle, I am not inclined to question entirely the marvellous accounts handed down from antiquity of the influence of Music and Poetry united, though we see nothing like it in

our own times, where poetry seems only considered as the vehicle of musical notes, and which office is equally well performed by prose.

In considering Poetry as an imitative art, we must distinguish between imitation and description: in the last class is comprehended what is emphatically styled descriptive poetry; in the first, such compositions as paint manners, actions, and passions, by the introduction of imaginary persons, and under which are comprehended the Drama and the Epopee, both in prose and verse; for (without recurring to Aristotle, who tells us the invention, and not the verse, constitutes the poet) surely, if we allow the name of poet to the writer of a modern Comedy, we need not withhold it from the writers of the Romance or the Novel.

This last species of imitation takes the firmest hold on the imagination, and has by far the greatest influence on the morals. It may seem singular,—but the fact is clearly so,—that though, as I have before observed, the drama, well represented, is the most perfect of the imitative arts, (indeed in a modern comedy the imitation is perfect) yet the effect on the imagination does not seem at all equal to what we read of the Athenian drama,

which was by no means so close to Nature, or what we see with regard to the effect of Romances and Novels, though only read in the closet.

Both these consequences seem derived from the same source, viz. the superior attention paid to them, and the stronger impression which from this cause they make or made (for the Romance is equally obsolete with the Greek Tragedy) on the imagination. We know how the attention of the Athenians was rivetted to the Scene; and such was their love for the Drama, that they sat to see several Tragedies performed one after another in immediate succession. But when we consider that part of a modern audience, who are likely to be most strongly impressed by scenic imitation, only let us reflect on how much of their attention is taken up with their own dress, and that of other persons, the attentions they receive from our sex, and the idea at present so fascinating to their own, that they are in a place of public amusement; and to these must be added the frequent calls of *Box-keeper!*, and the noise and insolence of that most rude, and at the same time most unmanly race that ever disgraced any age or country, the Box-lobby Loungers.

To the perusal of the ancient Romance and modern Novel the most uninterrupted attention has been generally

dedicated, and to the pursuit of the interesting tale the hours of rest and reflection have often been sacrificed. From the celebrated work of Cervantes, (which would never have been so popular, had it not given a faithful picture of the times), besides the exaggerated description of the distracted knight, we see how strongly the mania of reading books of chivalry had pervaded all ranks of persons in Spain; the consequence of which was a high refinement in manners, and in morals, the virtues of heroism in war, and constancy in love, elevation of sentiment and fervor of piety, carried all indeed to excess in some enthusiastic minds, but which had a considerable effect on all; and to this we still owe the mild features of modern warfare, when compared with that of the most polished eras of antiquity.

The effects of the Novel are different. The Romance held up an example, which set exact imitation at defiance; but the Novel presents scenes that we seem all likely to be engaged in, and by drawing not so much exaggerated as deceptive pictures of actions and manners, they have in many cases a pernicious influence on morals, especially in the female mind.

A marriage of reciprocal and ardent affection is the constant reward of female love: but in real life how very

seldom do such marriages take place? Novels, it is true, sometimes give precepts how a wife should conduct herself, if unfortunately linked with vice, but no hint as to her conduct, if wedded to deformity; inconstancy and jealousy the novel writer does suppose to exist in human nature, but infirmity and personal decay are entirely out of the catalogue. The unhappy heroine is never instructed how to support with fortitude and complacency the society of an unworthy husband; the story always holds out to her the time when the hand of fate shall free her from her misery, and leave her to the arms of the man of her choice*. Happily or unhappily (for I will not determine which, as perhaps the remedy may be worse than the disease) the perpetual round of amusement, in which all the higher and a very large proportion of the middle ranks of society are engaged, leaves very little opportunity for the young and thoughtless to be deeply impressed by the imitative arts; and those of firmer years and mind, who are deeply involved in the

* I once heard a girl at work in the fields, sing these lines:

"When my parents came to know
I lov'd *Dick* the *Drummer* so;
O, said they, you had by half
Better marry *Plow-boy Ralph.*"

I said to myself, this is at once the fable of all the Novels I ever read.

serious duties of life, will find only salutary effects from their cultivation. In a word, there can be no question but that refinement of manners has been, in general, the immediate and obvious consequence of the extended influence of the imitative arts; and with regard to morals, so friendly do they seem to their improvement, that I should have no high opinion of the social virtues of that man, who was insensible to their powers, and be ready to apply to him, who was entirely unmoved by this universal harmony of sensation, this music of the mind, what our great poet applied to the man, who is not moved by the concord of sweet sounds.

H. J. P.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARTIST.

YOU were polite enough to express a wish, dear Sir, that, when I might have a few leisure moments, I would communicate a brief abstract of the theatrical events of the season, which has just closed. As far as such an abstract shall be historical, it may afford documents to those who shall hereafter think the progress of the stage deserving of inquiry; and, as I believe the stage to be a very efficient school of morality, I am persuaded

it will gradually become a subject of great, of popular, and of worthy research. I know not how far what I am about to write may answer the end you had in view, but I can only give a general outline, or sketch; having neither time, materials, nor intention to finish the picture.

The question that first presents itself is—What are the novelties the season has produced? We next ask—In what degree of estimation were they held? Answers to both these inquiries may impartially be obtained, from the play-bills of the time. By these we are informed that, including comedies, plays, operas, farces, and pantomimes, no less than twenty new pieces appeared; eleven at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, and nine at Covent-garden. Eleven of these were afterpieces, of various descriptions; and nine claimed the superior rank of comedy, play, or opera, six of which were brought forward at Drury-lane, and but three at Covent-garden.

Beside these, a comedy called THE FARO TABLE, was announced at Drury-lane, written by the late Mr. Tobin, author of the *Honey-moon;* which was suddenly withdrawn. The reason was supposed to be, that a discovery had been made of an incident, which might be thought

personal, though it related to a deceased Lady. To suppress scandal might be a duty; but to accept a comedy, put it in rehearsal, repeat it till it was ready for representation, and not to discover this incident, on which the success of the piece, as it was said, greatly depended, till the eve of the performance, appears to be as extraordinary an incident as either this or any other comedy could afford. However, so it was; and it has been and may truly be asserted that many of the real events of life are too incredible for dramatic purposes.

The first fruits of the season were tasted at Covent-garden: a piece, by Mr. Dimond, was there produced, entitled ADRIAN AND ORRILA, and favourably received. Being serious, it was entitled a play, and, in a certain sense, gave promise of improvement, for the language had the frequent fault of being too flowery: in eager search of metaphor, simile, and poetic figure, it shewed an aptitude to forget or neglect passion, of which however it was far from destitute, and on which its success wholly depended. In the exhibition of the principal female character, Miss Smith gained no small increase of reputation: nor was it easy to determine whether she did herself or the author most service.

The comedy that next appeared, November 20, 1806,

was THE VINDICTIVE MAN, by Mr. Holcroft. Its life was short; it was performed but twice.—Authors, like the makers of escutcheons, frequently write *Resurgam* under their labours; whether with the same certainty can only be decided by time. Those persons who think it worth the trouble, may in the present instance make their own calculations; for the piece, being published, is at the mercy of every man. For obvious reasons, I am silent.

On the same evening, November 20, THE DESERTS OF ARABIA, announced as a grand operatical entertainment, was performed, at the Theatre Royal Covent-garden. Mr. Reynolds was the author, and the piece was so far well received that it was played twelve or fifteen times; and, though it did not add greatly to the author's fame, neither did it greatly detract.

On the 24th of the same month, TEKELI, a melo-drame, from the French, by Mr. Hooke, the music by Mr. Hooke senior, was first represented. It had considerable interest, but reminded us a little too much, in its construction, of *The Escapes*, and other French pieces: however it became a favourite, and was the best support of the Theatre, Drury-lane, before Christmas.

At the same Theatre, December 10, a new farce, with the whimsical title, Mr. H—, was performed. Mr. H— was ashamed of the vulgarity of his name, Mr. Hogsflesh: the author had great humour, but he endeavoured to make this single incident supply materials for the whole piece, and therefore failed. Authors are generally too soon satisfied with their efforts: audiences are so different, that there are no means of foreseeing how they will feel and act; at some times their lenity excites amazement; at others their severity is little less than outrageous. This Theatre, in particular, had, through the season, repeated proofs of the latter propensity.

The following evening, December 11, at the other house, another new farce, entitled Arbitration, made its first appearance. Mr. Reynolds, the author, was well aware of the danger of pre-conceived opinions, and personal prejudices; he therefore kept himself incognito, and it was whispered through the house to be the first effort of Mr. Lewis, who performed the principal character in a truly pleasant manner. It was received with applause, and, in concert with its twin brother, *The Deserts of Arabia*, kept possession of the house till the high and mighty Mother Goose served them with an ejectment.

Christmas now comes, and with him brings his gambols; mask, mime, and pantomime. THE ENCHANTERS, at Old Drury, took the lead, but were soon obliged to fall into the rear, and end an inefficient march. This pantomime came out on the 26th of December, drew but little attention, and on the 29th was wholly eclipsed by HARLEQUIN AND MOTHER GOOSE. The alliance between these renowned persons was a memorable event in the annals of Covent-garden: it nightly astonished Door-keepers, filled the Box-book, enriched the Treasury, rejoiced the Proprietors, and relieved the Manager from disquietude. "Incessant praise to thee," they cried and continue to cry, "Oh Mother Goose, "for thine were truly Eggs of Gold! Upward of eighty "nights they dropped from thee; somewhat diminished "in size, at length, but still sterling, still of Gold!"

> Immortal shade of Shakspeare, say, did not
> Thy canonized bones, hears'd in death, burst
> Their cearments? Did not the sepulchre ope
> His ponderous and marble jaws, to cast
> Thee up again?

MOTHER GOOSE and *The Tempest*, MOTHER GOOSE and *Macbeth*, MOTHER GOOSE, *Arbitration*, and *The Deserts of*

*Arabia**, the most sublime or the most farcical of effusions, alike, are dainty fare, served up to table with MOTHER GOOSE: she has a relish so divine, that any cookery, sanctioned by her presence, is most excellent! At such times, the potent alderman, Appetite, is never absent.

Old Drury endeavoured to make head against this sudden influx, this torrent of popularity: a comic opera, of three acts, called FALSE ALARMS, by Mr. Kenny, the music by Messieurs King and Braham, appeared on the 12th of January, 1807, at that Theatre, and was performed above twenty nights.

On the 28th of the same month, ASSIGNATION, a comedy, by Miss Lee, was brought forward, at the same house; but, though not still-born, its death was sudden; it fell with the curtain. With laudable industry, the Duchess, Drury, renewed her efforts, and, on February 19, produced THE CURFEW, a play, by the late Mr. John Tobin, of the language of which it would be difficult to speak in praise too high, or too much to censure its improbability of plot; however, it rather tended to increase than diminish a respect for the talents of the author; it had not less than twenty representations.

Fortunately, it may be supposed, for the pockets of the

* Jan. 6, 1807, these three pieces were the entertainment of the evening.

author, while the popularity of MOTHER GOOSE was undiminished, TOWN AND COUNTRY, a comedy, by Mr. Morton, was represented, on the 10th of March, supported by several of the best actors of the house, among whom was Mr. Kemble. It had not quite so great a run as the *Curfew*.

Two nights afterward, at Drury-lane, an after-piece, called THE YOUNG HUSSAR, by Mr. Dimond, made its first appearance, and the author was a second time this season successful: but in either instance, he brought with him no great tide of popularity.

With April fools, or, to speak more intelligibly, on the first of April, a more terrible successor, THE WOOD DÆMON, a melo-drame, burst to view! A dreadful spectre! To much astonishment he added much delight, while acclamation bad him come again, and many times again. Mr. M. G. Lewis was his lawful father; his children are wont to give delight and terror.

On the 10th of April, Covent-garden produced WHISTLE FOR IT, an after-piece, said to be written by the Honorable Mr. Lamb; and on the 16th, THE OGRE AND LITTLE THUMB, an entertainment, attributed to young Mr. Harris, appeared, and survived: but neither of these

had power to resist the incantations of MOTHER GOOSE: they lived, but lingered.

In order of time, I should first have mentioned a comedy, by Mr. Cherry, called A DAY IN LONDON, which appeared April 9, at Drury-lane, but, which, after the third representation, was laid aside.

On May 8, at Covent Garden, the same author had a piece brought forth, called PETER THE GREAT, which was performed a few times.

Two other pieces were brought out, for benefits; one, April 30th, called ADELGITHA, for the benefit of Mrs. Powell, which was afterward adopted by the Theatre, and several times performed. The other, May 9th, for the benefit of Mr. Fawcett, was entitled MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE; but with his benefit these miseries seemed to end, for we heard no more of them.

Except the performers, Mr. Melvin, Miss Ray, and a few others who, if they have merits, will hereafter make them known, I know of no other novelties, and here, dear Sir, my summary ends. I am much afraid you and your readers will think it much too long.

T. H.

No. XIX. *Classes of the Human Powers of Intellect*; will be published on Saturday, July 18.

THE

ARTIST.

No. XIX. *Saturday, July* 18, 1807.

TO THE ARTIST.

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Natus homo est.— OVID.

WHILST I perceive it to be the aim of your work to present successive objects of study for the improvement of our minds, it may not be wholly from your purpose to enter on a short examination of the general composition of those minds, which you are thus labouring to adorn. I propose therefore to offer you some thoughts on the various degrees of power, which appear in the human intellect; or, to speak more correctly, of the various degrees of

intellectual capacity, which distinguish the human animal. For though all men are, as we trust and believe, capable of the divine faculty of reason, the first and last numbers of the following classification excepted, yet it is not to all that the heavenly beam is disclosed in its splendour. Rare indeed is that perfect

——"creature, who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, bears erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Governs the rest, self-knowing :——Thence,
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
And grateful to acknowledge whence the good
Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works."

I shall merely, in the present paper, throw out a few hints on a subject, of which I may hereafter treat more copiously, and shall briefly state the general heads of a classification of human beings with regard to intellect.

1. In the first and lowest order I place the idiot;—the mere vegetative being, totally destitute of intellect.

2. In the second rank I shall mention that description of Being just lifted into intellectuality, but too weak and imperfect to acquire judgment; who can perform some of the minor offices of life—can shut a door—blow a fire—express sensations of pain, &c., and, although faintly endowed with perceptions of comparative good, is yet too feeble to discriminate with accuracy. A Being of this degree may, with sufficient propriety, be denominated the weak, silly, poor creature,—the *Dolt*.

3. The third class is best described by the general term of *Mediocrity*, and includes the large mass of mankind. These crowd our streets, these line our files, these cover our seas. It is with this class that the world is peopled. These are they who move constantly in the beaten path; these support the general order which they do not direct; these uphold the tumult which they do not stir; these echo the censure or the praise of what they are neither capable of criticising or admiring.

4. It is the best praise of the foregoing class, that from its highest point there is but one step, in the natural progress of intellect, to the central state of our endowments, or to what may be considered as the state of

Mental Perfection, as far as it is capable of advancing among men; the happy union of all the faculties of the mind, which conduce to promote present and future good; of all the energies of genius, valour, judgment. In this class are found the men who, surveying truth in all her loveliness, defend her from assault, and unveil her charms to the world; who rule mankind by their wisdom, and contemplate glory, as the Eagle fixes his view on the Sun, undazzled by the rays that surround it.

From this point Intellect again diverges; but, as I have described it advancing from cold inanimation to gradual warmth and life, so we find it retiring through an increasing heat, in which it appears to be finally consumed.

1. In the first class from the centre on this side of the scale, stands *Eccentricity*, with all its pleasant and unpleasant concomitants: comprehending all such men as are distinguished for great peculiarities—high flights of fancy—unsteadiness of character;—ungovernable either by the advice or admonition of friends; strangers to discretion; for the most part highly irritable; always in extremes of conduct, extravagantly generous and bene-

volent, or miserably penurious:—who excite the wonder, the laughter, or the contempt of the world.

I have in this class a very numerous acquaintance.

2. In the next class, reason begins to suffer, and loses ground, but only in a partial manner. Here arises that derangement, that peculiar confusion of ideas, which characterises *Insanity*. This is perhaps the most affecting of all the conditions of men. We compare the extensive brightness of the mind, that suffers eclipse, with its local deprivation, and estimate the loss by the scale of accompanying possessions*.

* Mr. Hayley has very feelingly described this state of intellect, in his life of Cowper.

"The misfortune of mental derangement is a topic of such awful delicacy, that I consider it the duty of a biographer, rather to sink, in tender silence, than to proclaim, with circumstancial, and offensive temerity, the minute particulars of a calamity, to which all human beings are exposed, and perhaps in proportion as they have received from nature those delightful, but dangerous gifts, a heart of exquisite tenderness, and a mind of creative energy."

"Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony, dispos'd aright;
The screws revers'd (a task which if he please
God in a moment executes with ease;)
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose;
Lost, till he tune them, all their pow'r and use." [COWPER.]

3. The last class is that of the *Maniac*.—Here reason is wholly driven from her rule, and the wreck of the mental faculties is complete. The man becomes a being without sympathies and without consciousness, without love of his fellow creatures, or sense of his creator. Element wars on element, and the last glimmer of the intellectual flame is extingui s hed.

It will not fail to strike some of your readers that the number of the classes, into which I have divided the human faculties, is that of *seven;* a number so celebrated and so often discussed on account of its mysterious qualities and analogies. This is not a question into which I am disposed to enter; but I think it requisite to observe, that the intermediate numbers in the above scale admit of a variety of modifications, and if we were to subdivide them into classes, they would be a compound of the number immediately above or below, till they insensibly glided into one of them.

Thus, if we subdivided *mental perfection* (No. 4) into six modifications, three of them might partake more or less of the quality attributed to No. 3 in the scale; and the other three, of the quality attributed to No. 5, and so on.

It would perhaps be impossible minutely to analyse the

minor degrees of intellect which various individuals may possess. Yet, though no clue has hitherto been found to conduct us through *all* the mazes and intricacies of the human mind, the preceding observations may probably facilitate the inquiry.

E. J.

THE Reader may recollect, in an early part of these papers, a short address from an unfortunate Artist, whose memoirs form the subject of the following letter. Although I will not take on me to say how far it may prove entertaining to my readers in general, I am in hopes that, with some of them, it may have a moral tendency, by pointing out the pitiable consequences of misapplied industry in those who, either from youthful conceit, the fond partiality of parents, or the inconsiderate flattery of friends, have been led on, step by step, to espouse a profession for which nature never designed them, and for which they have forfeited nearly all the blessings that life has to bestow and embraced, in their stead, poverty and contempt; when the same industry and the same mode-

rate talents, which failed in the pursuit of celebrity, would have been their security in a more ordinary track, and might have brought them every requisite to competency and comfort.

> From others' harms learn to beware,
> And you shall do full well.
>
> GALLANT LADY'S FALL.

June 20, 1807.

GOOD MR. ARTIST,

I CONCLUDE you are well informed by your scientific mind and professional knowledge, that all things seen in perspective make those parts appear the largest which approach nearest to our eye. A similar effect is produced by the influence of that partiality which every man feels for himself; and although I am well aware that to some I may appear so distant in the horizon that I am almost lost in the vanishing point, yet, in my own view of the prospect, I am not only by very much the largest, but also the most finished figure in the whole extensive circle, and with this prepossession, I can have no doubt that whatever relates to myself or my concerns must be infinitely interesting to you.

It was my ill fortune to have been born in one of the counties of England the most distant from the metropolis, and this untoward circumstance debarred me from every means of early improvement in my darling study. It would be mere affectation (which I detest) were I not ingenuously to confess that I think I had, from my birth, a *genius for painting*, which in my own opinion was evidently proved by the early love I shewed towards the art, notwithstanding my father, good man, never would give me the least encouragement in such a notion; for although he was a wise man in many respects, yet it seemed to me that he had too much of the dry philosopher about him, and did not think it consistent with prudence to trust any thing to the risk of fortune or chance, if it were possible to avoid it, and with whatever eagerness I urged my claims to eminence in the art, he still answered coldly, insisted on its being a very precarious undertaking, and said that none but such as were by nature blessed with uncommon abilities would succeed in it; adding that he should much rather see me a good honest shoemaker, as that was a safe and sure maintenance, since every body at some time or other must be in want of good shoes, but that nobody at any time would be in want of bad pictures.

All this pithy advice sounded in my ears little better than folly or ignorance. It was still a fixed thing in my own mind that *I had a genius*, and drawing was my only delight, which he called idling; indeed it might *to him* have that appearance, for I must honestly confess that I always felt an aversion to every thing which was given me to do as a task, and instead of trying to write a good round hand, or to cast up a sum in arithmetic, I generally spent the time in scrawling figures and landscapes on my copy-book. Whenever a strolling painter came into the town, I was sure to be his constant follower, greatly to the displeasure of my father, who generally checked my ardour by dryly saying, Hold! hold! this intimacy will end in his borrowing money of me, and then we must take the debt out in pictures, or get nothing, which is the same thing. You may conceive how all this sounded in my ears. —That *genius* should be thus treated!—All my friends and acquaintance persevered in their opinion of my wonderful talents, and although my father would not take their word, I did. I therefore grew impatient, and determined to take the first opportunity of quitting his house, whether with or without his consent, being fully convinced that I should make my name illustrious in the art. Accordingly

on a fine May morning I set out for London, filled with all the enthusiasm of youth, and elated with my ideal prospects of future success.

As I approached the great city, which I had never seen, it seemed to me that I trod on the clouds, and was at the entrance of Paradise; however, when in London, I had powerful competitors to encounter, and I found myself in the state of the harper in the fable, who, after having been the wonder of his native town, was astonished at being hissed off the London stage. Nevertheless, I persisted undismayed, and now resolved to become a Portrait-Painter.

But here also I soon found a considerable difference in the face of the world towards me: At my father's house, where I had never offered my works for sale, I had been used to have the most excessive praises bestowed on my performances, for that cost the donors nothing; but now, as I was to be paid for them, the case was materially altered, since all who came had a right to speak their mind, and to examine sharply whether they had got an equivalent for their money. I took care always to make my likenesses uncommonly strong,—they sometimes perhaps bordered a little on *caricatura*, which occasioned

my being often told they were not handsome enough; and not unfrequently even the *likeness* was disputed, and all that I could say in my own behalf went for nothing: it was only lost labour for me to assert that it was impossible for resemblances to be stronger, even if Raffaelle himself had drawn them; no one would take my word, and I was obliged to submit patiently to have it proved by a very severe, and as I thought, a very unjust trial, as it was carried on before a numerous jury, of whom many were certainly not my *Peers*, and yet I was not allowed the power of challenging a single one amongst them. The portrait I had drawn was to stand the test of being known and approved of, not only by my employer, but also by a long train of sycophant followers, to wit; ignorant, affected ladies' maids, humble, flattering, dependent cousins, nursery-maids both wet and dry, new born babes and favorite dogs; and if all these did not give a verdict in my favour, my work was left upon my hands, and my employers became my inveterate enemies, with as much rage against me as if I had made their own persons as hideous as they said I had made their pictures: indeed they told me I had given it *under my hand* that they were so.

I now despaired of succeeding in this line, and began

to grow weary of my life; yet something was to be done for a livelihood. I therefore looked about, in hopes of hitting on some new invention, by which I might yet captivate the world: but this was a difficult matter; for every thing I could think of appeared to have been done already. At one time I thought of painting with my toes instead of my fingers, as such an essay at a striking novelty would have been a sure means of bringing all London at my feet, and my heart leaped for joy when the thought came first into my head. I reflected with delight that I was so fortunate as to be in that country and in that very city, so eminently known above all others in the world for their liberal and splendid encouragement of quackeries of every species, and my elated heart made me look down with contempt on all the other schemes of making pictures, whether in silks, in worsted, in wool, with bits of coloured rags, marble dust, sand, or a hot poker. These had passed their day and were forgotten, having been pushed from their places to make way for newer wonders. But there was one sorrowful obstacle to the completion of my scheme, which was, that some little time was requisite for acquiring the proper practice; though I knew a very moderate degree would

have been sufficient to satisfy the eager curiosity of an idle multitude, glad to catch at any means by which they may get rid of themselves and a tedious hour: but as I was actually without either money or credit, I had great apprehensions that I should have run the hazard of being starved in my novitiate, and this fear alone made me give up the scheme altogether, to my no small mortification.

My next determination was to become the inventor of *the Venetian ground*, on board and on canvas, by which means every painter should be enabled to paint exactly like Titian; and thus, like most other teachers, I boldly proposed to point out that road to others, which I had not been able to find for myself.

This lucky hit for a time proved very successful, and I was employed to prepare canvas for some of the high painters in town; but fortune soon left me again in the lurch, for in a short space of time some of the pictures which had been painted on my grounds became exceedingly cracked, others fell piecemeal from the canvas;—so that I have been informed that the house maids used to bestow curses on the painter for dirtying the rooms with his *dropping* pictures. But that which gave

the finishing blow to my credit in this line of *Art*, was an accident that happened to a portrait, which had been painted by a very celebrated artist on one of my primed grounds. It was hung over the chimney of a very close warm room, and from the great heat, the ground became soft to such a degree, that the eye floated down the face as low as the mouth; and really I must own that it quite spoiled the likeness*.

I next professed myself a picture-cleaner, having an invaluable nostrum for this purpose, which was imparted to me by a friend. But having had a picture by Vandyke, of some value, entrusted to my care, I unfortunately, from ignorance in the method of using my nostrum, nearly rubbed it out, and lost the skin from the tops of my fingers into the bargain. This hurt my character so much, that I could not get any one to trust me with another job, for I had neither the wit or the knavery to paint over again those parts which I had cleaned away, as then I should have stood a good chance of delighting my employer, and making him think the picture much

* A safer method of preparing *grounds* and suitable colours, has lately been rewarded by the Society of Arts with a premium of twenty guineas, and their silver medal.

better than ever it had been; but, when I shewed him the canvas quite bare, he dismissed me with rage.

I was now driven to such streights that the Arch-fiend, who, they say, never sleeps, took the opportunity of my distress to tempt me to become *a dealer in pictures*; but, thank heaven, I was able to resist him, for I had always a spirit far above such a traffic, and I am happy in this place to declare that, in all the melancholy hours of my frequent distress from cold and hunger, even when driven from my lodging and my bed to the street and a bulk (not being able to pay my rent), I have never yielded to the temptation, but although guilty of many sins, I have kept my hands clean from that business; and I hope they will so remain to my life's end, and be laid unspotted in my grave, for I am a true-born Englishman and a lover of my own country. But I am apt to think that Satan, because he could not prevail, has owed me a grudge ever since, and, in consequence, has reduced me to such a state of misery, that I was glad to catch at a shadow, and have now taken to drawing profiles by lamp-light, and cutting them out in paper and blacking them over with ink or black-ball; and by these means at present I pick

up a precarious livelihood. But, after all, my good father's words come frequently to my mind, when he used to say that all the world at times want shoes;—which is precisely my own case at this present moment, and for which reason I am not able to come out of doors, especially in wet weather. Dear Mr. Artist, if you will be so good to lend me a two-pound note, on my honour as a painter and therefore a gentleman (although without shoes), I will honestly pay you again from the profits of the very first shadows I can catch.

I shall not disclose my name, (for indeed I have, from necessity, been obliged to adopt so many, that I now scarcely know which was the original one) but shall sign myself, as before, by that which I know is my right,

Your humble Servant,

A Disappointed Genius.

No. XX. *On the Imitation of the Stage in Painting*; will be published on Saturday, July 25.

THE

ARTIST.

No. XX. *Saturday, July* 25, 1807.

Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu?

IN a former paper it has been my endeavour to point out some of the evil consequences that might ensue to the Student in Painting, from his not having a proper conception how highly important it is to him, that he should look up to nature as the great archetype and the source of all truth. In that paper I dwelt chiefly on the danger of his being led away by Poetry: I shall now finish my subject by a few observations also on the hazard of his imitating the Stage.

Young minds, from their inexperience, are prone to be

captivated with all such appearances as are most palpable to the senses, and it requires time and nice observation to enable them to select and discriminate those higher beauties, which the more mature mind expects and demands from any work of Art that attempts to gain its approbation.

The young Student in Painting perhaps may view with astonishment and delight the expression of the passions on the Stage, and think this copy even preferable to the original in Nature itself, because it is more obtrusive and glaring, and he may therefore conceive it needless to seek for better models as examples.

It is true that the Stage offers him an opportunity of seeing representations of awful situations, which he may never obtain a sight of in nature. But it behoves him to examine carefully whether this be a true portrait of nature, or not; as well as to consider also the great distinction which exists of necessity, between a theatrical representation and a picture: there certainly are some important and fundamental differences; for notwithstanding that they are, each of them, imitations of nature, yet they are shewn under very different circumstances.

It is to be remembered that the Painter can represent

only one moment of time, yet the picture may remain long before your eye, and thus enable you to investigate its merits or defects with the most critical exactness: therefore the highest delicacies of expression may be given without the least risk of the most subtile beauties being overlooked. He has also an unlimited power over the persons of his drama, so as to suit them to the characters they represent, in every requisite. But the Actor, not having these advantages, must supply the deficiency by violent and decided gestures, actions, and expressions of the countenance, such as may be seen and understood at all distances, and by all the various capacities that compose his audience; and, in as much as his voice is raised above all common modes of speaking, so his expression of the passions and their actions, may be carried beyond all common modes of expression or action, and this may be at times an excuse for his *out-stepping the modesty* of Nature, as Shakespere terms it, which he sometimes does. But the Painter has no such motives to check his highest attempts at refinement; his work is to remain long for examination, and for the discovery of all those excellencies which may be shewn in it of expression, character, situation, and action, together with all those effects of refined

and deep observation on nature, which are characteristic marks in the works of the greatest masters of the art.

These refinements, if the Actor could exhibit them, would be of too delicate a nature to be discerned under the circumstances with which representations on the Stage are seen; and for this reason they would be in danger of appearing insipid, and his character under-acted. The ancients seemed so sensible of this, that, to avoid the error here mentioned, they are said to have run into the contrary extreme, if it be true, as some of the learned antiquarians suppose, that their stage representations were performed with actions the most violent, the expressions of the passions in the face supplied by the distortions of a mask, and the voice assisted by a species of speaking-trumpet, or some such artifice. By an exhibition like this, the Painter, to be sure, would be in no danger of being led astray, for here was nothing of Nature to inform or to allure him; yet I cannot but repeat in this place the apprehension I have before expressed, respecting the hazard which attends on a bigoted and indiscriminate admiration of any model to be found in the circle of art; for, although the painter might not be in danger of being led away by a scene which offered to his

view so awkward a spectacle as that above described, yet it is to be observed that this rude, immense yet despicable, Stage was destined to exhibit scenes conceived by men endowed with powers of the first magnitude, illustrious geniuses reduced to the necessity of conforming their works to the barrenness of their theatrical apparatus; and that, notwithstanding they were unable to display the full extent of their powers in this limited scenery, still the dazzling splendour of their invention has so blinded succeeding critics, that those bigoted devotees, unable in the heat of their admiration to distinguish that which was praiseworthy from that which was defective, have mistaken those accidental accommodations contrived by the poets to adapt their works to their scanty means of stage effect, and construed them into beauties, have boldly drawn rules from the whole together, and delivered them down to posterity as laws, which proceeded from infallible guides, for all succeeding dramatists, and as excellence fit for everlasting imitation. This instance alone may serve as an awful example to show how careful we ought to be, both as professors and critics, that, whilst we admire, we should be very circumspect to make the just distinction and separation between that which is the proper object of

our admiration, and that which is its accidental accompaniment, and which may be, and often is, a drawback on its merit. This, however, is not so easy a task as at first it seems, and many a young student has been ruined and made a mannerist from the want of this very power of discrimination, since we have seen that the splendour of certain excellences often so deludes the judgment, that the whole mass is received together as the entire model of perfection. How frequently do we hear the young practitioner in painting bestow an equal praise on the work of a great master for that which he has not done, as for that which he has, and how frequently is he apt to think himself thereby excused in not doing well those things which he does not find adequately accomplished in the work, which is the object of his study! Instances of a similar kind, as I have before remarked, we find clearly exemplified in those modern dramatic authors, (and some of them not mean ones neither), who, overcome by the captivating genius of the antient dramatists, and without taking into consideration the embarrassed state to which they were reduced by the necessities of their Stage, have therefore slavishly imitated all their accidental defects as if they were the greatest beauties.

It was the apprehension of this dangerous kind of

bigotry which made Nicolas Poussin say of Pietro da Cortona that he was born into the world to be the ruin of Art, because the splendour of his beauties eclipsed egregious defects; and of the latter it is that the imitator carries off the largest share, because the excellences of an original genius, as they are produced by the force of his own nature, are always inimitable.

Under a similar infatuation, the Painter, in his admiration of the merits of some favourite actor, might blindly take too large a portion of the individual for his model: And we often see instances, even amongst the works of great masters, where they have made a favourite individual, either a mistress or wife, the sole model for their highest efforts towards giving an example of the most perfect beauty.

There is a natural bias in mankind, which inclines them to imitate that which they admire, and is the principal cause that we so often have occasion to remark in Poets, Players, and Painters, &c. a propensity towards copying, or being of the school, as I may say, of some native genius of each class: but this is an ill omen, a dangerous state; because, in the end, it will produce what we call a mannerist. If this practice be a means to strengthen

the weak, it will surely enfeeble the strong, and is not the way to be on a par in value with the object of their admiration.

Those favourites of nature whom she has endowed with superior talents, display an essence in all their efforts, which is able to bid defiance to imitation, and keeps it ever at a humble distance; we can copy only their grossness, the obvious quality, but none of that indescribable zest which gives the whole its value and power to delight.

The mimic of genius is like the monkey to the man; there is a rude superficial similitude, but the action is without its proper motive or its use; although its general *effect* to the eye may be something alike, yet the *cause* is totally different, which renders it useless: you may imitate the external action and manners of a wise man, but that is neither being wise, nor the way to become so.

A splendid display of high art is so captivating, that at the same time that it is a lesson, it is but too apt also to delude the unwary; and it becomes a difficulty that demands the utmost exertion of judgment, to disentangle and separate the part, which might be of service, from that which might be prejudicial as an example. We have seen this error of delusion demonstrated in most

eminent instances in what we may call the *late* school of French painters, who, evidently, instead of looking at nature as their guide, assisted themselves almost entirely from the poets and the stage, which has given to all their historical paintings of that period the exact air of a scene in an opera. Enamoured by the artificial spectacle, which seemed a picture already done to their hands, they believed they had thus a much more easy means by which to make the arrangement of their pictures, than by searching out and selecting the refined and subtile beauties in the stores of nature: they thus took that which was most obvious to them and came first to hand, not giving themselves the trouble to examine into the difference between this fabricated mass and nature unadorned, or to investigate the reason why an opera has such charms;—that it was solely from its being a combination of most exquisite art, which a little consideration would have been sufficient to have informed them of, had they not been too idle to examine or analyse it, and to convince themselves that it is too far removed from nature to answer the painter's purpose.

The remark is obvious to all, that, when you see an opera performed, your whole attention is taken up by

the excellence of the composition of the music, and of its various performers. The circumstances of the Drama, or the fate of the personages it represents, engage but a very small part of your interest, nor is it designed that they should attract a greater: the little of nature which is there displayed, is moulded to serve a particular purpose, and therefore will neither create or gain your sympathy; your whole attention is taken up in admiration and pleasure in the contemplation of fine art. I have already remarked that it is considerably the same in poetry, which is high art engrafted on the stem of nature; but the art still predominates, and is so intended; and I might add that an equal caution may be applied in regard to Painting when proposed as the example for any other art; but such a remark is here unnecessary.

As a general rule it may be remarked, that, by as much as you see the artifice obtrude or prevail, by so much it diminishes that interest which ought to be the first and predominating quality of every work which aspires to be a representation of fine nature.

It is a well known observation that when you read fine poetry, you think of and admire the genius of the author, but when you read the simple history or relation

of a fact, you are absorbed and interested by the narration only, and never once think of the relator, because in the first case it is the art which prevails and catches your attention, in the last it is only simple nature which creates the highest interest. The student of painting therefore should never suffer his mind, which ought to range at large, to be fettered by any bigoted adoration of another's work, but should consider the dignity of the art which he professes, and the extent of its powers, and that all nature is before him and courts his choice.

Never rest content with the word of another when you can have free access to the fountain of all truth.

Yet after all that I have said, let me not be misunderstood. I well know that, to form the mind of an accomplished painter, every possible knowledge would assist; instruction should be received and cherished from whatever quarter it may chance to come, and poetry, painting, and the stage, will each afford their ample lessons when judiciously surveyed, and not held up in our minds above their rank or value.

It is the characteristic quality of genius to comprehend much at one view. By means of that quality alone it is that we can justly ascertain the true comparative worth or

importance of things, as the reverse is conspicuously discoverable in persons of narrow intellect, who viewing every object with a microscopic eye, see small things great, with a disproportionate effect; and to this cause it is owing that in all the imitative arts, poetry, painting, &c. we so commonly perceive parts only of a work well done, and not of a piece with the rest, nor in harmony with the general effect of the work.

To make an union in the whole together, to give it the appearance of a work done by that presiding power which sees the whole, while executing each particular part, is the grand excellence and difficulty of art. When this can be accomplished, it proves beyond all doubt the mind of genius and the master's hand.

J. N.

TO THE ARTIST.

SIR,

SO strenuous an advocate for the arts and for their influence on society as you are, cannot fail to take an equal interest in the *manners* of the age we live in; and although I perceive you do not amuse yourself with speculations on the trivial fashions of the day, yet I trust you will allow me to send you a very short account of a set of young *Artists* of fashionable rank, whom I saw during an accidental visit a few days since, at the house of an English nobleman.

Having paid my respects to the master of the house, on my return from his apartment, I was conducted, by the mistress of it through a spacious drawing-room, then under the appropriate denomination of the *School-room*, where I saw a young family, seven in number, disposed in various parties, and in different quarters of the room, all busily occupied in their several studies.

At one table, a governess was instructing two little boys and the youngest girl in reading; at a second, the two

children next in age were tracing geographical divisions; at a third, a boy was employed in drawing; and at a fourth, the eldest daughter was practising lessons in the most familiar points of musical composition. Each of these separate parties had its respective preceptor, and the whole was superintended by the judicious care of a mother. On a paper at one end of the room, I perceived that the general instruction of the pupils was divided into Reading, Drawing, Geography, History, Music, and Belles Lettres.

Every sensible Englishman must have a pleasure in thinking that this is the ordinary system of employment for the younger part of a family in the elevated classes of England; and every one of the same description must equally regret that this system continues, on the part of the female pupils, only till they are allowed to mix in general society, or carried to the drawing-room, when they are said to *come out*, a phrase apparently borrowed from the Theatre, where it is applied to the first public performance of an actor on the stage, and in conformity with which derivation, the young candidates are afterwards regularly to be seen in character every evening in the public scenes of diversion and fashion.

This reflection considerably damped the satisfaction I had derived from my morning visit. I was grieved to think that, where the seeds of domestic pleasure were so richly sown, and the budding plants nurtured with such care, their blossoms should be liable to be at once torn off at the moment of their opening, and their sweetness to expire in an uncongenial atmosphere. "Either," said I to myself, "a creature, into whom such rudiments of moral refinement are instilled, is fitted for the enjoyment of a more tranquil and dignified career in society, or the sweet restraint of instruction has been a chain unnecessarily imposed, and a mere waste of the fleeting moments of youthful spirits and happiness!"

I silently gave my vote on the side of the former of these two opinions, and continued my walk, lamenting that the precious and delightful uses of mental discipline should at any period of youth be wholly cast aside, and that so few examples of return should be seen (though every way so gratifying to the heart, when they occur,) from the extensive influence of levity, and vacant bustle, from being everywhere visible, everywhere talking, everywhere trifling, and everywhere finally insignificant—to the quiet paths of thought, study, and silence. In short, accustomed as

I have been to observe the endless fatiguing idlenesses of fashionable intercourse, I remained deeply impressed with the engaging spectacle which I had just left, and could not help thinking that such an assembly formed the most lovely, as well as the most interesting, *At Home*, to which I had ever had the good fortune to be invited.

Clio.

My Publishers having requested my consent to insert in the covers of these concluding numbers of the Artist, a notice of such late publications as are of peculiar interest with regard to the state of Science and Art, I conceive such notices to be perfectly suitable to the general design of this undertaking.

A.

No. XXI. *Retrospect and Conclusion of the present period of the Artist;* will be published on Saturday, August 1.

THE

ARTIST.

No. XXI. *Saturday, August* 1, 1807.

Esto brevis.

THE Artist having in the last week completed the number originally designed for this period of his publication, has now only to make a summary revisal of his task, and to part with his readers on the best terms that they will allow him.

By reason of the numerous topics, which have crowded his latter papers, and sometimes swelled their pages at the imminent hazard of the reader's patience, several promises, made in the course of the publication, have been neglected for want of opportunity to fulfil them, and will therefore be here briefly noticed.

The letter announced at the end of No. 3, (and there said to be *of a humorous cast)* was re-claimed by the writer after his perusal of that Number, " conceiving," as he expressed himself, " that the gentleman, for whose reflection his jokes were principally designed, had been sufficiently noticed by the Artist." This declaration of forbearance was received with pleasure, and the Artist takes the occasion of repeating, that none of his papers have been, or will be, directed against any individual, and that opinions only are the objects of his concern. Indeed, it must have been evidently unjust to cast a censure on an estimable individual, whose chief proposition is said to have been, not long before, sanctioned by the example of one of our Great Public Establishments*.—But let us, at this the first evening of our task, lay aside every unpleasing recurrence.

* Too much respect is due to the abode of Science, to let it be imagined that any of its learned members, if they had been fully acquainted with the merits of our own Sculptors, would have harboured a thought of undervaluing their just claims on the occasion of a great national monument. It is but justice to add, that the amiable mind of Canova was sensible of the mistake. With the candour and modest judgment, which, no less than his professional abilities, adorn the first Sculptor of his country, he declined the splendid task.

For several speculations, announced as future topics of Essays, and not resumed, the reason at first given must for the present be admitted, and a better apology, it is hoped, will be offered, if the intended renewal of this publication should take place in the ensuing winter; a circumstance, to which, it would be unjust to omit adding that the writers have received great and powerful encouragement.

The notice of the present state of Patronage, as exhibited in the collections of the works of English Painters, is too interesting to be left unfinished or delayed.

GALLERIES

OF

ENGLISH PAINTINGS.

IF Sir J. Leicester's Gallery, already noticed, be the first in splendour, it yields in precedence of time to the Collection formed by THOMAS BERNARD, Esq.; a collection begun in the year 1797, and augmented annually ever since that period. This gentleman, to whom the admirers of the Arts are every way indebted, and

whose zeal for the promotion of liberal refinements is the proper accompaniment of his humane exertions in the cause of the Orphan and the Poor, possesses a very considerable number of the works of our native artists, with little or no mixture of those of any other school. The principal are,

Venus chiding Cupid, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Sir Artegall and the Iron Man; and Banditti, by Mortimer.

Presentation in the Temple, by Opie.

Delivery of the Law, by (W.) Hamilton.

Flight into Egypt, by Wootton.

Goats, by Gainsborough.

Sea Piece, by Morland.

Psyche; and a Landscape, by (Sir W.) Beechey.

Two Pictures from the Tempest, and *Two from the Merry Wives of Windsor,* by Smirke.

A Landscape, by (Sir F.) Bourgeois.

Holy Family; Sappho; St. Cecilia; Thresher, and Sower; a Cottage Family; Gleaner; and a Landscape, by Westall.

Zadig; and a Picture of Flora, by Angelica Kauffman.

St. Francis, by Northcote.

Conway Castle, and another Landscape, by Taylor.

Lancaster Sands, by Renton.

Cottage Child, by Paye.

Romeo and Juliet, by Rigaud.

Next in its claims to notice in this place, and, in one respect also, the first in rank, is the Gallery belonging to ALEXANDER DAVISON, Esq.

The distinguishing character of this collection is its consisting wholly of a series of Pictures of Historical Subjects, taken from the annals of our own country.

The Founder of the collection considers it but as begun; it already contains

Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage, by Wilkie.

Lord John Warren, Earl of Surrey, vindicating the Tenures and Liberties of the Antient Barons, by Tresham.

Elizabeth, Queen Dowager of Edward IV. in the Sanctuary at Westminster, receiving the Deputation, sent from the Council to demand her younger Son the Duke of York, by Smirke.

The Princess Margaret, eldest Daughter of Henry VII. presented by Henry Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, to James IV. King of Scotland, at Lamerton, near Berwick, by Northcote.

The Crown offered to Lady Jane Gray, by the Lords Deputies of the Privy Council, by Copley.

Mary, Queen of Scots, embarking in a fishing-boat for England, by Westall.

Sir Philip Sidney, mortally wounded, rejecting the Water offered to him, and ordering it to be given to a Wounded Soldier, by West.

Detection of Babington's Conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth by Sir F. Walsingham, by Devis.

Death of the late Earl of Chatham, by Copley.

In the collection just mentioned, the choice of each subject was left to the respective artist *.

The Collections of THOMAS LISTER PARKER, Esq. and of CHARLES HOARE, Esq. are such as likewise deserve consideration.

In the former, besides pictures by *Reynolds*, *Wilson*, *Gainsborough*, *Morland*, and *Gilpin*, are

Douglas; *and Girls at a Cottage Door*, by Opie.
Tygers; *The good Shepherd*; *Hamlet*; *and other Pictures*, by Northcote.
Three Sea Pieces, by Calcott.
Two Landscapes, by Havell.
A Girl fetching Water, by Clarke.
The School-boy on his return to School, by Thomson.
The Road Side, or Peasants resting, by Owen.

The latter chiefly consists of

Rinaldo and Armida in the Enchanted Garden; and *Tancred and Clorinda*, (*from Tasso*;) and *a Figure of Victory*, by Hoare of Bath.
Village Doctress; *and Village Toilet*, by Northcote.
Cupid admitted at the Window in a rainy Night; *and Cupid warmed at the Fire*, by Thomson.
Storm and Shipwreck, (*from The Tempest*,) by De Loutherbourg.

* A descriptive catalogue has been printed, with the letters of the Painters on the occasion.

The collection of Sir Francis Baring, *Bart.* besides considerable works of Portrait by Reynolds, West and Lawrence, contains

Belisarius, by West.

Perdita, from the Shakespeare Gallery; and *Lady Jane Gray, from the Historic Gallery*, by Opie.

Romeo and Juliet; Mortimer in the Tower, both from the Shakespeare Gallery, by Northcote.

Scene in Much Ado about Nothing; and *Falstaff in the Basket, both from the Shakespeare Gallery*, by Peters.

Two Pictures from the Shakespeare Gallery; and *several allegorical subjects, &c. for a Library*, by Smirke.

The Fire of London, by De Loutherbourg.

Sir George Beaumont's valuable Gallery of Pictures is generally known, and as he has recently begun to enlarge his *English* collection, that part of it, as well as the collection begun by Lord Mulgrave, may with more propriety be noticed at a future time.

On the *English* portion of the Marquis of Stafford's Gallery, (at present so well known, from the magnificent liberality of its possessor,) The Artist cannot more exactly express his sentiments than by quoting

a passage from a work already published on the subject of the cultivation of the Arts in England:

" Amidst the traffic of pictures, to which the present revolutionary times have given rise, a late distinguished nobleman added to the ornaments of our metropolis a gallery of the most celebrated works of which France and other countries were once possessed. How desirable were it, that to this stately collection were adjoined a room filled with a single work of each considerable artist of his own country! What splendour would be added to the accumulated treasure, if it appeared subservient to the excitement of national emulation, and if its possessor at once held forth to living competitors the challenge, the opportunity, and the means, of rivalling the fame of past ages!"

His sentiments, he has reason to hope, do but second the intentions of the present Owner. A Gallery so sumptuous, so truly noble, well deserves to include in it a principal work of each of our greatest Painters, such, to mention only those of days now past, as Hogarth, Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, Barry, Gilpin *, and

* In a collection of Mr. Gilpin's works, now exhibiting for sale at Mr. Garrard's, is a picture of *Gulliver conversing with the friendly Hounhymns*, which has scarcely a competitor in expression, and no superior in execution.

Opie; names not less indelibly inscribed on the records of Fame, than those of any other school, age, or country whatever. Some of these are already to be found in the Gallery, and every English admirer of Painting must view with pleasure the gradual increase of this department *: every Englishman feels that something of a fair national comparison is due from a Gallery, which stands as a test of the productions of graphic genius in as many various parts of the world.

National Patronage *of the Arts*, a subject chosen by our lamented Opie for his first contribution to these papers, was designed to be here treated of, together with the state of the public mind in regard to the arts; but, on trial, they form too ample a theme for the present moment.

The most grateful symptoms of favour towards Painting have been already delineated in the examples of individual Patrons, and many others may, no doubt, be found, since the purchases of pictures in the British Gallery have been

* A greater scope is perhaps designed to be given to this part of the collection, which is not confined solely to the natives of Britain, but, as the half-length Portrait by Sir Peter Lely seems to indicate, connects with them the foreign Masters who have resided in England.

nearly twice as numerous in this year as they were in the last. It may not be uninteresting to add an account of the principal Public Undertakings in the Arts of Design, which fall at present under the knowledge of the Artist. These are;

In Painting,—properly speaking, in *England*, none. Mr. West's Picture *of Christ receiving the Sick, who are brought to him to be healed*, painted for *the Hospital at Philadelphia*, is the only public work he knows of, at present executing in this country.

Of what may be considered as the public undertakings of *individuals*, The *Death of Lord Nelson*, for Mr. Alderman Boydell, is the principal. The Painter is Devis.

Under *private* patronage, the most splendid work is *Michael, on the arrival of the Messiah, reporting to him what he has done in battle* (the principal figure between ten and eleven feet in height) painted for Lord Rivers by Mr. Fuseli.

Mr. Loutherbourg is employed in painting the *Battle of Maida*, for Earl Manvers. The design is from a drawing made by an Officer who was in the engagement.

To these are to be added a picture of *Tenants paying their Rents*, by Wilkie; and some other historical subjects for Lord Mulgrave and Mr. Hope.

In Sculpture, the principal public works now executing or designed for execution, are

A Statue, in Bronze, of the late Duke of Bedford (to be placed in Russell-square), by *Westmacott*.

Monument of General Abercrombie, by *Westmacott*.

* Monument of Mr. Pitt (to be placed over the West Door of Westminster Abbey), by *Westmacott*.

Monument of Mr. Pitt (to be placed in Guildhall), by *Bubb* Junior.

Monument of Mr. Pitt (for Liverpool).

* Monument of Lord Cornwallis (to be placed in St. Paul's), by *Rossi*.

Monument of Mr. Pitt, to be placed in the Senate House at Cambridge.

* Monument of Lord Nelson (to be placed in St. Paul's), by *Flaxman*.

Monument of Sir Joshua Reynolds (to be placed in St. Paul's), by *Flaxman*.

* Monument of Lord Cornwallis (to be erected at Bombay), by *Bacon*.

* Monument of Captains Cooke and Duff, by *Westmacott* and *Bacon*.

* A Group in honour of Lord Wellesley, by *Bacon* †.

In Engraving, some of the principal undertakings are

The Cartoons of Raffaelle at Hampton Court, by *Holloway*.

Mr. West's Picture of the Death of Lord Nelson, by *Heath*.

The *Milton Gallery*, with additional designs from Shakespear and Dante, by *Haughton*.

Designs for Blair's Poem of The Grave.

Mr. Devis's Picture of the Death of Nelson.

Mr. Stothard's Picture of the Procession of Chaucer's Pilgrims, by *Bromley*.

Mr. Garrard's *Woburn Meeting*.

† The Monuments marked * have been lately adjudged to the respective Sculptors in consequence of the merits of their models, submitted to the *Committee of Taste*.

Other works of interest, in regard to the Arts, are

Mr. Tresham's *British Gallery of Pictures*, and Rev. Mr. Forster's *British Gallery of Engravings*; each with an accompanying History of the Art and its Professors.

Mr. Britton's *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*, of which several numbers are already published.

Architectural and Scientific Investigation of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, with an Essay on the Life, Writings, and Designs, of Sir Christopher Wren, by *James Elmes, Architect.*

A series of *Ancient Paintings in Fresco*, discovered on the Walls of the Chapel of the Trinity, at Stratford upon Avon.

Reverend Mr. Dibdin's New Edition of *Topographical Antiquities.*

The British Academy, published by Bell; and

The British Gallery, by Vernor and Hood.

There now remains to the Editor the welcome task of declaring those who have been his assistants in the support of this work. Public curiosity, fortunately for his publishers, has considerably forestalled him in this point, and it is now rather to fulfil his promise, than to convey information, to his present readers, that he adds the following list, which will be found to correspond with the various signatures, initial or full, as annexed to the *Essays* in the respective numbers.

Nos.	2.	9.	20. JAMES NORTHCOTE.
	3.	11.	13. JOHN HOPPNER.
	5.	10.	13. RICHARD CUMBERLAND.
	8.	—	THOMAS HOPE.
	12.	—	JOHN FLAXMAN.
	14.	—	JOHN SOANE.
			ELIZABETH INCHBALD.
	17.	—	ANTHONY CARLISLE.
	18.	—	HENRY JAMES PYE.
			THOMAS HOLCROFT.
	19.	—	EDWARD JENNER.

Nos. 6. 8. 15. 16. bear the initial signature of a name highly respectable from the PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCHES AND WRITINGS of its owner.

Among the *additional Contributions*, R. C. as before, is Mr. Cumberland. In the Memorial of Opie, (No. 7) the initials are those of Mr. Northcote, Mrs. Inchbald, Mr. Boaden; the remarks on his style of Painting (said to be *from high Authority in Art*) are from Mr. West, and the *Poetic Tribute* from Mr. Shee.

The letters signed *A Disappointed Genius* are also by Mr. Northcote, and the *Ode to the Hon. W—— L——* by Mr. Hoppner.—Of what remains, whether Essays or Adjuncts, with the exception of the letters signed *A Perpetual Reader*, *An Englishman*, *A Student*; *Communications in No.* 16. and those contained in the

present number, the Editor alone must await the praise or censure. Of all those *excepted*, the names of the writers have been known to him, without which caution nothing has been offered to the Public. In what degree he may be thought to have supplied all that has depended on his particular exertions, is a natural object of his solicitude:—the satisfaction, arising from grateful recollection of the valuable abilities, which have been so readily employed in his undertaking, is of a nature more interesting to him than praise.

CONCLUSION.

READER,

In these numbers, agreeably to my promise, I have brought before you the fruits of my various studies, in the hopes of contributing to the good taste of our countrymen, by furnishing them with the best ground on which it can be built—practical experience; I am now anxious that I may not be misunderstood,

by being supposed to consider it as the only one. I therefore extract for your perusal the following passage from the letter of a very candid judge, and patron, of Painting.

" Although I myself have only toyed with the Art, " I have experience enough to know that it is very diffi- " cult, if not impossible, to obtain a profound know- " ledge of the executive part without considerable prac- " tice. Nevertheless, I should be sorry to think that " none but professional men could feel the essential beau- " ties of a picture, especially those excellencies which " address themselves to the mind rather than the eye, " for this would be a most discouraging circumstance (I " should think) to Artists themselves. Perhaps therefore " you may deprive yourself of the advantage of many " valuable remarks, by limiting the communications you " receive, too severely, to men absolutely professional."

There is no subject which I am more desirous to see competently discussed than the just limits of professional and unprofessional writers on the same topics; and as this is a point which I esteem of considerable interest to the present progress of public taste, I shall add some farther extracts from the letter of another correspondent, on the particular plan of this publication, and the just value of professional writings.

" I am persuaded, with you, that popular Essays, to be useful, can only be written by persons of sound and accurate knowledge in the particular subject; for, if this knowledge be wanting, talent and genius, though they may produce an agreeable paper, will ultimately lead to error.

" A series of papers on Art and Science, if properly conducted, will form, in a certain degree, canons of elementary criticism; and to reduce a Science, or Art, to its elements, requires the most accurate and comprehensive knowledge.

" Nothing can be taught elementarily, but what is sufficiently ascertained to be reduced to rule. What floats on the imagination, and what flashes from genius, perhaps what is only felt by superior sensibility, may improve the adept, but will often be worse than useless to the uninstructed.

" With regard to your undertaking, as far as it regards *Painting* only, I conceive your paper is intended

" 1st. To teach the public how to judge properly of pictures;

" 2dly. To point out the various intellectual excellencies necessary to form a great painter;

" 3dly. To appreciate the merit and utility of Painting, as an Art;

"4thly. To prove the influence of Painting on morals.

"In this, as in other branches of knowledge, I have no doubt that professional men of eminent ability will be fully competent to write such a paper, as I conceive you intend—I only doubt their *exclusive* competence—my doubts arise from the following reflections.

"In regard to the first of the points mentioned, the judgment of painters will command respect: but if I may reason from analogy, their judgment cannot be considered exclusive,—for if your paper is to be considered as forming canons of criticism—many of the standard books of poetical criticism have been written by men who were not poets.—Genius combines, Criticism separates—the two faculties may exist in the same head, but they may also exist separately.

"On the second head I admit Painters the only competent judges:—also on the third, as far as *merit* is considered; but if the utility of the Art to general Society is to be appreciated, Painters may deceive themselves from bigotry, and deceive the world from interest—your coadjutors are too sensible, for me to apprehend the first; and too respectable, to suspect the second; but still, their being painters will, to a certain degree, decrease the weight of their arguments, and lessen their testimony.

"In the last point I see no advantage on the side of the professional Artist—from his greater susceptibility, from association, from habitual studies, from superior knowledge of form, I conceive a skilful artist really sees more in a picture than the unskilful observer can ever perceive—hence, judging of the impressions on the minds of others from the feelings in his own, he will always be liable to error in his estimation of the positive moral effects of painting on the mass of mankind.

"By these doubts, I do not mean in the slightest degree to deny the entire competency of able artists to write well and conclusively on the Arts.—I only mean to suggest, that as the doctrine of *exclusive* competency is questionable, it may be advisable that those, who support it, should be particularly careful not to over-step the limits of their professional studies."

I may be allowed, at the moment of parting, to recommend the observation last quoted to the attention of all my future coadjutors and correspondents in this work, if it should be continued in a future season. Nor do I fear, Reader, that I shall in any way derogate from the merits of what I have already offered you, if I frankly confess to you my suspicion, that the occasional deviations which I have made from the peculiar ground of any of my *several* studies,

(sometimes unavoidable in moments of discussion) have not formed the most profitable part of my labours, and that I have better discharged my duty to the public, when I have been wholly busy in furnishing you with such opinions, as can only be properly contested (if they should be contested at all) by professors, or persons equally learned, in the same department of skill or study. In this latter and most valuable point, I trust the balance is in general considerably in my favour, but if I have been found too often failing, I entreat you to make a fair allowance for those many natural frailties, from which all my numerous possessions of Art and Science are insufficient to secure me.

In encouragement and confirmation of these my honest confessions, I shall here report the sentiments of the great Lord Chancellor Bacon—at the same time cordially bidding you and all my readers, Farewel!

"—The manner of dispersed writing in this kind of argument I acknowledge to be best. For who can take on him to write of the proper duty, virtue, challenge and right, of every several vocation, profession and place? For although sometimes a looker on may see more than a gamester, and there be a proverb more arrogant than sound, that *the Vale best discovereth the Hill*, yet there is small doubt but that men can write best, and most really and materially, in

their own professions: and that the writing of speculative men on active matter for the most part doth seem to men of experience, as Phormio's Argument of the war seemed to Hannibal, to be but dreams and dotage. Only there is one vice which accompanies them that write in their own professions,—that they magnify them in excess. But, generally, it were to be wished, as that which would make learning indeed solid and fruitful, that active men would or could become writers."

"There belongeth farther to the handling this part touching the duties of professions and vocations, *a relative or opposite* touching the frauds, cautels, impostures and vices of every profession; which hath been handled—but how? rather in a satire and cynically, than seriously and wisely, for men have rather sought by wit to deride and traduce much of that which is good in professions, than with judgment to discover and sever that which is corrupt. For, as Solomon saith, "he that cometh to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find matter for his humour, but no matter for his instruction." But the managing of this argument with integrity and truth, which I note as deficient, seemeth to me to be one of the best fortifications for honesty and virtue that can be planted."

Aug. 1, 1807. *The Artist.*

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